FORGET
ME NOT

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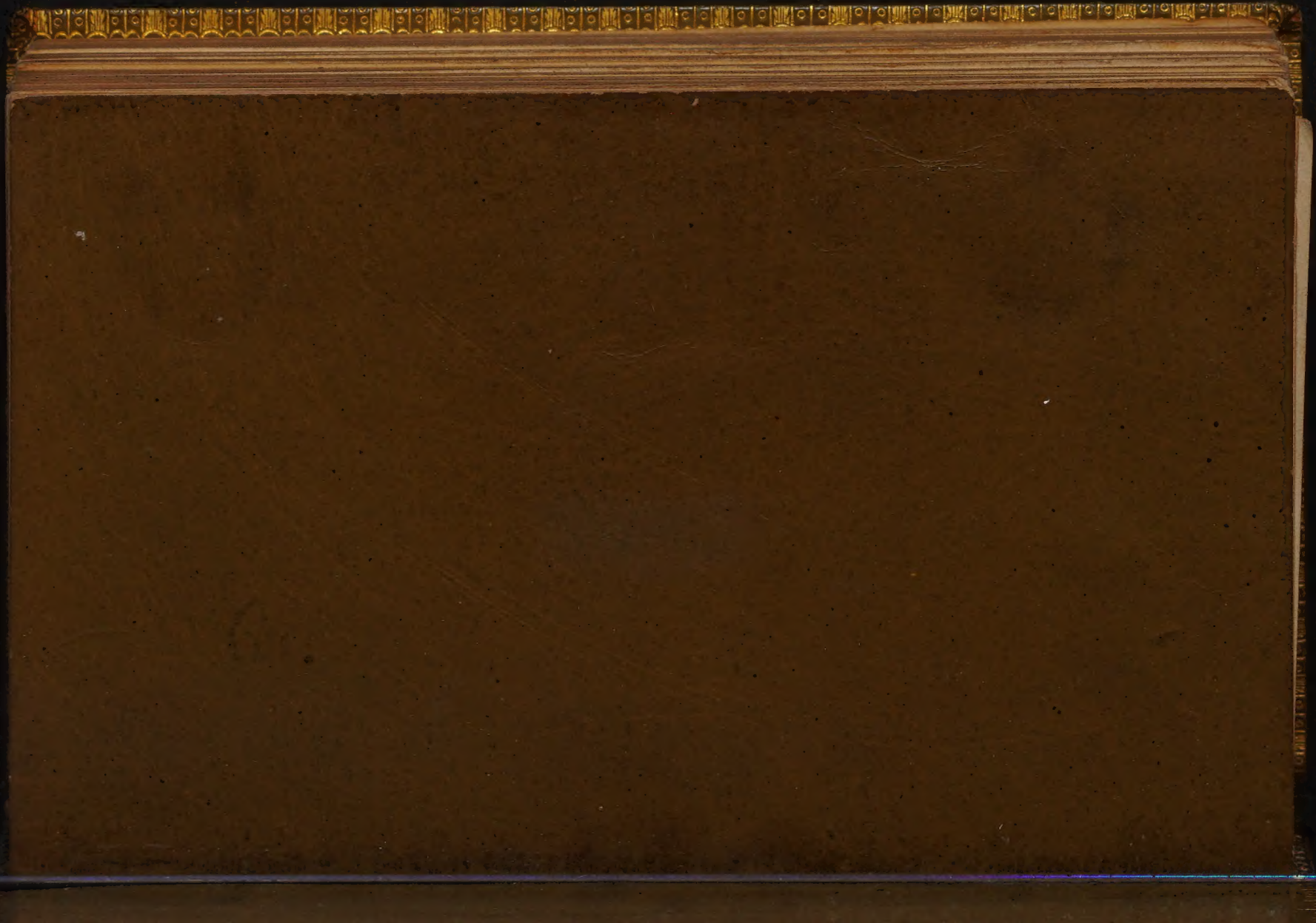

Frances Ann Boyd

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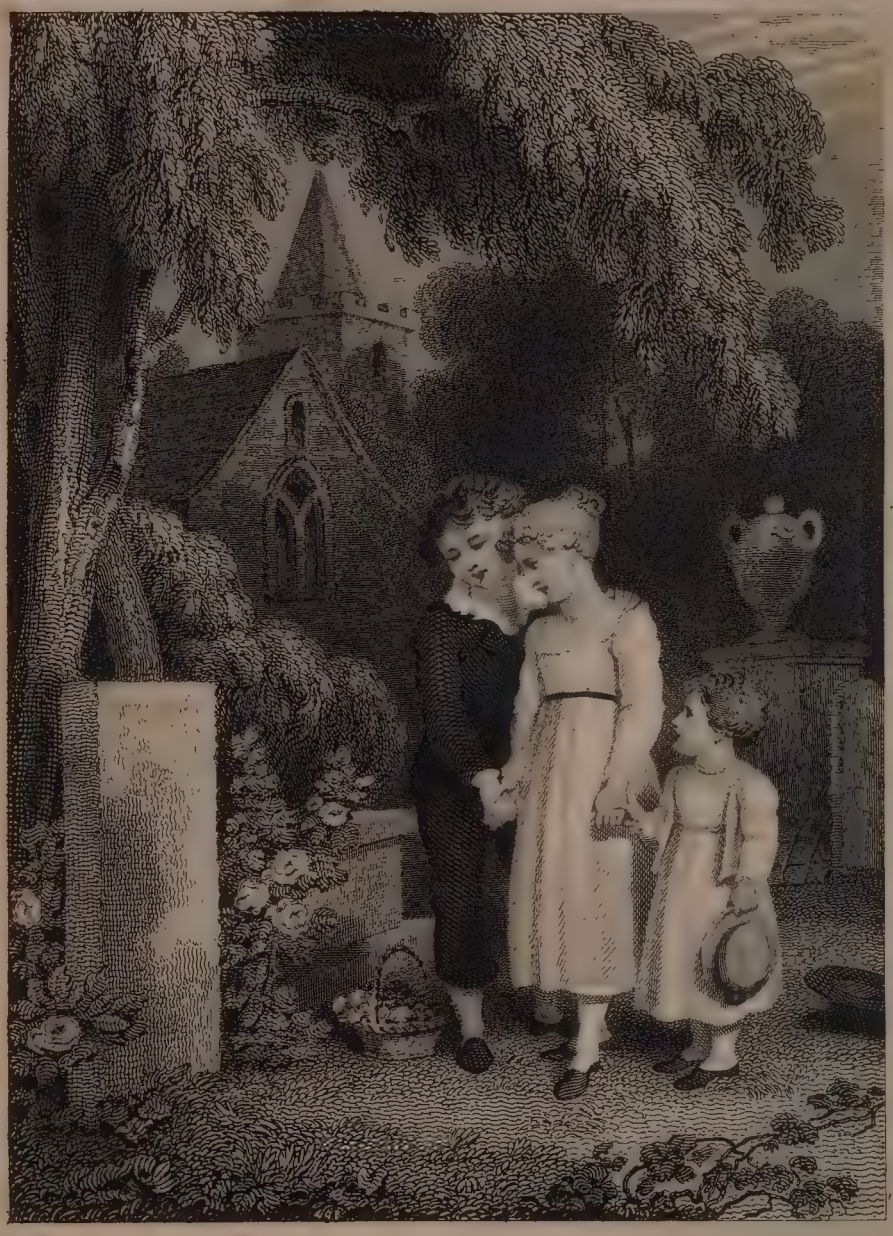

P. Westall R.A. del.t E. Finden. sculpt

THE MOTHER'S GRAVE.

Pub.d by Sir Harrison London.

FORGET ME NOT;

A

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S PRESENT

FOR

MDCCCXXVII.

Appealing, by the magic of its name,
To gentle feelings and affections, kept
Within the heart like gold.

L. E. L.

EDITED BY

FREDERIC SHOBERL.

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PREFACE.

With the confidence arising from the consciousness of honourable and successful exertion, the Proprietor and Editor of the Forget Me Not submit this volume to the public, which, they have not the least doubt, will confirm by a welcome reception the opinion they themselves entertain of its superiority to all its predecessors. How decisive soever that superiority, they should still be very loth to have this considered as the *ne plus ultra* of their endeavours, and to relinquish the ambition of carrying into future years that progressive improvement which has thus far marked their annual labours.

A reference to the Contents and a glance at the numerous names, more or less eminent in the various walks of literature, displayed in the pages occupied by them, will at once show the great accession of contributors, and the mass of talent which has co-operated in the production of this volume. So abundant indeed was

the supply of materials destined for it, that the Editor has been reluctantly compelled to exclude many communications, the authors of which will, he trusts, regard the limits imposed on him as a sufficient apology for the omission.

It will likewise be obvious that this volume is much richer in poetical compositions than any of the preceding portions of the Forget Me Not; and many of those compositions are of so high an order that the Editor can assert, without fear of contradiction, that a miscellany possessing within so small a compass equal claims to public favour has rarely issued from the press. Some of these pieces are tributes of personal friendship; many more the spontaneous offerings of well-wishers, solicitous to aid by their talents in maintaining the Forget Me Not in that high station to which the public voice has elevated it. To all and each of the contributors the Editor takes this occasion to express his own and the Proprietor's warm acknowledgments. He ventures also to indulge a hope that he shall continue to be favoured with their communications; and that many other distinguished votaries of the Muses

may be induced by their example to give the sanction of their names to this undertaking.

Flattering as were the opinions of critics in general on the last volume, still, owing to some unaccountable misconception, one or two writers belonging to the periodical press treated the Forget Me Not in their remarks as a mere selection from works previously before the public. In order to correct a notion equally false and derogatory, the Editor feels it incumbent on him to declare, in the most unqualified manner, that originality is an essential requisite in articles destined for the pages of this miscellany; and that, though in former years some translations were introduced, yet all the pieces in the present volume—so far from being borrowed from other publications, or selected from hoards of spurious or unauthenticated scraps—have been, with a few trifling exceptions (such as the short poems by the late Mrs. Piozzi and Mrs. Grant), written expressly for this work, and communicated by the authors themselves.

On the graphic embellishments, all of which have been executed from original designs made, in like manner, expressly for this volume, it

would be superfluous to remark. The names of the artists by whose united talents they have been produced—of WESTALL, CORBOULD, FRADELLE, OWEN, PROUT, HILLS, PORTER; HEATH, the FINDENS, LE KEUX, WARREN, FREEBAIRN, SMART, &c.—must be a satisfac-factory guarantee of their value, and of the determination of the Proprietor to render this annual tribute in every respect worthy of its endearing object, and of the extraordinary popularity which it enjoys.

Of this popularity the annually increasing circulation furnishes an indisputable criterion. Though nearly ten thousand copies of the last volume were printed, yet so rapid and extensive was the demand that this large impression was exhausted some time before Christmas, and the publisher received orders for thousands more than he was able to supply. A much larger edition has this year been prepared; but still the propriety of early application for copies, as well on the present as on every future occasion, cannot be too strongly recommended.

CONTENTS.

	Page
Love's Motto. By Miss L. E. Landon, Author of "*The Improvisatrice*," &c.	1
A Dirge. By the Rev. George Croly	3
The Household Spaniel. By *Delta*, Author of "*The Legend of Genevieve*," &c.	5
Nature. By David Lester Richardson, Esq. Author of "*Sonnets and other Poems*"	7
Amba, the Witch's Daughter. By Mrs. Bowdich	9
The Glowworm. By John Bowring, Esq.	39
First Love. A Dramatic Scene. By Randolph Fitz-Eustace	40
To the Clouds. A Sonnet written by Moonlight	50
The Spider swinging in the Wind. By John Bowring, Esq.	51
The Gamester. By Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson	52
Lines written in a Storm. By Montague Seymour	55
Grace Neville. By Miss Mary Russell Mitford	57
The Cliffs of Dover. By Mrs. Hemans	69
Forget Me Not. By W. H. Harrison, Esq.	70
The Russian Black Eagle. By the Rev. George Croly	75
On seeing a Bust of R. B. Sheridan from a Cast taken after Death, at Deville's, Strand. By the Rev. William Lisle Bowles	77
To an Infant sleeping on its Mother's Breast during a Storm. By the Rev. Dr. Booker, Author of "*Euthanasia*"	78
The Three Damsels. A Tale of Halloween. By David Lyndsay, Esq. Author of "*Dramas in the Ancient World*"	79

Page
To the Last Star of Morning. By the Rev. Dr. Booker 86
Maria de Torquemada taking the Veil. By the Rev. George Croly - - - 87
Song. By James Kenney, Esq. - - 88
The Ordeal of the Heart. By James Bird, Esq. Author of "*The Vale of Slaughden*," &c. - - 89
To the Moon. By the Rev. George Woodley - 92
Impromptu on being desired by a Young Lady to write some Lines in her Album. By the Rev. Richard Polwhele - - - 94
The Red-Nosed Lieutenant. A Campaigner's Story - 95
Hope. A Sonnet. By Montague Seymour - 115
To a Lady who wished for a Specimen of Original Poetry. By Mrs. Grant of Laggan - - - 116
Stanzas to Stella. By Henry Brandreth, jun. Esq. 117
Friendship. By Francis Hingston, Esq. - 120
Spring - - - - 121
Excuse for writing out my own Praise. By the late Mrs. Piozzi - - - - 122
Recollections of my Youth. By John Luscombe, Esq. 123
Night. By Miss S. E. Hatfield - - 126
The Stag. By Miss L. E. Landon - - 127
Hymn. By John Bowring, Esq. - - 130
Ruth. By T. Hood, Esq. - - - 131
Sonnet, written at Benares, in the East Indies. By David Lester Richardson, Esq. - - 132
The Haunted Manor-House. By the Author of "*The Duke of Mantua*" - - - 133
To the Swallow preparing to emigrate. A Sonnet. By Alexander Balfour, Esq. Author of "*Characters omitted in Crabbe's Parish Register*," &c. - 159
The Convent Bell. By John Luscombe, Esq. - 160
The Mother's Grave - - - - 161
The Village Maid. By Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson 162

Page

The Guelph and the Ghibelline. A Scene from an unpublished Tragedy. By Miss EMMA ROBERTS, Author of "*Conrad, and the Kinsmen of Naples*" - 163

A Song of Death - 171

Human Life. By BERNARD BARTON, Esq. - 173

Sonnet, written in July, 1824. By Miss MARY RUSSELL MITFORD - 174

A Dream of Youth. By *Delta* - 175

Hans in Kelder. A Legend of the Great Frost. By the Author of the "*Chronicles of London-bridge*" - 179

The Lover to his Faithless Mistress. By Mrs. CORNWELL BARON WILSON - 201

Woman's Love. From a Picture of Agostina Tassoni, a celebrated Beauty of Pisa, with a Dove on her Hand 203

The Suicide - 204

Description of a Sepulchral Monument at Verona. From the Journal of a recent Traveller - 207

The Warrior's Farewell - 213

Edgar. By MONTAGUE SEYMOUR - 215

The Dream. A Sonnet. By ALEXANDER BALFOUR, Esq. - 218

Maximilian and his Daughter. By Miss EMMA ROBERTS 219

The Greek and the Turkman. A Night Attack by Constantine Paleologus, on a detached Camp of the Troops of Mahomet the Second, at the Siege of Constantinople. By the Rev. GEORGE CROLY - 227

Lines on a Lady's speaking in Rapture of the Life of a Cottager. By the Rev. RICHARD POLWHELE - 229

Impromptu on seeing a sable Vest thrown casually over a Lady's Harp, which had for some Time been mute and untouched, owing to her Indisposition. By the Rev. Dr. BOOKER - 230

Sir Roger de Coverley in Love - 231

Night-blowing Flowers. By Mrs. HEMANS - 237

Page

The Comet. By Henry Neele, Esq. - - 239
Sonnet. By Miss Mary Russell Mitford - 267
The Outlaw. By the Rev. George Croly - 268
Love and Duty. A Rural Sketch. By Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson - - - - - 269
Thoughts. By Henry Neele, Esq. - - 273
Lacy de Vere - - - - - - - 275
The Enchanted Castle. From a celebrated Picture by Claude Lorraine. By the Rev. George Croly - 295
To a Lady, on her saying she did not believe me. By Francis Hingston, Esq. - - - 297
Stanzas to Sorrow. By Miss S. E. Hatfield - 298
My Father's Grave. By James Bird, Esq. - 299
Visit to Chillon, on the Lake of Geneva. (Extracted from an unpublished Manuscript.) By the Rev. W. B. Clarke - - - - - 301
Gildeluec ha Guilladun. An Armorican Legend. By *Delta* 309
Conscience. By the Rev. George Croly - 328
Princess Elizabeth at Woodstock. By Bernard Barton, Esq. - - - - - 329
Address to a Lady who was gathering a Convolvulus for an Evening Party. By Montague Seymour - 332
The Attacked Escort. A Spanish Scene - - 333
Il faut partir - - - - - 343
Garden Rhymes. By Alexander Balfour, Esq. - 344
Alice Gray - - - - - - - 355
Description of St. Mark's, and the Doge's Palace, at Venice. From the Journal of a recent Traveller - 357
Song. By Henry Brandreth, jun. Esq. - 361
The Bridal Eve. A Dramatic Scene. By Miss Mary Russell Mitford - - - 363
The Pixey. A Tale. By A. Norman - - 375
To an Itinerant Musician. A Sonnet. By Alexander Balfour, Esq. - - - - 380

Page

Escape of Mary Queen of Scots from Lochleven Castle. By Miss BENGER, Author of "*Memoirs of Mary Queen of Scots*," &c. - - - 381

The Fight of Nidwalden - - - 388

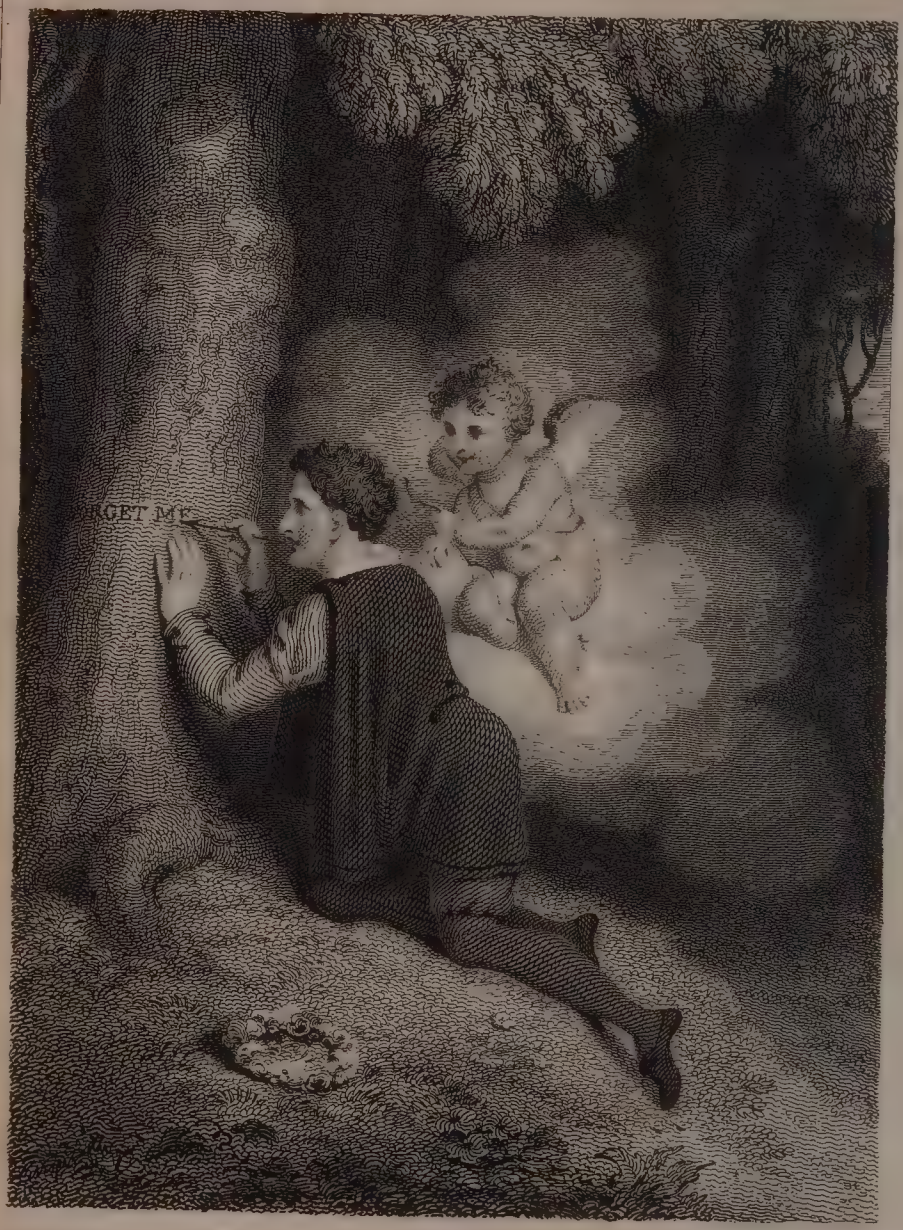
The Monument. By the Rev. GEORGE CROLY - 390

The Praise of Love. From Ariosto's Capitoli Amorosi 391

The Bridal Ornaments. A Legend of Thuringia. By DAVID LYNDSAY, Esq. - - - 393

LIST OF THE PLATES.

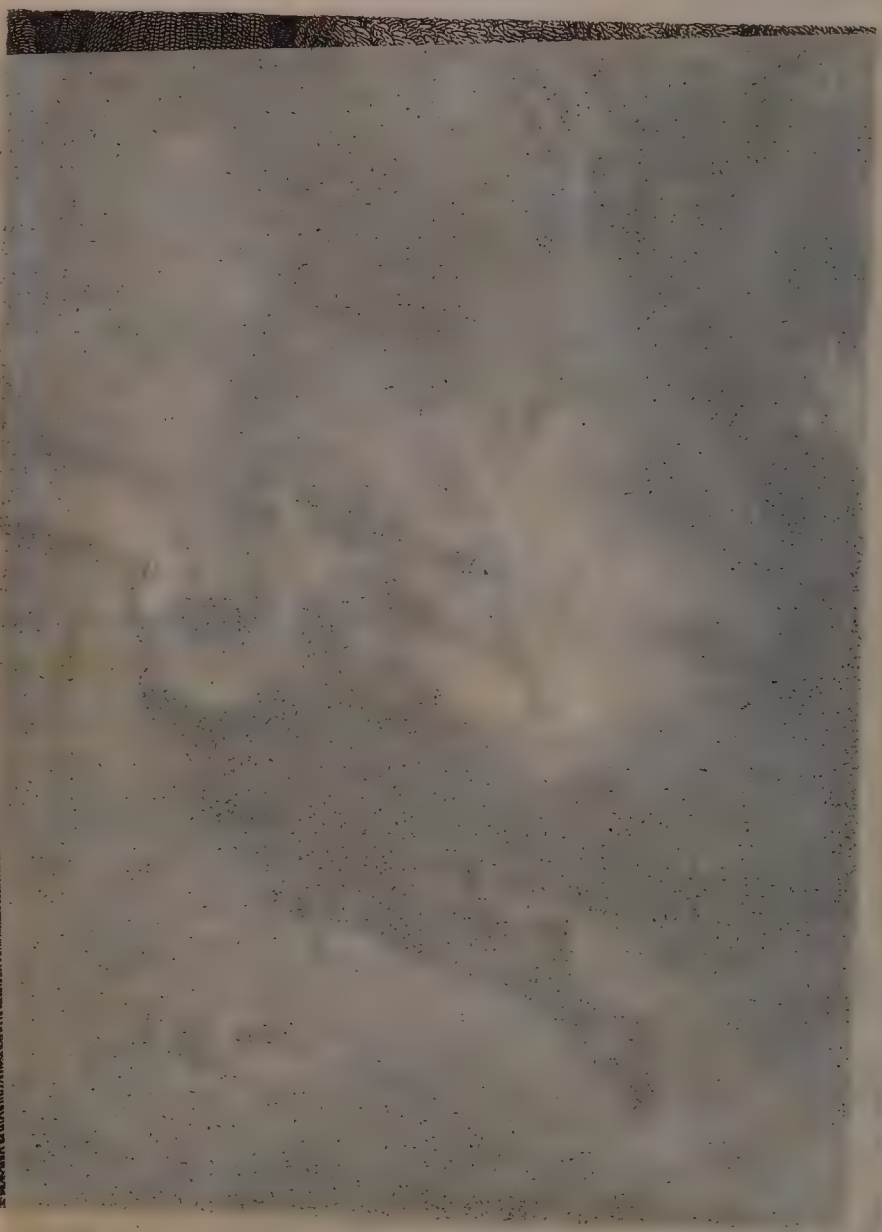
1. The Mother's Grave, engraved by E. Finden, from a design by R. Westall - *to face the Title.*
2. Love's Motto, engraved by E. Finden, from a design by R. Westall - - Page 1
3. First Love, engraved by A. W. Warren, from a design by J. Porter - - - - 40
4. Dover, engraved by E. Finden, from a design by S. Owen - - - - 69
5. Maria de Torquemada taking the Veil, engraved by Wm. Finden, from a design by R. Westall - 87
6. The Stag, engraved by E. Finden, from a design by R. Hills - - - - - 127
7. Sepulchral Monument at Verona, engraved by E. Finden, from a design by S. Prout - - 207
8. Sir Roger de Coverley in Love, engraved by C. Heath, from a design by J. Porter - - - 231
9. Love and Duty, engraved by C. Heath, from a design by H. Corbould - - - - 269
10. The Castle of Chillon, engraved by H. Le Keux, from a design by S. Prout - - - 301
11. Princess Elizabeth at Woodstock, engraved by R. W. Smart, from a design by H. Fradelle - - 329
12. The Place and Church of St. Mark, Venice, engraved by A. Freebairn, from a design by S. Prout - 357
13. Escape of Mary Queen of Scots from Lochleven Castle, engraved by Wm. Finden, from a design by R. Westall - - - - - 381



P. Westall, R.A. del.

E. Finden sculp.

LOVE'S MOTTO.



P. W.

FORGET ME NOT.

LOVE'S MOTTO.

Is it that natural impulse of the heart,
Its consciousness of immortality,
Which makes it happiness to be remembered?
Memory—the Hero buys it with his blood;
The Patriot, with proud sacrifice of self;
The Poet, with sweet music from his lute,
Of which his feelings are the subtle chords:
Nay, even the vain Rich build palaces
To make their name immortal: but of these
Is there one whose delight in memory
Can be like the young Lover's?—'tis as life,
As hope, to know his image is secure,
Recall'd by all sweet thoughts in one fond heart.
  The pictur'd scroll, that lies before me now,
Has wakened thoughts of this: upon the grass,
Fresh as his new-sprung feelings, kneels a youth,
While through the green boughs of the shadowy beech
The sunshine falls like rain-drops, and behind,

On a bright cloud, whose purple hue has caught
Its lustre from his wings, the boy-god floats—
He whose sway is of smiles, and sighs, and tears,
And yet whose rule is iron; he has lent
A golden arrow from his quiver's store,
And the youth's eager hand has on the bark
Carved these so gentle words, "FORGET ME NOT,"—
Murmuring the while one of those tender songs,
Which have their echo in each lover's heart:

Wave—that wanderest singing by,
Bearing leaves and flowers with thee,
To the lady of my heart
Waft a benison from me.

Wind—that rov'st around the grove,
Kissing every flower nigh,
I 'll send thee on a sweeter search—
Bear my own sweet love my sigh.

Bark—that show'st my graven words,
Thine be yet a happier lot—
May'st thou meet my maiden's eye,
Bidding her "Forget me not!"

L. E. L.

A DIRGE.

BY THE REVEREND G. CROLY.

"EARTH to earth, and dust to dust!"
Here the evil and the just,
Here the youthful and the old,
Here the fearful and the bold,
Here the matron and the maid
In one silent bed are laid;
Here the vassal and the king
Side by side lie withering;
Here the sword and sceptre rust—
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

Age on age shall roll along
O'er this pale and mighty throng;
Those that wept them, those that weep,
All shall with these sleepers sleep.
Brothers, sisters of the worm,
Summer's sun or winter's storm,
Song of peace or battle's roar,
Ne'er shall break their slumbers more.
Death shall keep his sullen trust—
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

But a day is coming fast,
Earth, thy mightiest and thy last!
It shall come in fear and wonder,
Heralded by trump and thunder;

It shall come in strife and toil,
It shall come in blood and spoil,
It shall come in empire's groans,
Burning temples, trampled thrones:
Then, Ambition, rue thy lust!—
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

Then shall come the judgment-sign;
In the east the KING shall shine;
Flashing from Heaven's golden gate,
Thousand thousands round his state,
Spirits with the crown and plume;
Tremble then, thou sullen tomb!
Heaven shall open on our sight,
Earth be turn'd to living light,
Kingdom of the ransom'd Just—
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

Then thy mount, Jerusalem,
Shall be gorgeous as a gem;
Then shall in the desert rise
Fruits of more than Paradise;
Earth by angel feet be trod,
One great garden of her God!
Till are dried the martyrs' tears
Through a thousand glorious years!
Now, in hope of HIM we trust
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust."

THE HOUSEHOLD SPANIEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE LEGEND OF GENEVIEVE," &c.

Poor Oscar! how feebly thou crawl'st to the door,
Thou, who wert all beauty and vigour of yore;
How slowly thou stealest the sunshine to find,
And thy straw-sprinkled pallet—how crippled and blind!

Thy hairs now are silver'd, thou hearest my voice,
And thy slow-wagging tail says thou yet canst rejoice;
But how different art thou from the Oscar of old,
So sleek and so gamesome, so swift and so bold!

At sunrise I waken'd to hear thy loved bark,
With the coo of the house-dove, the song of the lark;
And out to the green fields 'twas ours to repair,
When bright was the blue sky and fresh was the air.

How then thou wouldst gambol and start from my feet,
To scare the wild birds from the sylvan retreat;
Or plunge in the smooth stream, and bring to my hand
The twig, or the wild flower, I threw from the land.

On the moss-sprinkled stone if I sat for a space,
Thou wouldst cower on the greensward and look in my face;
In wantonness pluck up the blooms in thy teeth,
And toss them in ether, or tread them beneath.

Then I was a schoolboy all thoughtless and free,
And thou wert a whelp full of gambol and glee;
Now dimm'd is thine eyeball, and gray is thy hair;
And I am a man, doom'd to thought and to care.

Thou bring'st to my mind all the pleasures of youth,
When Hope was the mistress, not handmaid, of Truth;
When Earth look'd an Eden, when Joy's sunny hours
Were cloudless, and Life's path besprinkled with flowers.

Now summer is fading, soon tempest and rain
Shall harbinger desolate winter again;
And thou, all unable the cold to withstand,
Shalt die when the snow-flakes fall white o'er the land.

Then thy grave shall be dug 'neath the old cherry-tree,
And in spring-time 'twill shed down its blossoms on thee;
So, when a few fast-fleeting seasons are o'er,
Thy faith and thy love shall be thought of no more.

Then all who caress'd thee and loved shall be laid,
Life's pilgrimage o'er, in the tomb's dreary shade;
Other steps shall be heard on these floors, and the past
Like a shadow be quite from the memory cast.

Improvements will follow; old walls be thrown down;
Old trees be removed, when old masters are gone;
And the gardener, when delving, shall marvel to see
White bones where once blossom'd the old cherry-tree.

Frail things! could we read but the objects around,
In the meanest some deep-lurking truth might be found,
Some type of our weakness, some warning to show
How uncertain the sands are we build on below!

Our fathers have pass'd, and are laid in the mould;
Year presses on year, and the young become old:
Time, though a stern teacher, is partial to none;
And the friends whom we love pass away one by one!

Δ.

NATURE.

BY DAVID LESTER RICHARDSON, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "SONNETS AND OTHER POEMS."

THE fair smile of morning,
The glory of noon,
The bright stars adorning
The path of the moon,
The mist-cover'd mountain,
The valley and plain,
The lake and the fountain,
The river and main,
Their magic combining,
Illume and control
The care and repining
That darken the soul.

The timid Spring, stealing
  Through light and perfume;
The Summer's revealing
  Of beauty and bloom;
The rich Autumn, glowing
  With fruit-treasures crown'd;
The pale Winter, throwing
  His snow-wreaths around;
All widely diffusing
  A charm on the earth,
Wake loftier musing
  And holier mirth.

There is not a sorrow
  That hath not a balm
From Nature to borrow,
  In tempest or calm;
There is not a season,
  There is not a scene,
But Fancy and Reason
  May gaze on serene,
And own it possessing
  A zest for the glad,
A solace and blessing
  To comfort the sad!

AMBA,

THE WITCH'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. BOWDICH.

As Coomba was one evening sitting on a low stool before her door, in the town of Addina, watching the gambols of her son, a wretched and emaciated female entered the path which led from the bush or forest. She was scarcely able to carry her own weight, much less that of a little girl, aged two years, who was tied to her back by a piece of ragged silk. The only clothing of this unhappy object was a small strip of dirty, tattered cotton, girt round her loins, and which scarcely reached her knees: her flesh was torn by the thorns in her path; her feet were swollen with fatigue; her skin, stretched over her projecting bones, was parched and cracked into large white flakes from the heat of the sun; her hair was dusty and brown, her eyes were sunk in their sockets, her cheeks were hollow, her knees touched each other at every step, and she was frequently obliged to pause and take breath, leaning on the rude staff with which she tried to support herself. Coomba beheld her with pity, and the little Tarbara crept with fear to his mother's knees. The poor woman at last stood opposite to Coomba's house: she was evidently in a famished state, and her child also bore the appearance of want; but from its being in a much better condition than its mother, the latter had probably deprived herself of nourishment to prolong the life of her offspring. She stopped, and looked at Coomba with a wistful eye. There

was an appearance of resignation in her deportment; not a sound escaped her lips; but she turned from the robust form of the sturdy Tarbara to the delicate limbs of her own child, and a big tear moistened her burning eyelids: a dizziness then seemed to seize her, for she suddenly raised her hand, exclaiming "Oh my head!" and sunk upon the ground. Coomba flew to her relief, and extricating the child, laid it on Tarbara's mat, and carried, or rather dragged, the sufferer into her hut, where she laid her upon a cushion, and raising her, tried to force some nourishment into her mouth; but it was too late: the poor creature mournfully shook her head, and again sunk back. While Coomba was thus engaged, Tarbara, her son, who had at first regarded the little stranger as an intruder, gradually approached, and tried to play with her. The infant was not at first averse to his caresses, but his kindness was of too rough a nature to be endured long with pleasure, and the little thing cried as she shrunk from his rude embrace. At this sound the dying mother opened her eyes, and Coomba fetched her child; she then made a last effort, and directed Coomba to untie a piece of dirty cloth which was round her knee, and which contained a rich golden manilla, or bracelet.* She then put it, with her child, into the hands of her hostess, and clasping her own as if to entreat kindness for her infant, faintly uttered the name of "Akimpon," and expired.

By this time some of the female slaves of Coomba re-

* The natives of the western coasts of Africa always carry their gold fastened round their knees.

turned from the plantations, where they had been working, and, giving the child to one of them, she desired the others to assist in wrapping up the body in a clean but coarse cloth. They all, however, stood looking at each other, and the woman intrusted with the child seemed afraid to touch it. Coomba reiterated her commands: this produced a general muttering and sulkiness; and at last, when their mistress insisted upon an explanation, they all burst out at once, and it was with difficulty she gathered from them, that they had seen this poor object for two days wandering in the forest, and they were sure that she was a witch;* that they had of course refused her assistance, and, in fact, had fled from her whenever she came near them; and as to touching her, "they should not do it, not they: how did the mistress know but that the wicked spirit would pass into them?" Coomba tried threats, entreaties, and bribes, but all in vain; at last she sent for a fetishman, or priest, and ordering palm-wine to be set before him, and making a display of weighing gold-dust, she soon persuaded him to guarantee all who touched the body from the evil spirit; for as to convincing them the poor woman was not a witch, she knew that to be a vain attempt; and, indeed, when Coomba herself reflected on the sudden and extraordinary appearance of the

* The fear of witchcraft exists in great force on the western coasts of Africa. It is a stigma which is never obliterated, and the most cruel torments await the person so suspected. But too frequently the feeble and the wretched are objects of fury, from the impression, that the workings of the spirit wear out the constitution.

stranger, she began to doubt if it were not something supernatural. She was not, however, less kind to the little girl, whom she named Amba, from her having arrived on a Saturday.* The mother was buried under a large mimosa, not very far from the town; no custom (or feasting) graced her funeral; the moans and tears of her orphan formed her only lament; and people soon ceased to talk of her, except when occasionally passing her grave, at which time they would huddle together and whisper her history; and not one would have ventured alone near the spot after sunset.

Coomba soon found that the prejudice of her neighbours and slaves against the offspring of a witch was inveterate, and therefore sent her little charge to a relation at Assema, paying a small sum monthly for her maintenance.

During an interval of ten years but little occurred: Tarbara approached manhood, and, retaining his beauty of person, was graceful and dignified in his deportment. His mother had no other heir, and consequently his alliance was sought by the fathers of those girls who were marriageable. Nor was he less a favourite among the other sex, and many a large, languishing black eye had beamed with kindness upon him; many a string of beads had been added to the neck and arms; many a golden snake had been stuck in the hair; and many a charm had been worked to attract the youthful Tarbara. He flirted

* The people of these countries always bear the name of the day of the week on which they were born.

and romped with them all in their turns; but to manage the plantations, to distinguish himself as a marksman, a hunter, and a swimmer, seemed to be his only passion. He was a model of agility and swiftness; perfect in all manly exercises; and no less remarkable for his oratory, considerate kindness to his dependents, and respect towards his superiors. He was too young to be admitted to the council of elders, but he would assemble the lads of his own age under a large banian; and many a grave *pynin*, when passing by the group, rested his hands and chin upon his staff, and with pleasure contemplated the promising talent of the youthful leader. Let it not be supposed, however, that Tarbara was perfect. No: he was rash, impetuous, and foolhardy; he loved danger for the sake of danger; he would provoke the buffalo and the panther, till a miracle seemed the only thing which could save him; and he was a most egregious fop. When in the town, his hair was cut, or shaved, into the most fanciful patterns; his *pagnes*, or cloths, were of the richest texture; he never suffered any thing but silk to encircle his loins; his sandals were studded with silver; his perfumes were all from Europe; and it was even whispered, that on occasions when he wished to be particularly bewitching, he besprinkled his skin with gold-dust.

When Tarbara arrived at the age of eighteen, the relation who had reared Amba died, and Coomba was obliged to send for her *protegée* to her own house. She hired a five-handed canoe, and giving the men proper instructions, and adding an aged female slave to the party, she

despatched them for Amba, at the same time supplying the slave with the means of contributing to the funeral rites. In a few weeks the canoe returned, and the cries of the children of Addina announced the arrival of a stranger, as they flocked to the beach to criticise and behold her. But Amba was almost hidden in the large cloths which were thrown over her head, and which descended to her feet. She carried a small casket of ornaments under her arm, and silently followed the slave who had escorted her, and who bore on her head a bundle of cloths, which formed the garments of Amba. When they reached Coomba's door, the crowd could venture no further; though many a curly black head was seen peeping in, to catch a glimpse of the tall figure which had glided so quietly along the streets. Coomba put out her hand, and Amba fell on her knees and burst into tears. She was before her benefactress, but that benefactress was a stranger. She had loved the good woman who had taken care of her, and in losing her she had lost all that was dear to her in the world. She was of a pensive and perhaps reserved disposition; the stigma of being allied to a witch had pursued her even to Assema, and consequently she had formed no intimacies with girls of her own age. The young men had indeed followed her for her personal attractions, but she had rejected all their addresses, and seemed an isolated being, not unhappy, because she was of a contented, enduring temper; but an innate pride and dignity had led her to retire from observation and seek solitary amusements. To attend on her kind hostess, to

watch over the sick, to support the aged, to amuse the infant of a wearied mother, to protect the ill-treated slave, to prepare food in the most exquisite manner, to embroider cloths, to weave, to make mats and baskets, to carve calabashes, to string beads in beautiful patterns, and to net, were her chief occupations. She adored the great Yancoompun, but, proscribed as the daughter of a witch from the mysteries of the fetish, her reverence for the latter was only imbibed from seeing its existence in others. Accustomed to adversity, she could bear scorn with humility, was patient under reproof, and compassionate to every suffering being around her. She had always been taught to look upon Coomba as her protectress, but she was yet to learn if she could regard her with affection. When Coomba, therefore, kindly desired her to rise, and laid her hand upon her head with a blessing, the heart of the poor girl felt a thrill of joy, and quickly throwing her cloth from her head and shoulders, she discovered the animated form of one of the most exquisite models of African beauty, such as had rarely, if ever, been seen by the natives of the western coasts, and which proved her to be of distant origin. Her hair was sufficiently flexible to lie smooth, and to twist into a large braid at the back of her head; her forehead rose perpendicularly from her nose, and formed a straight line with that feature; her eyebrows were narrow and arched, and slightly projected over large, full, black eyes, encircled by long silken eyelashes: softness was their predominant expression, but the lines of the eyelids betrayed a disposition to mirth,

and a sudden flash would now and then assert their right to resent indignity. Her cheeks were round and full, and a lovely dimple lurked in the left side; her lips were not thick, and parted over a perfect set of small, even, white teeth. Her figure was composed with the most delicate symmetry: her hands and feet were small; her leg well turned; her wide chest and falling shoulders, and her small waist, gave her an elegance of appearance which attracted observation, even when her peculiarly beautiful face was hidden under the cloth, in which she generally enveloped herself when out of the house. Coomba beheld her with astonishment, and only recovered herself when she saw the poor girl abashed by her gaze. She then desired her to take refreshment, showed her where she was to sleep, and asked numerous questions concerning her lost friend. She sent her early to bed, and then informed herself of all that the slave who went to Assema had been able to collect concerning her character. When the budget was exhausted, she exclaimed, "I am glad she is such a good girl, for she is very beautiful, and I fear my Tarbara will like her too much. She is not one of us, and whence she came we may never know; but it is a pity that the people of Addina fancied her mother to be a witch."

Tarbara was absent among his plantations, and following the chase with ardour; and when he was apprised of Amba's arrival, observed, that he certainly should not hasten home on her account: "I care not," said he; "the daughter of a witch is nothing to me. I shall re-

turn when I choose, and when I have killed the wild boar which grinned at me yesterday through the bush." He accordingly remained till he had accomplished the latter purpose; and in the mean time, Amba, by her cares, her gentleness, her expertness in domestic duties, had so completely won the heart of Coomba, that the old woman almost hoped Tarbara would attach himself to her charge, and for her sake be induced to abandon the perilous sports in which he so much delighted. His return was announced by a troop of men with hunting-spears in their hands, singing the praises of their chief and the courage he had displayed in killing the huge animal, which was carried by two slaves, being slung on a pole which they placed upon their shoulders. Having deposited their burden in safety, they retired to the apartment of the slaves to refresh themselves, and Tarbara entered his mother's house. Seating himself upon a cushion, he asked for some palm-wine, and Amba was summoned to bring it. She obeyed the order, and came into the room bearing a beautifully carved calabash. She was still clothed in dark blue, the mourning for her friend; her *pagne* was long, but in walking partially opened, and displayed her delicate ankles: she wore no ornaments, except a bunch of the light blue feathers of the African jay, stuck amidst her hair. She advanced with timidity, and to Tarbara's great astonishment the witch's daughter was the most beautiful being he had ever beheld: he mechanically took the calabash, and followed her with his eyes as she retired to the next room; then turning to

Coomba, hastily exclaimed, "Adja! * She is more beautiful than a gazelle!" Coomba smiled at the instant change in his manner, and at his suddenly finding out, that as he had been hunting all day he must go and bathe and change his dress. After some little time he returned in his gayest attire, and gently touching the hand of Amba, who was at work by his mother's side, welcomed her to his house, and hoped they should be better acquainted. Amba made no reply, but fixed upon him her full dark eyes, beaming with gratitude; and that single glance made more impression upon Tarbara's heart in one moment than all the efforts of the Addina beauties for years.

Without being aware of it, Tarbara's every thought was now connected with Amba: he rarely went to his possessions in the country; his javelin became rusty, his arrows were neglected, the flint fell out of his musket; but he was still attentive to the decoration of his person: his sanko and flute were frequently heard in melancholy tones during the moonlight evenings, and he now became the gentle and domestic Tarbara, thinking all noise and mirth a nuisance, all women, save one, rude and forward, awkward and coarse: his male companions were too boisterous; in short, he enjoyed nothing which Amba did not share, found nothing good which was not prepared by her, approved of nothing which had not previously received her smile. He one day offered her a personal caress, but she repulsed him with so much dignity and spirit, that he

* Spirit of my father!

never ventured to offend her again. "Would she were my slave!" he cried: "I would then make her mine." And why did he not seek her as a wife, and secure her to himself by the sacred customs of his native land? Alas! she was the daughter of a witch; and could Tarbara, the prince of the country, who was connected with kings and cabboceers,* could he seek such a woman? Impossible. Arguing thus, he resolved to return to the forests, and in the pursuit of his former occupations to lose all love for Amba. "It is my own fault," said he, "and my laziness has been the principal cause of all this folly." For a day or two, therefore, he redoubled his activity, busied himself with his land and his slaves, and thought he was cured. By the end of the fifth day, however, he became a little tired of his resumed pursuits; and as he was listlessly lying on a large cushion, a man came past playing Amba's favourite air upon the sanko, and all Tarbara's resolution vanished: he loathed his sports; every body and every thing was wrong; and he almost cursed the hour when Amba came into the country, or wished that she had died with her mother. Then shuddering at his injustice, he would determine upon claiming her as a bride. It was not long before the latter feeling prevailed, and he opened the treaty by sending Coomba (as the only representative of Amba's mother) a handsome present. The present was accepted, and the succeeding gift, to Amba herself, was graciously received, betokening her willing acceptance of Tarbara as a husband. Coomba

* Governors of towns.

undertook to provide the bridal clothes, and the guests were bidden to the feast at the end of a fortnight. In the evening of the appointed day the banquet commenced, the fetishman pronounced the nuptial benediction, and towards the middle of the night the females, who had feasted separately, led the splendidly attired Amba to her own apartment, amid shouts and rejoicings. The next day all who had been present went to pay their compliments, and in a few days Amba began to return the visits. Her cloth was of golden tissue, and her ankles, arms, and neck were adorned with massy gold ornaments, which had been in Coomba's family for several generations. Among other bracelets, she wore her own manilla; a broad golden fillet encircled her head: Coomba attended her, and she was followed by several female slaves, richly dressed. The presence of her mother-in-law restrained all observations; but no sooner had the party quitted each house, than the several inhabitants vented their spleen against poor Amba—a feeling which was now more than ever excited by the beauty and magnificence of her appearance, and the disappointment experienced by many at her being not only the wife of Tarbara, but the first wife, and consequently for ever entitled to the supreme rank in his household.

Two or three weeks had been spent in the above manner, till one evening, fatigued by the round of visits she had been paying, Amba was reclining on a mat at her husband's feet, when a man with a tall cane in his hand, to show that he was a messenger, entered the house with

breathless haste and cried, "War! war! The hyænas are out in search of their prey, and the defenceless deer will be devoured and their pastures trampled upon." He then stated, that the Ashantee army had begun its march, intending to destroy the kingdom of Inkran, and that he had been sent by the people of that country to summon all who had possessions there. This was the native place of Coomba, and she there retained considerable property. Tarbara knew that his presence would be wanting for its defence, and, starting up with an indignant exclamation against the enemy, summoned his followers. In a few minutes all were in motion; some were sent to the English merchants to purchase arms and ammunition; others flew to the neighbouring plantations to call away as many as could be spared from the necessary labour; and Tarbara himself, preceded by a drum, went through the town to assemble his friends round his standard. With such active preparations, a detachment of the little army soon proceeded to Accra, the capital of Inkran, in canoes; and in the last of all, surrounded by the flower of Addina, sat Tarbara, stifling his filial and conjugal affection in the pride he felt as the leader of such a band. Amba had wept, and entreated permission to follow her husband. She urged that she was young and capable of enduring fatigue, and that she could be useful to the wounded, or, at least, no harm could arise to her if she remained at the capital while Tarbara marched towards the interior. Tarbara, however, was deaf to all her prayers; for he durst not expose her to the perils which awaited, in his appre-

hension, even those who lived in Accra; and yet fearing to yield to her influence, he took a hasty leave of both mother and wife; and assuring the latter that the death-pang inflicted by his enemies could not be worse than separation from her, he darted towards the beach, and leaped into the canoe, where his companions awaited him. The bamboo sail was soon spread, Tarbara's yellow silk flag floated in the air, and the fragile bark gallantly put out to sea, amid the shouts of those left behind and the incantations of the priests for its prosperity.

Week after week passed away, and the safe arrival of the troops was confirmed by messengers; but months rolled on, and no news came from Tarbara, after he had reached the enemy; and during this period the European governor, who had been much struck with Amba's beauty when paying her bridal visits, solicited her love, pretending that Tarbara was dead. Many were the surmises on this occasion; always an object of envy and malice, Amba could not escape the ill-natured remarks and idle tales insinuated against her fidelity, but in reality the governor's proposals were rejected with the utmost indignation. At last the tidings arrived, that the Accra army had given battle to the Ashantees, that most of them had been cut off, and especially the Addina detachment, as it had been led on by its youthful chief to the hottest part of the engagement. The enemy had marched to the neighbourhood of Accra, but, fearful of the European guns belonging to the different fortresses, had then retreated, devastating the whole country round them, carrying away all the people as slaves

or victims for sacrifice, and sweeping off every thing which was portable. Tarbara was said to have fallen by the blow of one of the heavy swords of the Ashantees; his head was supposed to have been cut off, that his skull might ornament the royal palace, and his body left to be devoured by vultures and wild beasts. Great was the consternation at Addina on the receipt of these tidings, but to none did they convey such anguish as to Coomba and Amba. The old woman would sit for hours with her arms folded, ejaculating, "*Ma woo! ma woo!**" while her daughter-in-law never uttered a complaint, but lay upon a mat, entirely covered with a cloth, in that quiescent state which hopeless grief generally causes in a naturally vigorous mind. One general custom was held in honour of the dead, to which Coomba and Amba sent their contributions of gunpowder and provisions, but which they did not themselves attend. After six weeks the ceremony was concluded by a dance of women, waving palm-branches in the air, and the town resumed its tranquillity. Then it was that the stigma of the witch's daughter was revived, and the death of Tarbara and his companions was ascribed to his having married a woman of such wicked descent. Secret plots were at length laid to get rid of her, and soon reached the ears of the person against whom they were directed. Coomba was also made acquainted with these cabals by a slave, in gratitude for some kindness on the part of Amba, and alarmed, she sought the protection of the governor, who eagerly replied, that he could only

* Oh dear! oh dear!

protect Amba by taking her into the fortress, and as earnest of his good intentions begged to send her a present of beads. Coomba returned; and when Amba saw the present, and heard all that had passed, she exclaimed, "Oh, mother, why did you seek the protection of that bad man? His words, his presents, all say, that my safety is to be purchased at the expense of my fidelity to Tarbara: but let your people kill me—it is all the same to Amba now; only let her belong always to Tarbara."

Several who had been supposed dead had returned singly to their homes, having escaped from slaughter or captivity after the battle, and all confirmed the above account relative to Tarbara. One evening, however, a man arrived, almost worn out with fatigue, and knocked at Coomba's door. It was one of Tarbara's own people; and when refreshment and kindness had enabled him to speak clearly, he said, it was true that his master had been knocked down by the handle of a sword, but his body had never been found. He himself had escaped from the hands of the Ashantees, and well knew that his master was not among them, and he also knew that they had made great search after Tarbara's body, as his exertions on the day of battle had excited peculiar hatred, and they wished to make a public spectacle of his remains; but their search had proved fruitless, as he had been called upon to examine the different bodies, in order to recognise the corpse of his chief. Amba eagerly listened to this recital, and wearied the man with conjectures as to what had become of the body, and the only probable result was, that the

wild beasts had dragged it away. "And yet," said Amba, "it is strange that they should select his body only from a heap of slain." The next morning she spoke to Coomba in the following manner: "Something tells me that Tarbara is not dead, and I will go and find him: nay, do not tell me that I cannot do it; at all events let me try. If I stay here, I am exposed to the governor's importunities; I am pointed at with scorn; and such schemes are plotted against my life as must ultimately destroy me; and you yourself said the other day, that I must leave the country or perish. If I go back to Assema, there is no one to take care of me: let me then go to Accra and do some good, for I can there hear more about Tarbara. If he is really dead, I can go where you please, or can die too; but if I find him we shall come back together." Coomba for a while was deaf to her arguments, but at last gave her consent, instructed her how to proceed at Accra, supplied her with provisions and money, and sent her in a canoe, with a relation who was going to that place. Amba arrived there without accident; and immediately on landing went to the house belonging to her mother-in-law, where she heard the same story as before, but to which was added every possible reason and entreaty to dissuade her from seeking her husband. In the first place, they said he could not have remained so long in the forest; and even if he had not been devoured by the wild beasts, but (which seemed probable) had been taken to a distant croom (or village) by some cabboceer, in the hope of getting ransom for

him, or of selling him to the first slave-merchant who came by—even then it would not be possible for her to escape the parties of Ashantees who were still lurking about for the sake of plunder. Nothing, however, shook Amba from her purpose; and having succeeded in persuading one solitary boy to accompany her as a guide, she set off one morning before sunrise.

Amba's companion carried a small bundle of provisions and cloths, and they first proceeded through fine savannahs, watered by clear streams; then striking into the forest, they made the best of their way to a neighbouring croom. She there remained one night, professing that she was on her way to her relations, who lived in a distant town. At this place she parted with her guide, and hired another of the same age. She continued this method each day, and proceeded a considerable distance towards the spot where the battle had been fought; but as she one day reposed during the heat under the shade of some bamboos, the boy who attended her awoke her, by saying that he was sure he heard the gong-gongs* of the Ashantees; and, seized with terror, instantly darted away, leaving her to carry her own burden and to find her path herself. Alarmed at the approach of these sounds, Amba also moved from the spot where she had been lying; and thus losing her path, she became entangled in the mazes of the forest, without the power of extricating herself. This time, however, she escaped the Ashantees, and therefore was at first insensible to the danger of her situation; but

* A musical instrument used in time of war.

as night fell without any signs of a croom, she became alive to its horrors. Faint and heart-sick, she lay down at the foot of a tree, determining to renew her search for assistance as soon as daylight returned. When she fled from the enemy she had left her cloths and provisions, and she had only found two small plantains in the course of the day. Exhausted, she fell asleep, but was soon awoke by something which rushed past her with a dreadful cry. It was perhaps a wild boar, perhaps a hyæna, perhaps a panther, at any rate it was an animal, and her alarm was sufficient to prevent further repose. She dared not try to light a fire by means of friction, and so frighten the intruder away, because the flames would have discovered her to the soldiers from whom she had so lately fled. She therefore watched in great agitation till morning, when she pursued her way with difficulty. A tree covered with guavas allayed her hunger, and a stream quenched her thirst; she bathed and was refreshed, and walked on with some alacrity towards huts, which she saw at a considerable distance. She did indeed reach these habitations, but they presented not the vestige of a living being; some had been thrown down, others stood with their doors open; broken vessels and cooking utensils lay scattered on the ground, intermingled with fragments of warlike weapons and human bones, that were whitening in the sunbeams which darted through this break in the forest, and gilding the tops of the trees, only served to render their bases more gloomy, and to add obscurity to the long vistas which presented themselves between their

trunks. Here Amba found a few bananas, plantains, pine-apples, and guavas; and lighting a fire in one of the securest huts, and varying her meal with ground-nuts and the boiled tops of the bamboo, she determined to rest there till the next day, to recruit her strength. On the following morning then she proceeded, her steps guided by the bones that were strewed about, and in a scene of desolation which but too plainly showed that this had been the seat of war and alarm. The inhabitants of some places had fled; those who remained in their crooms had been either butchered or led away as slaves; and the vultures and wild beasts having quickly despoiled the bones of their flesh, they looked as if they had lain there for years. Amba went on, however, still hoping for some fortunate chance to lead her out of the forest, but each night trembling lest the ghosts who owned the bones should pursue her with their maledictions.

Overcome with fatigue and unable to distinguish even a deserted habitation, the poor wanderer heard with awe the whistling of the breeze, which, to an experienced ear, foretold the approach of a tornado. A low hollow murmur moaned through the forest, and was succeeded by a death-like stillness; not a breath of air was to be felt, and the bombax and the baobab, lords of the vegetable world, seemed to stand in their proud strength, awaiting the blast of heaven, like the giants of old, who breathed defiance to the lightnings of the mighty Jupiter. This awful tranquillity was at length broken by a deep groan, which increased in strength and became more frequent as it ap-

proached Amba. Scarcely knowing whither she fled, she reached the buttress of a bombax, projecting like a low wall several yards beyond the parent stem, and running along the narrow ridge, she twisted her hands into the parasitical plant which encircled its massy trunk, and gradually mounted till she reached one of the lower branches, where, taking off her scarf, she tied herself fast to it, that the rockings caused by the storm might not precipitate her to the ground. She had scarcely done this, when a huge lion came to the spot she had just quitted, continuing his howlings, rolling his large fierce eyes, and lashing his sides with his tail. He solemnly paced on, making the whole forest echo with his cries. The monkeys were heard jumping through the boughs, that they might nestle close to each other in groups, one of them occasionally setting up a shrill piercing scream, as he was in danger of falling from the pressure of his companions, who were anxious to get into his place. A faint cry, like that of an agonised human being, proceeded from the sloth, which was answered by the loud laugh of the hyæna, as if in mockery of distress. But the storm began, and all voices were drowned in the sweeping whirlwind, which seemed to shake every tree from its roots; many of the lower ones fell. But as the blast increased, a mighty crash was heard, which seemed to involve the forest in ruins. A huge baobab, which had defied the storm for centuries, at last gave way before its fierce enemy, and fell prostrate, bringing with it every tree which grew in its vicinity, and crushing all the living beings which had sought refuge in its

branches. As if satisfied with the deed, the whirlwind ceased, and was succeeded by a lengthened roll of thunder, like a shout of triumph. Large drops of rain followed, and heaven and earth seemed as if joined by one broad sheet of water. The lightning alone illumined the darkness, and striking a tree not far from Amba, split it to its base, and set the forest in a blaze, which was stifled by the torrents that poured upon it. The thunder which followed seemed to shake the earth even to its centre, as it rose to the shock with a convulsive heave. At length the storm died away, and the sun flashed his bright beams through the massy foliage, the drooping branches raised their heads, the birds trimmed their feathers, and from the smallest insect to the huge elephant, all nature seemed to awake as if from a stupor. Drenched with the rain and stiff from terror, even poor Amba felt the vivifying rays, and drying her garments in the sun, descended from her leafy shelter: though languid and exhausted, she pursued her way towards the place where the sunshine seemed the brightest, thinking there to find a path to some human habitation. In a short time, however, her hope was crushed by the winding of a horn, which filled every nook of the forest with its melodious sounds. To those who were accustomed to such music, it said, "No one dares trouble me;*" and it was the horn of Amanquea, one of the Ashantee captains, calling together his soldiers, who had been dispersed

* The horns of each Ashantee chief are supposed to play a sentence peculiar to their master, and which is instantly recognised as a summons by his soldiers.

through the forest by the storm. To Amba it seemed like something unearthly, it was so sweet, so sudden, and the echoes prolonged it till its sounds seemed to float in the atmosphere. Almost bewildered, Amba advanced, unconscious of her danger, till she reached an open space, in the middle of which was a lofty doom-tree. Underneath it sat Amanquea, surrounded by his soldiers. He was easily distinguished by his eagle plumes and many-coloured vest; his soldiers wore pointed black leather caps, fringed with the same; a small piece of cloth encircled their loins; and their black belts were ornamented with red cockle-shells. Some were busily employed rubbing their muskets, or examining their arrows and ammunition, and others were cooking maize for the breakfast of their master. Amba had no time to escape, for some of the stragglers caught a glimpse of her, and presently the cry of *Minna nako? bisea boh!* (What do I see now? a woman, ho!) ran along the several parties; the arms were abandoned, and many started for the chase. Amba fled she knew not whither; terror gave her speed and strength: many a turn did she make among the trees, many a fallen tree did she clamber, many a low palm did she vault over, many a clump of thorny mimosas did she dash through, leaving part of her clothes behind. At length she stood on the brink of a precipice, that overhung a deep ravine; the bare sharp rocks jutted out from between the foliage; a torrent foamed below, now swollen with the rain and furiously rushing along its rugged bed. Pressed on all sides, the unhappy Amba saw no possibility of escape;

already her pursuers darted from under the trees, shouting as they thought themselves sure of their victim. She looked down the precipice; a peaceful death at least there awaited her: any thing was better than falling into the hands of the Ashantees. Turning round therefore, she gave them a look of defiance, and crying aloud *Minnawoo! Minnawoo!* (I die! I die!) plunged headlong down the abyss. The soldiers proceeded as far as they dared down a sloping part of the precipice, but not a trace of Amba's body was to be seen, and they returned to their station, concluding that the torrent had rolled it away.

In the Braffoo country, which borders Fanta, and close to Mankasin, is an immense dell, inclosed on all sides by perpendicular rocks and high mountains. From their clefts vegetation starts out in its most luxuriant forms, and covering the sides of the precipices, and rising from the bottom, renders it impossible to judge of the extent of the ravine. No entrance is perceived; no one visits it unless blindfolded; its exact situation is known only to the principal fetishmen of the country; no one mentions it without awe; and notwithstanding the curiosity excited by the mystery attached to it, few are desirous of approaching its vicinity. It is inhabited by aged fetishmen, who are supposed to be immortal, and in it is situated the great oracle of the country. The advice of this oracle is sought only on occasions of great emergency, and then the fetishmen deputed to visit it stand upon the brink of the dell, and beat a long roll upon their deep-sounding drums, which signal is answered from below. They wait about

an hour, and two fetishmen appear, clothed in white, preceded by the softest flutes playing a solemn air. They hear the wishes of the deputation, and then carefully blindfold those who desire to visit the oracle in person. Guides, who have till then secreted themselves among the trees, start up, take the offerings, and conduct the mission through a winding path, which descends along the side of the ravine; the boughs of the trees are held apart to give room to the passengers, and the flutes play until the whole party stops at a given signal. The strangers are then made to crawl a short distance on their hands and knees, and on being permitted to rise the bandages are taken from their eyes, and a scene of beauty, which well keeps up the illusion of enchantment, bursts upon them. Every thing that is ferocious, every thing that is venomous, has been extirpated from this extraordinary place, and every thing that is beautiful and gentle seems to have taken refuge there. The broad leaves of the bananas are placed by the side of the sharp-cut delicate mimosas, and they mingle their scarlet and yellow blossoms together. The loveliest flowers hang in clusters from the trees and perfume the air. The lofty palms tower above the rest, waving their feathery branches, and standing like sentinels to give notice of the coming breeze. The sweetest notes proceed from the few songsters of the tropics, and the branches are illumined by the splendid plumage of the rest of the feathered tribes. The little humming-birds especially glitter among them like so many precious stones, and dart from the flower-bells with a rapidity

which renders it impossible to distinguish their forms, as if the flowers were carrying on a tiny warfare, and shooting at each other with gems hidden in their fragrant bosoms. The brilliant lizards, with their golden hues, now gliding along the banks and now chasing each other with incredible speed, add to the dazzling brightness of the valley. At night, when these splendid inhabitants are taking their repose, the fireflies supply their place, and emulate the brilliant beams of the sun with their dancing rays. A small bamboo temple, constructed with fairy lightness and delicately carved, rises in the middle of the dell. Over it grow three fan-palms, which spread their leaves in the air, as if in exultation at shading the deity. Some large coral-trees, with their eternal blossoms, now of the deepest crimson and now of the brightest scarlet, encircle the building, and sweet-smelling flowers are either planted around, or spontaneously climb up the slender pillars which support the roof. None but the head priest, who delivers the oracles, and a select few who attend upon him, dare penetrate to the interior of this building, though all are called to assist in the ceremony of annually washing the sacred vessels in the streamlet which flows past the door. After the questions are put, a low hollow groan is heard, which is succeeded by screams and cries; and after a pause of about a minute, the priest gives the answers in a low broken voice to his assistants; these convey them to the strangers without the temple, who, after depositing the offerings, take their departure, are again blindfolded, and guided up to the spot whence they descended.

The whole valley is interspersed with neat bamboo houses, each surrounded by a small plantation which affords food to the inhabitants. It was in one of these that Amba, awaking from a long stupor, found herself reclining on large cushions, and a man, whose wrinkles and gray beard bespoke him at the utmost verge of human life, was sitting beside her: he gently felt her hand, and smilingly exclaimed to some one on the opposite side, "She recovers!" Amba followed the direction of his eyes, and fixed her own on her beloved Tarbara. It could not be reality. No, no! thought Amba, I am no longer living; I am with the spirits of the blessed. But when she felt the pressure of her husband's arm as he raised her head from the pillow, when she heard him speak to her in the most endearing accents, she again raised her eyelids in full consciousness of the reality. She would have spoken, but the old man interfered, and said, "You are safe; you are with your husband and friends: if you talk, you will kill yourself: when you are strong, you shall hear all. Now take some nourishment, and if he will promise to be silent, Tarbara shall remain with you. I now go to rest in the next room, and if I hear the smallest word, I shall separate you." Amba nodded obedience, and fixing her eyes on the dear form of which she again feared to lose sight, quietly awaited returning health and strength. Once indeed the injunction was disobeyed, by Tarbara's inquiring for his mother; but, on Amba's saying she was well, he raised his finger to his lips, and she resumed her tranquillity. In a few days her

submission was rewarded by the power of sitting up, and permission to hear an explanation of all she saw around her. Tarbara told her that he had indeed been stunned by the handle of a sword and left for dead upon the field; that the battle had taken place not far from the dell in which they were; and when the retreating horns and voices of the enemy announced their departure from the spot, the priests of the valley, under cover of the night, visited the scene of death. They found life still remaining in himself and a few others, whom they carried to their homes, where they had been watched and tended ever since. Tarbara added, that he had been wounded in several places; but, thanks to these humane men, he was now perfectly cured, and should have proceeded homeward, had it been safe for him to venture from his hiding-place. "But how did I come hither, Tarbara?" inquired Amba. "That you can best tell me," he replied. "All I know is, that some of the priests were wandering in a very distant part of the dell, and heard a faint cry of *Minnawoo! Minnawoo!* Presently something came falling through the trees, and at length lodged upon a projection of the rock, which was covered with fern. To their great astonishment it was the body of a woman, who must have been precipitated from a great height, and who could only have been saved by the trees having broken her fall. A few minutes afterwards I met these fathers, bearing the insensible form of my own Amba, and they and I have watched by you, till you have been restored to animation. Various have been my conjectures as to your being so far from Addina."

Amba then eagerly interrupted him by her own narrative; and the description of her sufferings caused many a painful feeling in the heart of her husband, who, when she concluded, exclaimed, "While the fathers looked at you, they frequently said—She is not a Fantee, nor an Ashantee, but comes from a long way off, even from beyond the great water*—and now, Amba, you prove it, for no Addina woman would have done for her husband what you have done for me, and while you live, I will never, never have any other wife."

Amba was soon able to walk; and when thus recovered, the priest in whose house she lived one day showed her the manilla which had been taken from her when her wounds were dressed. "Where did you get this, my child?" said he. "It was my father's," she replied. "And who was your father?" "Alas! I know not: but the people of Addina," returned she, with tears in her eyes, "always called me the daughter of a witch. Coomba and Tarbara alone disbelieved it." She then related her history, and when she said that her mother had expired in the act of uttering the name of Akimpon, the old man suddenly rose, exclaiming, "Mighty Yancoompun, it is as I suspected!" and extending his arms over the affrighted Amba's head, solemnly invoked the blessing of the Great Deity upon her. "Akimpon," added he, "was my brother, and this manilla belonged to our father. Akimpon was the mightiest general of the Ashantees: he made your mother a captive when fighting in a far-distant

* The Niger or Quolla.

country; and, struck with her extraordinary beauty, carried her off from her relations, who were kings. He loved her more than all his other wives, and she followed him every where. In one of his expeditions on the king's business, he was accompanied by your mother, yourself, and a small party of men. A larger party of Fantees waylaid and made them prisoners. Your mother, it seems, escaped; your father perished in defending himself; and his followers were taken to the coast and sold as slaves, except one or two, who found their way back to Ashantee. I was then in the valley of Mankasin, and therefore ceded my property to my sister's son, who now sits on the stool of your father, and emulates his greatness."

Nothing was now wanting to complete Amba's and Tarbara's happiness, except a sight of their good old mother. The stigma of the witch was removed, and Amba's birth proved to be even superior to that of her husband. After a time spent in the happiest tranquillity in the house of her uncle, and among the other priests of Mankasin, it was deemed safe for the little party of rescued warriors to return home. Every thing was ready for departure when the old fetishman came to Amba, saying, "It is not fit that the daughter of Akimpon should go portionless to her husband; take this, then, my child, for yourself (putting gold into her hands), and give this to Coomba for me, for taking so much care of you. I have provided you with guides, and some of them shall accompany you to Addina, to bear public witness to your high birth, and refute the idle slanders which have caused you so much unhappiness.

Go, my child, and may the Great Spirit for ever guard you!" The old man then dashed the back of his hand across his eyes, and suddenly left the weeping Amba. The treasure was carefully packed, and the troop left the valley with the usual forms; and as they wound up the sides of the rock, a fetish hymn, sung in full chorus, invoking all presiding deities in their favour, was wafted to them by the breeze. Amba and Tarbara arrived at Accra, where they embarked for Addina, having first despatched a messenger to announce their safety to Coomba. They were received with universal acclamations. Old Coomba believed herself young again: not a finger durst point at Amba, not a voice whisper a single word against her; and the witch's daughter became the pride and blessing of Addina.

THE GLOWWORM.

BY JOHN BOWRING, ESQ.

'Tis only when the sun hath left his throne,
And evening's twilight darkens into night,
When gentler stars and planets shine alone,
That the small glowworm sheds his topaz light,
And feeds his lamp in solitude's recess:
Even so do Truth and Wisdom loveliest shine;
Even so doth Virtue most benignly bless,
And Love thus beams from some o'ershadow'd shrine.

FIRST LOVE,

A DRAMATIC SCENE.

BY RANDOLPH FITZ-EUSTACE.

Characters,

ROSANTHE, PAGE, NERISSA, STRANGER.

Page. NAY, dearest mistress, nay—you must not weep.
Oft as that evening star on which you gaze
Beams from its bow'r of bliss, to cheer with smiles
This world of woe, you muse, and sigh, and grieve,
As though fond Fancy wing'd her airy flight
To view once more gay scenes of youthful joy
And deep regret.—Can one so fair and lovely
Have known the taste of sorrow?

Ros. Ah, Fidele!
The cloud may show the rainbow's glowing tints,
Though rife with thunder; and the lips may smile,
Uttering loud laughter and light wanton words,
While Care, with breath of pestilence, is blighting
The gay one's heart.—Beam on, thou paly star!
For other eyes may now be gazing on thee—
Blue eyes, whose depth of loveliness hath call'd
The rose and lily on my maiden cheek,
And spoke a language only known to those
Who have quaff'd deep of love's delicious bowl—

J. Porter pinx.t

A. B. Durand sculp.t

FIRST LOVE.

London Pubd ...

And lips, too—lips, whose silver-sounding tones
Have forced the purple currents of my heart
Back to their fountain-head, and conjured up
Dreams of deep ecstasy—ev'n now may breathe
On her a blessing, who hath prov'd a curse!
Come hither, pretty innocent, and sing
Those words I taught thee yesternight.

PAGE *sings.*

My lady fair,
Beneath the lone willow thy fond youth is keeping
His watch, and the moon o'er the water is sleeping,
And the pale star of love from the welkin is beaming,
True, true—like to thee: then awake thee from dreaming,
And ease my heart's care!

Arouse thee, my loveliest—now, now 'tis the hour
For fond lovers' meeting: Oh, haste from thy bow'r!

Ros. Break off—no more!

Page. You always teach me songs that breathe of love.

Ros. Cursed be my heart, my woman's heart, that chose
In preference gaudy gold to modest worth!
And cursed be gold, that like the serpent's eyes
Lured my weak heart—till I was lost—was lost!
Th' impoison'd bowl may be so sugar'd o'er,
That the poor thirsty wretch will eager quaff it,
As though ambrosial nectar—ev'n thus, gold!—
Fool!—so to deem it the enchanted wand,
Whose touch would make the haggard brow of care
Beam with joy's sunshine.—Fatal, fatal error!

Angelo!—dear Angelo!—Oh, God!—Oh, God!
Let me not think of one so deeply wrong'd,
So young, so fair, so fond, so generous,
In mien so godlike—and though poor in wealth,
In birth most lowly, yet in heart most noble—
(Nature's nobility had stamp'd his heart)
So that his name, like to attemper'd steel,
Ev'n Slander's breath defied—

[*A guitar is heard without.*

What sounds are these?—

A voice sings without.

Smile—in thy treachery smile—
No more shalt thou beguile
This poor, sad, broken heart!
Fondly dreams of fancy wreathe—
Enraptur'd list to those who breathe
Their poison—yes—we part—we part!

Page (*at the casement*). 'Tis a poor stranger—who, perchance way-worn,
Would, 'midst these trackless Apennines, entreat
Shelter and safety—

[ROSANTHE *approaches the casement.*

Hark! again!

STRANGER *sings.*

Oh, heed not, oh, heed not gay beauty reclining,
Sighing soft notes of love, such as young doves entwine!
Oh, heed not, oh, heed not blue eyes brightly shining
With quick sportive rays like the eve-star divine!
Can soft notes or bright eyes such rapture impart
As that love never changing which flows from the heart?

Then woo not, then woo not the gay beauty, roving
From heart's shrine to heart's shrine, with breast void of feeling;
Oh, rather—oh, rather love her who is loving,
With eyes of deep silence—yet soft glances stealing!
Who, through moonlighted bowers with the fond youth to glide,
Would scorn to be queen of the proud world beside!

Ros. Thou gracious Providence! my village song!

Enter NERISSA.

Ner. Madam, a poor sad wanderer, on whose brow
Time hath drawn deep his furrows, humbly craves
Beneath your roof to rest his weary limbs.

Ros. Grant him admission—quick!—for I would hold
Short parlance with him. Hence—thy speed be feather'd!
Oh agony of agonies! Time was
When these same lips, the which have since belied
Their early vows—and this same throbbing heart
(Perjur'd—oh, perjur'd now!) in heyday mirth
Re-echoed to those words. Oh, then did shine,
At least in Fancy's glass, the gay May morn
Of youth and joy!—But hush!—I must be silent,
Silent as that dark bourn to which I hasten!

The STRANGER *is conducted in; exeunt Attendants.*

Welcome, stranger!

Stran. Ah, lady, sharp distress
In visitation hath so frequent been,
And sore in its affliction, that my breast
Is lock'd with callousness; yet such a show
Of smooth civility as I yet possess
I humbly offer.—Thanks, fair lady, thanks!

Ros. Thou hast known sorrow?

Stran. Sorrow?—ay, indeed—
The venom'd shaft still rankles in my heart.
I 've been a woful pageant on the stage
Of this wide theatre, the world; my name
Is sorrow's synonym!—Suffice to say
My wrongs have driven me forth a wanderer—
A wanderer, homeless—houseless!

Ros. Hast thou not
Kindred, fond kindred—whose soft honey'd tones
Might pour a balsam on the bleeding heart?

Stran. Not one—not one!—nor lips to smile, nor tongue
To soothe deep anguish, nor yet gentle heart
To beat responsive to my bitter sighs!
Yet once there was a time—'tis long bygone—
(Treasured, oh, treasured deep in Memory's casket!)
When bright eyes beam'd in laughter o'er my brow,
Whose lustrous sunshine put to flight each cloud!

Ros. Then hast thou loved, perchance——

Stran. I loved—'tis past
How deeply, truly, Heaven above doth know;
But it is past! That brow, which was to me
A blooming heaven (it was a heaven, for there
Shone forth twin stars of excellence so brightly
As though the winds of Paradise had fann'd
Their orbed lustre, till they beam'd with love);
That brow was as the sleep-imprison'd lake,
Treasuring the beauty of the deep blue skies,
Whose charmed slumber one small breath will ruffle!

Forgive me, lady—eyes so gay as thine
Should not be dimm'd with tears drawn by the tale
Of misery !

Ros. Proceed !—Upon the cheek
The rose may bloom ev'n while the cankerworm
Is gnawing inwardly !—I have my griefs——

Stran. Griefs hast thou, lady ? Oh, too surely not—
For hearts unused to wretchedness will oft
The smallest evils magnify !—but I—— (*pausing*)
Once the false world like amorous Circe smiled,
And proffer'd what I deem'd the bowl of bliss :
The beverage mantled into loveliness,
And I, rash, doting madman, quaff'd—yet when
My veins were flooded with the racking poison
The fiend did laugh in mockery at my anguish !
The world is to the unthinking youth what is
The snake unto the wonder-stricken child,
Fondling the reptile for its sparkling skin,
Senseless of pain until he sees his breast
With gore incarnadined !—Oh, better far
To roam an outcast with the savage brutes ;
For though they cherish fierceness, yet are they
No hypocrites to nature, but will show,
Ay, boldly show, their tempers apt for mischief.

Ros. Will solitude afford a balm to bosoms
Wounded like thine ?

Stran. I love to hold mute converse with the rough
And untamed spirit of the desert wilds !
Oh ! I have scaled the mountain's rugged side,

Where never foot had press'd the earth, and fed
My eyes with landscaped beauty, like the youth
Whose ardent fancy wishes to unveil
Bright objects shrouded by the mist of years!
And I have wander'd by the eve-lull'd sea,
And sung my plaints unto the rubious star—
Love's smiling beacon—till Day's glowing herald
Came dancing from the orient, and led
The meek-eyed Morning, like a blushing bride,
Who brought her wonted tribute from the meads
Of golden Hesperus, and threw her store
Of freshest roses 'long her gladsome path,
Cooling my throbbing temples with her breath
Of ravishing perfume! I too have witness'd
The hoarse winds keeping carnival; the sea,
Like a huge monster, lash'd to foaming rage;
And the black clouds, like adverse armies, meet,
With uprear'd gonfalon, and trumpet clang,
And join in direst conflict. I have heard
The din, the clangor, and the hoarsest surge
Of battle's wavering tide, and dreadful peals
Of slaughter-red artillery—yet I
Was left unhurt, though I have earnest pray'd
For welcome death!

Ros. (*aside*). Ah me! ah me! The world
Hath lost a noble nature (*aloud*). Hast thou not
E'er mingled with society?

Stran. Oh yes!
I have roved through those gaily-painted haunts,

Where feast, and song, and revelry abound,
And Love is suing with the rebeck-sound;
The haunts which Honour shuns and Virtue flees,
Where Pleasure gaily trips, and Lewdness leads
In silken bonds old age and youthful folly!
And I have gazed on Beauty's passion'd eye,
Shooting hot glances from its silken fringe,
While she was sighing oft, and offering too
The rich, ripe fruitage of her pouting lips!
I was a cool spectator, and have sketch'd
The face and forms of many!—Lady, here—
[*producing various sketches.*
Here is a brow as smooth as that of Pallas,
Or Dian crescented—a lovely face
Like some immaculate Peri of the East—
To her 'troth'd lord she was December's ice;
But her false ears would thirsty drink the love
Whisper'd by guilty tongues. And here is one,
Poor weeping girl! whose heart did cherish deeply
Desire unholy, but she sternly strove
Against th' assault, and to her firm resolve
A martyr fell, for her sad heart-strings burst.
This bright-eyed nymph outspread her lures of love,
Entrapping thousands, but was caught at last!
And here is one whose fate was cast within
Another mould—the loveliest of the lovely!
But yet a village maid!

Ros. (*aside*). Oh God!—myself!

Stran. There is a neck, swan-like as that of Juno—

An eye that would have tamed the raging Mars,
Though stern Bellona beckon'd!—youths have sworn
Oft by its lustrous sanctity, and deem'd
The oath most holy!—and that Parian front
Star-brow'd Aurora shaming!—While yet young,
And breathing beauty, like to April roses,
She was beloved by one, most poor indeed!
His was no 'scutcheon'd ancestry, no name
Blazon'd by Fame's loud trumpet—yet, although
In birth most poor, he was in poverty
Most richly blest, for he enjoy'd her love—
Hers, for whom Jove would have forsworn his skies,
Turn'd with disdain from Aphrodite's charms,
Though cestus-girdled, and have wander'd through
This earth a beggar!—but she—she was false!

Ros. (*aside*). Thou gracious Heaven, in pity, spare me, spare me!

Stran. There came a-wooing one devoid of heart,
Whose only virtue was his yellow gold—
Whose only wish to gratify in sooth
His fever-panting appetite. She took
This heartless stripling; and her former love,
Angelo, poor boy! she spurn'd—yet he forgave her!

Ros. (*aside*). Forgave her! blessed Angelo, forgave her!—
Words of sweet comfort——Oh, I feel as though
An Ætna's weight were moved from my breast! (*weeping.*)

Stran. (*aside*). Shall I proceed?—be hush'd, my heart —she weeps.

Hard-hearted Angelo! thou wretch accurst!
She weeps the tears of sorrow, and I would
Yet cruelly proceed. Great God, have pity!
I feel—I feel my heart-strings breaking!

Ros. Doth he—
Doth Angelo yet live? Good stranger, speak,
Oh speak, in mercy speak! and I will kneel,
And be thy willing worshipper! I am
That wretched, wretched, false Rosanthe!

Stran. (*aside*). Oh!
A moment yet, kind Heaven—a moment yet!
Grant me a feeble strength—(*aloud*)—He lives, he lives!

Ros. Tell him my crime is register'd above,
And it hath drawn keen retribution down
Upon my guilty head!—tell him that I
Am left in weeping solitude by one
Who hath the rather been a curse to me.
It will perchance give pleasure to his soul
To know that I am punished—but no!
That cannot, cannot be—he was too kind!

Stran. Kind! he can play the very woman's part,
Weep tear for bitter tear. Lady, look on me!
Look on this faded form, this rugged brow,
These sunken, shrivell'd cheeks and haggard eyes,
These outward marks you know not. Would that I
Could lay my bosom bare, that you might trace
The everlasting characters which love hath burn'd
Upon my breaking heart!—you then would know
That Angelo is here!

Ros. Almighty pow'rs!

[ROSANTHE *rushes towards him*—ANGELO *staggers and falls.*

What ho! help, help! look up, my Angelo!
Oh, he is dying! let me raise thy head!

Angelo. It is in vain! Death comes most welcome to me;
My long-requested boon kind Heaven hath granted;
'Twas to breathe forth my spirit at thy feet—
And I die happy! Let me take one kiss,
Which angels well might envy—but will witness
Without a blush! And now, farewell, Rosanthe!
Nay, weep not thus! if parted spirits share
Those blisses which an earthly fate denied,
We may be blessed yet—I would—
Have mercy, Heaven!—(*Dies*).

TO THE CLOUDS.

A SONNET WRITTEN BY MOONLIGHT.

WHITHER scud ye so fast, ye ships of Heaven,
As on a jasper sea you smoothly glide?
O would it were to human spirits given,
Sublime upon your amber prows to ride,
And catch the silver show'rs that silent fall,
Fringing your sails of gossamer, and mark
Calmly with eye serene this varied ball,
Its glowing spots, its mountain shadows dark:

To hover round Mont Blanc, and thence ascend,
Bearing fresh incense to the King of day,
Be fed with beauty from his morning ray,
Or on his evening couch of gold attend!
Vain is the wish—it is not ours to soar
On moonlight clouds, and thence this beauteous world explore.

E. F.

THE

SPIDER SWINGING IN THE WIND.

BY JOHN BOWRING, ESQ.

I saw a spider swinging in the air,
And said, "Ambitious reptile! thou resemblest
Our worldly proud ones, and although thou tremblest
At every little gust, canst not forbear
To mount aspiringly—for what? to fall
Humbled as other soarers fall!" But lo!
I looked and saw a film, minute and small,
Which the adventurer had suspended so,
That his retreat was sure; and then I said,
"Thou art *not* like the soarers of the world;
For thou, if from thy seat of glory hurl'd,
Hast made thyself secure by this light thread,
Which from thy height will land thee safe again—
O thou art wiser far than prouder men!"

THE GAMESTER.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

SEE where the Victim stands!—not crown'd with flowers,
But compass'd round by fiends:—his haggard cheek,
His beamless eye—what tell they?—Of lost hours,
With mute, but dreadful eloquence they speak!
Of fame and fortune blighted, hopes betray'd,
And all the fearful wreck one cherish'd vice has made.

Hark to yon hollow laugh of desp'rate mirth,
That while it fires the brain, and lights the eye,
Sounds the last knell of peace; owing its birth
To the fierce pangs of mental agony.
'Tis the convulsive joy of wild Despair,
Wrung from the tortured heart—a joy that Demons share!

Oh, love of play! so call'd in Fashion's phrase,
Blighter of social hearths and peaceful hours;
Cank'rer of manhood's fair and opening days,
That but for thee had else been strewn with flowers;
Thou direst passion of the human heart,
None but a master's hand can paint thee as thou art!

Oh! vice of all most hurtful to the soul,
Climax of ev'ry other vice—the mind
That *once* acknowledges thy fell control
Spreads desolation round it; like the wind
That sweeps the desert in its poison'd wrath,
Shedding where'er it breathes destruction in its path!

Oh, vice of all most deadly! on *thy* shrine
Nature's soft links, Love's sweet and holy ties,
Fall early victims—all the bonds that twine
Around man's heart, light up a sacrifice
More cruel than on Bramah's blood-stain'd pyre,
Where Hindoo mothers joy to see their babes expire!

Fame—honour—fortune—*all* are swept away,
All swell the gen'ral wreck:—why stands he HERE
A ruin'd, hopeless Wretch?—As breaks the day,
He quits the scene of plunder;—in his ear
Ring the still rattling dice;—his throbbing brain
Is crowded now with thoughts, that ne'er shall rest again.

Rushing with horror through the silent streets,
And shrinking from himself, he seeks his HOME!
(Once 'twas a happy one):—his pale Wife greets
His wish'd return with smiles;—how can Man roam
From Woman's calm endearments to partake
Those scenes that of his soul a leafless desert make?

Ah! SHE has listen'd with a beating heart
To ev'ry passing footstep;—SHE has told
Each ling'ring hour's dull chime with frequent start,
And tears that none might chide, and none behold;
And she has kiss'd her infant in its sleep,
Praying that Heaven from *him* such fatal vice may keep!

But now she meets the LOST-ONE with a smile
That would seem cheerful—save that her pale brow
And faded cheek tell other tales the while
Of sufferings which her lips will ne'er avow:
Fondly she clasps the wanderer to her breast—
Alas! not ev'n THERE can his wreck'd heart find rest!

She leads him to the couch where calmly sleeps
His beggar'd child:—*then* e'en the GAMESTER'S soul
Owns all a FATHER'S feelings!—See, he weeps—
(But they are tears that madden as they roll)—
Oh! drops, by years of anguish cheaply bought,
Could ye but wash away the ruin he has wrought!

It may not be!—already on his brow,
Cain-like, is stampt the burning mark of shame;
And the chill hand of Scorn is pointing now
Its withering finger at his blighted name:—
It may not be!—ere sinks another sun,
Self-murder crowns his guilt—DESPAIR'S last work is done.

LINES

WRITTEN IN A STORM.

It was not night, but the heavy sky
Was clothed in its sombre majesty,
And the sun refused a transient ray
To tell the rise of the early day;
The muttering thunder fill'd the air,
And the lightning flash'd with a vivid glare,
Whilst the sea in tumultuous heavings sent
Its roar to the answering firmament.

It was not night, but the beasts of prey
Forgot the break of the rising day,
And the howl of affrighted numbers flew,
Deep as the cry of a drowning crew;
Wildly they look'd from their caves in affright
At the stormy roar of continuing night,
And the lightning of heaven that darted by
Was return'd in the flash of their piercing eye.

It was not night, but the fowls of the air
Awaited in vain the morning's glare;
The owl from his ivy-mantled tower
Heard not the stroke of the day-break hour;

The lark's early carol was hush'd in the fray,
And the eagle neglected his glorious way;
Whilst swiftly the hawk to its fastness flew,
And still'd was the cry of the wild sea-mew.

It was not night, but Man alone
Felt that the beauty of day was gone;
'Twas Man in his wisdom alone that knew
The mark of the hours as they onward flew,
And felt the voice of an angry God,
As in thunder he spoke from his wild abode;
'Twas Man that read in the burning sky
The type of his own dark destiny,
And saw, through the lightning's flash, the sign
Of a Maker supreme, and a power divine;
And yet 'tis Man alone who dare
Face the wild flash of the lightning's glare,
And brave his God, and his awful might,
E'en in the glow of religion's light,
Till death shall wake his deluded sense,
And teach him the power of Omnipotence.

MONTAGUE SEYMOUR.

GRACE NEVILLE.

BY MISS MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

Two or three winters ago the little village of Ashley had the good fortune to have its curiosity excited by the sudden appearance of a lovely and elegant young woman, as an inmate in the house of Mr. Martin, a respectable farmer in the place. The pleasure of talking over a new comer in a country village, which, much as I love country villages, does, I confess, occasionally labour under a stagnation of topics, must not be lightly estimated. In the present instance the enjoyment was greatly increased by the opportune moment at which it occurred, just before Christmas, so that conjecture was happily afloat in all the parties of that merry time, enlivened the tea-table, and gave zest and animation to the supper. There was, too, a slight shade of mystery, a difficulty in coming at the truth, which made the subject unusually poignant. Talk her over as they might, nobody knew any thing certain of the incognita, or her story; nobody could tell who she was, or whence she came. Mrs. Martin, to whom her neighbours were on a sudden most politely attentive in the way of calls and invitations, said nothing more than that Miss Neville was a young lady who had come to lodge at Kibes Farm; and except at church Miss Neville was invisible. Nobody could tell what to make of her.

Her beauty was, however, no questionable matter. All the parish agreed on that point. She was in deep mourn-

ing, which set off advantageously a tall and full, yet easy and elastic, figure, in whose carriage the vigour and firmness of youth and health seemed blended with the elegance of education and good company. Youth and health were the principal characteristics of her countenance. There was health in her bright hazel eyes, with their rich dark eyelashes; health in the profusion of her glossy brown hair; health in her pure and brilliant complexion; health in her red lips, her white teeth, and the beautiful smile that displayed them; health in her very dimple. Her manners, as well as they could be judged of in passing to and from church, leading one of the little Martins by the hand, and occasionally talking to him, seemed as graceful as her person and as open as her countenance. All the village agreed that she was a lovely creature, and all the village wondered who she could be. It was a most animating puzzle.

There was, however, no mystery in the story of Grace Neville. She was the only child of an officer of rank, who fell in an early stage of the Peninsular war; her mother had survived him but a short time, and the little orphan had been reared in great tenderness and luxury by her maternal uncle, a kind, thoughtless, expensive man, speculating and sanguine, who, after exhausting a good fortune in vain attempts to realise a great one, sinking money successively in farming, in cotton-spinning, in paper-making, in a silk-mill and a mine, found himself one fair morning actually ruined, and died (such things

have happened) of a broken heart, leaving poor Grace, at three-and-twenty, with the habits and education of an heiress, almost totally destitute.

The poor girl found, as usual, plenty of comforters and advisers. Some recommended her to sink the little fortune she possessed in right of her father in a school; some to lay it by for old age, and go out to look at the world through the back windows—as a friend of mine calls going a-governessing; some hinted at the possibility of matrimony, advising, that at all events so fine a young woman should try her fortune by visiting about amongst her friends for a year or two, and favoured her with a husband-hunting invitation accordingly. But Grace was too independent and too proud for a governess; too sick of schemes for a school; and the hint matrimonial had effectually prevented her from accepting any, even the most unsuspected, invitation. Besides, she said, and perhaps she thought, that she was weary of the world; so she wrote to Mrs. Martin, once her uncle's housekeeper, now the substantial wife of a substantial farmer, and came down to lodge with her at Ashley.

Poor Grace!—what a change! It was midwinter; snowy, sleety, foggy, wet. Kibes Farm, an old manor-house dilapidated into its present condition, stood with half its windows closed, a huge vine covering its front, and ivy climbing up the sides to the roof—the very image of chillness and desolation. There was, indeed, one habitable wing, repaired and fitted up as an occasional sporting residence for the landlord; but those apartments

were locked; and she lived, like the farmer's family, in the centre of the house, made up of great, low, dark rooms with oaken panels, of long rambling passages, of interminable galleries, and broad gusty staircases, up which you might drive a coach and six. Such was the prospect within doors; and without, mud! mud! mud! nothing but mud! Then the noises;—wind in all its varieties, combined with bats, rats, cats, owls, pigs, cows, geese, ducks, turkeys, chickens and children, in all varieties also; for, besides the regular inhabitants of the farm-yard, biped and quadruped, Mrs. Martin had within doors sundry coops of poultry, two pet lambs, and four boys from six years old downward, who were in some way or other exercising their voices all day long. Mrs. Martin, too, she whilome so soft-spoken and demure, had now found her scolding tongue, and was indeed noted for that accomplishment all over the parish: the maid was saucy, and the farmer smoked.

Poor Grace Neville! what a trial! what a contrast!—She tried to draw; tried to sing; tried to read; tried to work; and, above all, tried to be contented. But nothing would do. The vainest endeavour of all was the last. She was of the social, cheerful temperament to which sympathy is a necessity; and having no one to whom she could say, how pleasant is solitude! began to find solitude the most tiresome thing in the world. Mr. and Mrs. Martin were very good sort of people in their way—scolding and smoking notwithstanding: but their way was so different from hers; and the children, whom she might

have found some amusement in spoiling, were so spoilt already as to be utterly unbearable.

The only companionable person about the place was a slipshod urchin, significantly termed "the odd boy;" an extra and supplementary domestic, whose department it is to help all the others out of doors and in; to do all that they leave undone; and to bear the blame of every thing that goes amiss. The personage in question, Dick Crosby by name, was a parish child, taken from the workhouse. He was, as nearly as could be guessed (for nobody took the trouble to be certain about his age), somewhere bordering on eleven; a long, lean, famished-looking boy, with a pale complexion, sharp thin features, and sunburnt hair. His dress was usually a hat without a crown; a tattered round frock; stockings that scarcely covered his ankles; and shoes that hung on his feet by the middle like clogs, down at heel, and open at toe. Yet, underneath these rags, and through all his huffings and cuffings from master and mistress, carter and maid, the boy looked, and was, merry and contented; was even a sort of wag in his way; sturdy and independent in his opinions, and constant in his attachments. He had a pet sheep-dog (for amongst his numerous avocations he occasionally acted as under-shepherd), a spectral, ghastly-looking animal, with a huge white head and neck, and a gaunt black body—Mephistopheles might have put himself into such a shape. He had also a pet donkey, the raggedest brute upon the common, of whom he was part owner, and for whose better maintenance he was sometimes accused of such

petty larceny as may be comprised in stealing what no other creature would eat—refuse hay, frosty turnips, decayed cabbage-leaves, and thistles from the hedge.

These two faithful followers had long shared Dick Crosby's affections between them; but, from the first day of Miss Neville's residence in Ashley, the dog and the donkey found a rival. She happened to speak to him, and her look, and smile, and voice, won his heart at once and for ever. Never had high-born damsel in the days of chivalry so devoted a page. He was at her command by night or by day; nay, "though she called another, Abra came." He would let nobody else clean her shoes, carry her clogs, or run her errands; was always at hand to open the gates and chase away the cows when she walked; forced upon her his own hoard of nuts; and scoured the country to get her the wintry nosegays which the mildness of the season permitted,—sweet-scented coltsfoot, china roses, laurustinus, and stocks.

It was not in Grace's nature to receive such proofs of attachment without paying them in kind. Dick would hardly have been her choice for a pet, but being so honestly and artlessly chosen by him, she soon began to return the compliment, and showered on him marks of her favour and protection; perhaps a little gratified, so mixed are human motives! to find that her patronage was still of consequence at Kibes Farm. Halfpence and sixpences, apples and gingerbread, flowed into Dick's pocket, and his outward man underwent a thorough transformation. He cast his rags, and put on for the first time in his life an

entire suit of new clothes. A proud boy was Dick that day. It is recorded that he passed a whole hour in alternate fits of looking in the glass and shouts of laughter. He laughed till he cried for sheer happiness.

I have been thus particular in my account of Dick Crosby, because, in the first place, he was an old acquaintance of mine, a constant and promising attendant at the cricket-ground—his temperament being so mercurial, that even in his busiest days, when he seemed to have work enough upon his hands for ten boys, he would still make time for play; in the second, because I owe to him the great obligation of being known to his fair patroness. He had persuaded her, one dry afternoon, to go with him, and let him show her the dear cricket-ground; I happened to be passing the spot, and neither of us could ever remember exactly how he managed the matter, but the boy introduced us. He was an extraordinary master of the ceremonies, to be sure; but the introduction was most effectually performed, and to our mutual surprise and mutual pleasure we found ourselves acquainted. I have always considered it one of the highest compliments ever paid me that Dick Crosby thought me worthy to be known to Miss Neville.

We were friends in five minutes. I found the promise of her lovely countenance amply redeemed by her character. She was frank, ardent, and spirited, with a cultivated mind and a sweet temper; not to have loved her would have been impossible; and she, besides the natural pleasure of talking to one who could understand and ap-

preciate her, was delighted to come to a house where the mistress did not scold, or the master smoke; where there were neither pigs, children, nor chickens.

As spring advanced and the roads improved, we saw each other almost every day. The country round Ashley has a pretty pastoral character; meadows and coppices, winding lanes and a winding trout-stream, form its principal features; but their combination is often very pleasing, and the soft skies and mild breezes of April, and the profuse floweriness of hedgerow, wood and field, gave a never-failing charm to our long rural walks. Grace was fond of wild flowers, which her *protegé* Dick was assiduous in procuring. He had even sacrificed the vanity of sticking the first bunch of primroses in his Sunday hat to the pleasure of offering them to her. They supplied her with an indoor amusement; she drew well, and copied his field nosegays with taste and delicacy. She had obtained, too, the loan of a piano, and talked stoutly of constant and vigorous practice, and of pursuing a steady course of reading. All young ladies, I believe, make such resolutions, and some few may possibly keep them; Miss Neville did not.

However lively and animated whilst her spirits were excited by society, it was evident that when alone poor Grace was languid and listless, and given to reverie. She would even fall into long fits of musing in company, start when spoken to, droop her fair head like a snowdrop, and sigh—oh, such sighs! so long, so deep, so frequent, so drawn from the very heart! They might, to be sure, have

been accounted for by the great and sad change in her situation, and the death of her indulgent uncle; but these griefs seemed worn over. I had heard such sighs before, and could not help imputing them to a different cause.

My suspicions were increased when I found out accidentally that Dick and his donkey travelled every morning three miles to meet just such another Dick and such another donkey, who acted as letter-carriers to the whole village of Ashley. They would have arrived at Kibes Farm by noon in their natural progress, but Grace could not wait; so Dick and the donkey made a short cut across the country to waylay his namesake of the letter-bag, and fetch disappointment four hours sooner. It was quite clear that whatever epistles might arrive, the one so earnestly desired never came. Then she was so suspiciously fond of moonlight, and nightingales, and tender poesy; and in the choice of her music, she would so repeat over and over one favourite duet, and would so blush if the repetition were remarked!—Surely she could not always have sung *La ci darem* by herself. Poor Grace Neville! Love was a worse disease than the solitude of Kibes Farm.

Without pretending to any remarkable absence of curiosity on the one hand, or pleading guilty to the slightest want of interest in my dear young friend on the other, I was chiefly anxious to escape the honour of being her confidante. So sure as you talk of love, you nourish it; and I wanted hers to die away. Time and absence, and cheerful company, and summer amusements would, I doubted

not, effect a cure; I even began to fancy her spirits improving, when one morning, towards the middle of May, she came to me more hurried and agitated than I had ever seen her. The cause, when disclosed, seemed quite inadequate to produce so much emotion. Mrs. Martin had received a letter from her landlord, informing her that he had lent to a friend the apartments fitted up for himself at Kibes Farm, and that his friend would arrive on the succeeding day for a week's angling. "Well, my dear Grace, and what then?" "And this friend is Sir John Gower." "But who is Sir John Gower?" She hesitated a little—"What do you know of him?" "Oh, he is the proudest, sternest, cruelest man! It would kill me to see him: it would break my heart, if my heart be not broken already." And then, in an inexpressible gush of bitter grief, the tale of love which I had so long suspected burst forth. She had been engaged to the only son of this proud and wealthy baronet, with the full consent of all parties; and on the discovery of her uncle's ruined circumstances, the marriage had been most harshly broken off by his commands. She had never heard from Mr. Gower since they were separated by his father's authority; but in the warmth and confidence of her own passionate and trustful love, she found an assurance of the continuance of his. Never was affection more ardent or more despairing. No common man could have awakened such tenderness in such a woman. I soothed her all I could, and implored her to give us the happiness of her company during Sir John's stay at Ashley:

and so it was settled. He was expected the next evening, and she agreed to come to us some time in the forenoon.

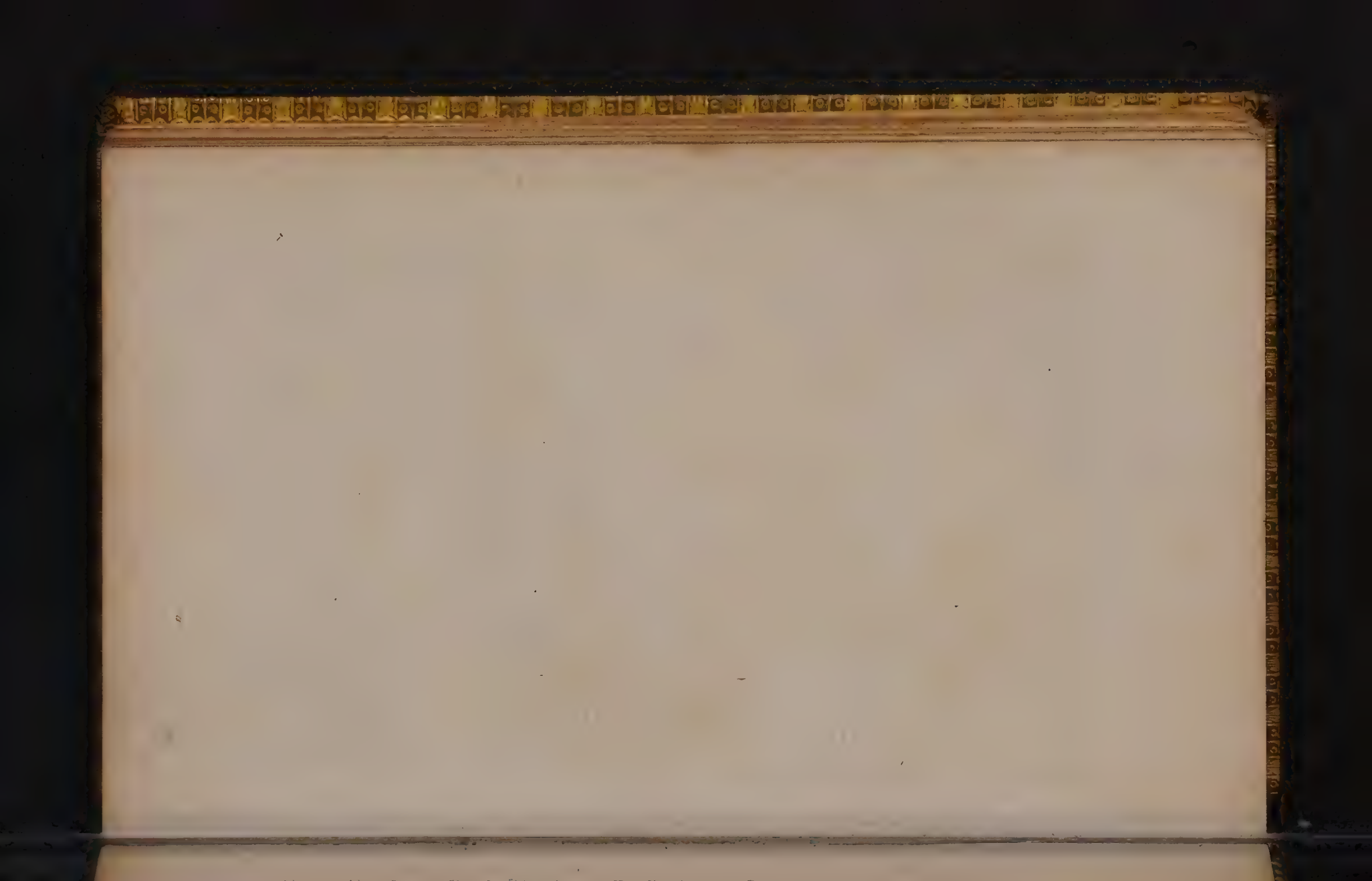
The morning, however, wore away without bringing Miss Neville. Dinner-time arrived and passed, and still we heard no tidings of her. At last, just as we were about to send to Kibes Farm for intelligence, Dick Crosby arrived on his donkey, with a verbal request that I would go to her there. Of course I complied; and as we proceeded on our way, I walking before, he riding behind, but neither of us much out of our usual pace, thanks to my rapid steps and the grave funereal march of the donkey, I endeavoured to extract as much information as I could from my attendant, a person whom I had generally found as communicative as heart could desire.

On this occasion he was most provokingly taciturn. I saw that there was no great calamity to dread, for the boy's whole face was evidently screwed up to conceal a grin, which, in spite of his efforts, broke out every moment in one or other of his features. He was bursting with glee, which, for some unknown cause, he did not choose to impart; and seemed to have put his tongue under a similar restraint to that which I have read of in some fairy tale, where an enchanter threatens a loquacious waiting-maid with striking her dumb if, during a certain interval, she utters more than two words—yes and no. Dick's vocabulary was equally limited. I asked him if Miss Neville was well? "Yes." If he knew what she wanted? "No." If Sir John Gower was arrived?

"Yes." If Miss Neville meant to return with me? "No."

At last, unable to contain himself any longer, he burst into a shout something between laughing and singing, and, forcing the astonished donkey into a pace, which in that sober beast might pass for a gallop, rode on before me, followed by the barking sheep-dog, to open the gate; whilst I, not a little curious, walked straight through the house to Miss Neville's sitting-room. I paused a moment at the door, as by some strange counteraction of feeling one often does pause when strongly interested, and in that moment I caught the sweet notes of *La ci darem*, sung by a superb manly voice, and accompanied by Grace's piano; and instantly the truth flashed upon me, that the old Sir John Gower was gathered to his fathers, and that this was the heir and the lover come to woo and to wed. No wonder that Grace forgot her dinner engagement! No wonder that Dick Crosby grinned!

I was not mistaken. As soon as decorum would allow, Sir John carried off his beautiful bride, attended by her faithful adherent, the proudest and happiest of all odd boys! And the wedding was splendid enough to give a fresh impulse to village curiosity, and a new and lasting theme to the gossips of Ashley, who first or last could never comprehend Grace Neville.



S. Owen del.t

E. Finden sculp.t

DOVER.

THE CLIFFS OF DOVER.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Rocks of my country! let the cloud
Your crested heights array;
And rise ye like a fortress proud,
Above the surge and spray!

My spirit greets you as ye stand,
Breasting the billow's foam;
Oh, thus for ever guard the land,
The sever'd land of home!

I have left sunny skies behind
Lighting up classic shrines,
And music in the southern wind,
And sunshine on the vines.

The breathings of the myrtle flowers
Have floated o'er my way,
The pilgrim's voice at vesper hours
Hath sooth'd me with its lay.

The isles of Greece, the hills of Spain,
The purple heavens of Rome—
Yes, all are glorious; yet again
I bless thee, land of home!

For thine the Sabbath peace, my land;
And thine the guarded hearth;
And thine the dead, the noble band
That make thee holy earth.

Their voices meet me in thy breeze;
Their steps are on thy plains;
Their names, by old majestic trees,
Are whisper'd round thy fanes:

Their blood hath mingled with the tide
Of thine exulting sea;—
Oh, be it still a joy, a pride,
To live and die for thee!

FORGET ME NOT.

BY W. H. HARRISON, ESQ.

THE star that shines so pure and bright,
Like a far-off place of bliss,
And tells the broken-hearted
There are brighter worlds than this;
The moon that courses through the sky,
Like man's uncertain doom,
Now shining bright with borrow'd light,
Now wrapp'd in deepest gloom,—

Or when eclipsed, a dreary blank,
A fearful emblem given
Of the heart shut out by a sinful world
From the blessed light of Heaven ;—
The flower that freely casts its wealth
Of perfume on the gale ;
The breeze that mourns the summer's close
With melancholy wail ;
The stream that cleaves the mountain's side,
Or gurgles from the grot—
All speak in their Creator's name,
And say " Forget me not !"

When man's vain heart is swoln with pride,
And his haughty lip is curl'd,
And from the scorner's seat he smiles
Contempt upon the world ;
Where glitter crowns and coronets,
Like stars that gem the skies,
And Flattery's incense rises thick,
To blind a monarch's eyes ;
Where the courtier's tongue with facile lie
A royal ear beguiles ;
Where suitors live on promises,
And sycophants on smiles ;
Where each, as in a theatre,
Is made to play his part ;
Where the diadem hides a troubled brow,
And the star an aching heart :

There, even there, mid pomp and pow'r
Is oft a voice that calls
" Forget me not," in thunder,
Throughout the palace halls.

Or in the house of banqueting,
When the madd'ning bowl is flush,
And the shameless ribald boasts of deeds
For which his cheek should blush;
Where from the oft-drain'd goblet's brim
The eye of mirth is lit;
Where the cold conceits of a trifler's brain
Pass for the coin of wit;
Where Flattery sues to woman's ear,
And tells his tale again,
And Beauty smiles upon things so mean,
We blush to call them men;
Where 'tis sad to hear the flippant tongue
Apply its hackney'd arts;—
Oh, their heads would be the hollowest things
But for their hollower hearts!
But, hist! the reveller's shout is still'd,
The song, the jest forgot;
The hair is snapp'd, the sword descends,
With a dread " Forget me not!"

Go! hie thee to the rank churchyard,
Where flits the shadowy ghost,
And see how little pride has left
Whereon to raise a boast.

See Beauty claiming sisterhood
With the noisome reptile worm;—
Oh where are all the graces fled
That once array'd her form!
Fond hope no more on her smile will feed,
Nor wither at her frown:
Her head will rest more quiet now
Than when it slept on down.
With cloven crest and bloody shroud
The once proud warrior lies;
And the patriot's heart hath not one throb
To give to a nation's cries.
A solemn voice will greet thine ear
As thou lingerest round the spot,
And cry from out the sepulchre,
"Frail man, Forget me not!"

"Forget me not," the thunder roars,
As it bursts its sulphury cloud;
'Tis murmur'd by the distant hills,
In echoes long and loud;
'Tis written by th' Almighty's hand
In characters of flame,
When the lightnings gleam with vivid flash,
And his wrath and power proclaim.
'Tis murmur'd when the white wave falls
Upon the wreck-strewn shore,
As a hoary warrior bows his crest
When his day of work is o'er.

Go! speed thee forth when the beamy sun
O'erthrows the reign of night,
And strips the scene of its misty robe,
And arrays it in diamonds bright.
Oh! as thou drinkest health and joy
In the fresh and balmy air,
"Forget me not," in a still small voice,
Will surely greet thee there.

Oh! who that sees the vermeil cheek
Grow day by day more pale,
And Beauty's form to shrink before
The summer's gentlest gale,
But thinks of Him, the mighty One,
By whom the blow is given,
As if the fairest flowers of earth
Were early pluck'd for heaven.
Oh yes! on every side we see
The impress of his hand;—
The air we breathe is full of Him,
And the earth on which we stand.
Yet heedless man regards it not,
But life's uncertain day
In idle hopes and vain regrets
Thus madly wastes away.
But in his own appointed time
He will not be forgot;—
Oh! in that hour of fearful strife,
Great God, forget me not!

THE RUSSIAN BLACK EAGLE.

BY THE REV. GEORGE CROLY.

THE trumpet of the storm is blown,
The thunder wakes upon his throne.
Through the vapours damp
The moon's sad lamp
Seems lighting funeral shrouds;
And a giant beak and plume
Are stooping through the gloom
Of the thousand rolling clouds.

That head is crown'd with many a ring!
I know that fearful eagle-wing!
Fierce, broad, and black,
It hung on the track,
From Moscow's towers of flame,
O'er hill, and plain, and tide,
Chasing the homicide,
Till France was but a name.

Thou eagle-king, I know thee well,
By the lightning beak and the deadly yell.
It was no forest prey
Thou wentest forth to slay;
Whole armies were thy food,
Earth's crown'd and mighty men:
Thy haunt no forest glen,
But kingdoms slaughter-strew'd!

Dark spirit of the mystic North,
When bursts thy pinion forth,
Like a cloudy zone,
What fated throne
Must sink in its shade again!
Com'st thou to wreak
Old vengeance for the Greek,
Giving him blood to drink like rain!

Shall not thy angry pinion sweep
O'er the pale Propontic deep,
Where sits the sultan-slave,
His throne beside his grave;
Gathering his vassals wan,
And with shrinking ear,
Seems in each blast to hear
"Death to the Ottoman!"

Or from thy tempest-girdled nest
On Caucasus' eternal crest,
Shall not thy burning eyes
Glance where trembling India lies,
Offering her gemm'd and golden diadem,
Another to thy many-circled brow!
Or shalt thou too be low,
Thy grandeur like the rest—dust—air—a dream!

Those lines were written at the period of the Emperor Alexander's death. Times look quieter now. But the Ides of March may be only "come."

ON

SEEING A BUST OF R. B. SHERIDAN,

FROM A CAST TAKEN AFTER DEATH, AT DEVILLE'S, STRAND.

BY THE REV. W. L. BOWLES.

Alas, poor Sheridan ! when first we met
'Twas mid a smiling circle ; and thine eye,
That flash'd with eloquent hilarity
And playful fancy, I remember yet
Freshly as yesterday :—the gay and fair,
The young and beautiful—now in their grave—
Surrounded us, while on the lucid wave
Of Hampton's waters *, to the morning air
The streamer softly play'd of our light boat,
Which seem'd as on a magic sea to float.

I saw thee after in this crowd of life,
Conflicting, but yet blandly, with its strife.
As the still car of Time roll'd on, thy cheek
Wore the same smile, yet with a trace more weak.
Lone sorrow came as life declined, and care,
And age, with slowly-furrowing line, was there.

I could have spared this fearful sight ! most strange
Is the eventful tale of mortal change,
Inevitable ; but death, brought so nigh,
In form so tangible, harrows the eye.

* See Moore's Life of Sheridan.

As all the past floats like a cloud away,
"Alas, poor Sheridan!" I turn and say,
Not without feelings which such sights impart,
Sad, but instructive, to the Christian's heart.

May 18, 1826.

TO AN INFANT,

SLEEPING ON ITS MOTHER'S BREAST DURING A STORM.

BY THE REV. DR. BOOKER,

AUTHOR OF EUTHANASIA.

WHILE round a guard attendant angels kept,
The Holy Saviour 'mid the tempest slept:
Though all *without* was raging, peace *within*
Held her mild reign—for JESUS KNEW NO SIN.
So, darling babe! while thou on purest snows
Pillow'st thy cheek in undisturb'd repose,
The wild storm vainly rolls around thy head,
For angels o'er thee holiest incense shed.*
Oh! ever thus may they their vigils keep,
While thou art cradled in the arms of sleep!
And when death's awful slumber is thy doom,
May those blest guardians hover o'er thy tomb,
Till, at the final day, they bid thee rise
A kindred angel with them to the skies!

* Matt. xviii. 10.

THE THREE DAMSELS.

A TALE OF HALLOWEEN.

BY DAVID LYNDSAY, ESQ.

"COME hither, my beautiful Jean, and my fairy Lilias," said the venerable Countess of Moray to her laughing, happy grand-daughters—"come hither, my children, and spend your Halloween with me. It is true I have not prepared the charms of the night, nor am I ready to join you in the incantations of the season, but I have a tale may suit it well; and you will not like it the less because the gray head tells you with her own lips the story of her day, when her locks were as bright as the berry, and her eyes as beaming as your own."

"That, in truth, shall we not, noble grandam," said the sparkling Lilias; "but yet would I have the charm of Halloween. Ah, little canst thou dream how dear this night is to the expecting maiden!—Let us perform the rites of the even, and to-morrow, grandam, thy tale shall find us most attentive listeners."

"Ah, true Scots!" said the Countess, "thus clinging to the wonderful, and seeking to peep into futurity: but try not the charm, my children, if you love me. Alas! I think not of it without tears and a sorrow unspoken of till now; for the fate of a friend, dear to my early youth, gushes into my bosom. Sit, my children, and my story shall repay you for this loss of your time; me it will also please to speak of the things gone by: and if it convince you, as I trust it will, of the folly of these superstitions, I

shall have more than gained my purpose. Will my children listen?" "What is there we can refuse you, noble grandam?" said the lovely Jean, burying her locks of amber amid the snowy curls of the venerable Countess. "Speak on, then; you have made us listeners already—and hark! wind, and rain, and snow—a goodly night for a tale. Tell on, dear grandam; the fire is bright, the lamp is clear, and we are seated gravely, our thoughts composed to attention—now for thy wondrous tale!"

"It was on this very eve, many years since, my children," began the noble lady to her auditors, "that the three lovely daughters of a noble house assembled together in a dreary wood to try the charm of the night, which if successful was to give to their earnest sight the phantom form of the lover who was afterwards to become the husband. Their powerful curiosity had stifled their fear (for they were as timid as beautiful) on their first setting out on this expedition; but, on finding themselves alone in the dark and melancholy wood, some touches of cowardice and compunction assailed them together, and they determined by a somewhat holy beginning to sanctify the purpose which had brought them thither. They were too young to laugh at this mock compact between God and the Devil, and therefore when Catherine, the eldest sister, began, in an audible voice, to recite the prayer against witchcraft, the others joined in it most devoutly. Now then, fortified against evil, their courage rose with every additional sentence; and when the soft voice of the young Agnes, the loveliest and youngest of the three, steadily responded the

'amen,' they were as courageous as was necessary, and no longer fearful of the power of the evil one. I know not, my children, all the forms used upon this occasion; but Catherine, after repeating certain words in a solemn voice, advanced before her sisters, and quietly placed upon the ground her offering to the shade she had invoked, as by his conduct towards it she was to judge of her future prospects. It was a beautiful rose-tree which she had chosen, and the flowers were full and many; and the sisters were contemplating from a little distance the richness of their hue, when they were startled by the clashing of arms and the loud outcries of men in fierce contention, breaking upon the stillness of the night. For a moment they hesitated whether to fly or remain concealed, when their doubts were decided by the rapid approach of a stern and stately Highland chief, who, brandishing his broad sword, swept on to the rose-tree as if he would annihilate from the earth its fair and fragile beauty. Suddenly he paused—his arm was no longer raised to destroy—the weapon drooped gently down beside the tree—and they saw his blue eye look mildly and kindly on the flowers, as, bending down to gather them, he faded from their sight in the action. Catherine was by no means displeased with her fortune; and the appearance of her handsome bridegroom gave courage to the other two to hasten the coming of theirs. Marian, the second sister, removed the rose, placed a lily bough in its stead, and then, with a beating heart and wandering eye, repeated the charm. Again the silence was broken, as the quick but steady tramp of a warrior's

horse struck upon the ear, and the shade of a noble cavalier, dismounting from his phantom steed, advanced slowly, very slowly, towards the lily: his face was beautiful, but sad—beyond expression sad; and they saw a tear fall upon the flower as he pressed it to his lips and deposited it gently in his bosom. He too had faded like a dream, when the beautiful Agnes advanced to perform her part in the witcheries of the night. She trembled, but she would not recede, and faintly repeating the charm, hung her white handkerchief on the branch of a distant tree. This time there was no sound, but a dread and solemn silence slowly ushered in her unexpected fate. From the wood came a long and sable procession of horse and foot, following a coffin, that was steadily borne towards them: many were the ghastly attendants supporting the pall, and many were the shadowy mourners who followed. Agnes watched with breathless attention the march of the phantom dead: they advanced slowly and steadily till they came under the tree, where her white offering fluttered lightly in the air; it was seen suspended a moment above them, then dropped amidst the cavalcade, and Agnes beheld the pale fingers of the chief mourner clutch at the offering as it fell.

"Days, weeks, months, passed away, and still found Agnes drooping over her blighted hopes, and expecting the death of which the omen of the forest had assured her; but still she died not, and was every succeeding month astonished that she yet lived. She now began to doubt the truth of the omen, more especially as the Highlander had not yet wedded her sister, who was betrothed to, and

about to become the wife of, a favourite of the king, who had earnestly sought her hand. Agnes thought she too might now listen to a tale of love; and such a one as was soon told her by a noble lover, and of her sovereign's blood, she listened to with pleasure. Walter was now her all, and the omen of the forest was forgotten.

"The marriage of Catherine was appointed to take place at a country residence of her affianced husband, and Agnes, with her betrothed, was invited to be present. Marian too was there, and no happiness could have been more complete than that of the bridal party; but a dark night set upon this brilliant morning: ere they could reach the church which was to be the scene of their union, the Highlanders had descended in force from their mountains and assailed the unarmed guests. 'The Camerons come!' cried the shrieking maidens, and flew in all directions from their sight; the bridegroom fell in the conflict; and the bride, as she rushed to the side of her dying husband, was clasped in the arms of the insolent chief, and borne away to *his* bridal bed in the Highlands. Marian escaped in the tumult, and Walter preserved his adored by the effects of his desperate valour, cutting with his sword a passage through his foes, and encouraging the armed men, who now came to their assistance, to drive the invaders from their hold. They were successful; and silence, though accompanied by sorrow, again reigned in the halls of the young and hapless bridegroom.

"But the greatest evil resulting from this cruel inroad was the sad effect it had upon the mind of Agnes. Her

belief in the omens of the forest again returned: her confidence in her prospects was shaken; and with the same feeling that bids the giddy wretch throw himself at once from the precipice over which he fears he shall fall, she determined to hasten the destiny which she now firmly believed to await her. Convinced by the fate of her sister of the certain fulfilment of her own, she resolved to spare her lover the anguish of beholding her expire; and, for this purpose, suddenly broke off all connexion with him, and refused to admit him to her presence. Walter's hope still struggled with his despair: he made some earnest appeals to her tenderness, her reason, and her gratitude. Agnes was deaf to all: she believed herself destined to fall an early victim to death, and that that bridegroom would snatch her from an earthly one, even at the altar's foot. Walter, heart-broken, retired from his home, and joining the cavalier army of the king, sought in the tumult of a military life forgetfulness of the wound his calmer days had given. In the intervals of his visits to his family Marian became interested in his welfare: she saw him frequently, spoke to him of Agnes, soothed his sufferings by her compassion, and gratified his pride by her admiration. He had no thought for any other: and though he loved not Marian, yet she became his trusted friend, his companion, and finally his wife. It was her will, not his: and what woman ever failed in her determination over the mind of man! They wedded and were wretched. The heart of Walter had not been interested, and the temper of Marian was not such as to acquire its delicate preference.

She became jealous, irritable, perverse, and soon taught her hapless husband the difference between herself and the gentle Agnes. Such a course could have but one termination: stretched at length on that sick bed which was to be her last, she sent to desire the attendance of her younger sister. Agnes obeyed the mandate, but only arrived in time to meet the funeral procession which conducted the hapless Marian to her early grave. The widower instantly recognised, from a distance, his young heart's love, and rapidly flew to meet her; and as she shed tears of unfeigned sorrow for his loss, he took the white handkerchief she held and tenderly dried them away. O! at that moment, how deeply Agnes sighed! She beheld in this scene the fulfilment of the omen, and wept to think she had thus wasted some of the best years of her life, and trifled with her lover's happiness and her own. 'Ah, silly delusion!' she exclaimed in bitterness of heart, 'of what hast thou not bereaved me!' After the period of mourning had expired, she gave her hand to Walter, and endeavoured, in making his days tranquil, to forget the felicity she had lost."

"But they were wedded, grandam dear," said the beautiful Lilias, laughing—"what more would the people have had?" "Youth, and its love, and its hope, and all its bright and gracious feeling," said the venerable Countess: "*they* had all fled with time, and nothing but their remembrance remained with Agnes and her Walter, which made their lot more bitter. He was at their wedlock past even manhood's prime; she was no longer young;

and though not wretched, yet they were not happy; and it was only in their descendants they looked for felicity. Agnes has found it truly, but for Walter ——"

"Grandam, it is your own tale you tell and our grandsire's, I am certain, by the tears which roll down your face," replied Lilias. "Ah, I will wait Heaven's own good time for a husband, and try these charms no more. Kiss me, noble grandam: your Lilias will never forget the Tale of Halloween." The bright maiden threw herself into the arms of her venerable ancestress, and at that moment it was scarcely possible to decide which was the nobler object, the damsel in the glory of her brilliant youth, or the Countess in the calmness of her majestic age.

TO THE LAST STAR OF MORNING.

BY THE REV. DR. BOOKER.

MEEK lamp of heaven! thy splendors fade away,
As proudly rises the bright king of day;
Who, clothed in grandeur, all around him, far,
Pours floods of radiance from his fiery car.
Pale and more pale thy softer lustre grows,
As ruddier, with his beams, yon orient glows:
So shall my little lamp of life decline,
As that which never wanes begins to shine.
Then, when has pass'd away this mortal night,
Full, on my raptured view, shall visions bright
Burst! while thy portals, heaven! shall wide display
The boundless glories of eternal day.

W. Finden sculpt

MARIA DE TORQUEMADA.

MARIA DE TORQUEMADA

TAKING THE VEIL.

BY THE REV. G. CROLY.

"My lord, you should have seen her, as she stood,
Bidding the world farewell:—her pretty hands
Like two enclasping lilies;—in her eyes
Two quivering, crystal drops—her cheek a rose,
Yet of the whitest, turn'd upon the sky,
To which her thoughts were wing'd! I never saw
So heavenly-touch'd a sorrow!"

THERE is a spot, a holy spot,
A refuge for the wearied mind,
Where earth's wild visions are forgot,
And love, thy poison-spells untwined.

There learns the wither'd heart to pray—
There gently breaks earth's weary chain:
Nay, let me weep my life away—
Let me do all, but love again!

Oh, Thou that judgest of the heart,
Look down upon this bosom bare;
And all, all mercy as thou art,
Save from that wildest, worst despair!

There, silent, dreamless, loveless, lone,
The agony at last is o'er;
The bleeding breast is turn'd to stone—
Hope dies, and Passion burns no more.

I ask not death—I wait thy will—
I dare not touch my fleeting span:
But let me, oh! not linger still,
The slave of misery and man!

Why sink my steps! one struggle past,
And all the rest is quiet gloom:
Eyes, look your longest and your last,
Then turn ye to your cell—and tomb.

Fly swift, ye hours!—The convent grate
To me is opening Paradise:
The keenest bitterness of fate
Can last but—till its victim dies!

SONG.

BY JAMES KENNEY, ESQ.

When Zephyr comes fresh'ning the broad summer glare,
And fans thee, and toys with thy bright raven hair;
When thy lips with a smile gently parting, reveal
The pearls they repose on, but will not conceal;
When thy cheek and thy bosom have each its fresh rose,
And the tide of thy joy in sweet melody flows;
Be thus, I exclaim, ever simple and free,
Rejoicing in nature, and nature in thee.

When the full rising moon, with its bright golden beam,
Breaks faintly, and gleams on the slumbering stream;
When like gems in its lustre the tears fondly start,
As the song of the nightingale steals to thy heart,
And the charm to a gentle confession gives birth
Of that love which is all I am proud of on earth:
'Tis thus, I exclaim, thou art dearest to me,
Enamour'd of nature, and nature of thee.

THE ORDEAL OF THE HEART.

BY MR. JAMES BIRD.

FAIR beam'd the morn—the glowing wave
Blush'd, as the orient god of light
Forsook its breast, and ardent gave
His smiles to earthly things more bright!

Sweet was the breath of opening May;
So blithe were birds on tree and thorn,
As though they tuned their richest lay
To grace the birth of the bridal morn.

And in her bower, expectant there,
Stood Lilias, loving, lovely maid;
Sweet as the rose, though far more fair,
And half in joy and half afraid

She waited for her lover, while
Her heart with passion's hope beat high;
Her blushing cheek, her timid smile,
Told that the bridal hour was nigh!

But Stanley came not, though the tongue
Of Time's old herald, from the tower
Of distant abbey, loudly rung
The signal of the promised hour.

"Soon, oh how soon"—thus Lilias thought,
"The truant to my arms will fly!"
She turn'd, and in her mirror caught
A glance—and blush'd, she knew not why.

He came not yet—the maiden's eye
Through flowering shrub and blossom'd spray
Look'd anxious, while a gentle sigh
Arose, to chide his long delay.

He linger'd still—he linger'd longer—
How drear the moments pass, how slow,
With her whose doubt of man grows stronger,
Who feels no faith in aught below!

Hark!—'tis the wind that shakes the bough—
Again—fair Lilias' listening ear
Smarts with delight—it catches now
The music of his footstep near!

Oh! now in trembling hope she stood,
Turn'd from the youth her lovely face,
With frolic smile and playful mood,
To teach the loiterer better grace!

He spoke—'twas not the voice she knew,
Rich as the mellow'd bugle's lay;
She turned—and lo! before her view
A palmer, in his robe of gray!

"Palmer! what brings thee here?" she cried;
"Lady! I seek thee in thy bower—
Thou canst not be proud Stanley's bride;
Man changes with the changing hour!

"Lady! thy love is false!"—"Nay! nay!
Good palmer! tell not this to me!
Go, tell it to the heedless spray,
And the wind that rocks the restless sea!

"*I* heed thee not!—he *must* be true!
So let thy cheerless stay be brief!
His love is to my heart like dew
That falls to glad the drooping leaf!

"Palmer! farewell!"—"Stay, lady—see!
He sends the pledge thy love once gave;
He spurns the gift—renounces thee—
Shall I tell it *now* to the restless wave?"

She took the pledge, that jewel rare,
Gazed on it long with tearful eye,
Then threw it, with a scornful air,
Down in the stream that murmur'd by.

"Go, palmer, go!—but tell it not
That Lilias shed one tear for him:
Though thus estranged our earthly lot,
May his be bright, though mine be dim!

"And tell him not my heart is broken,
And fled my fondest, brightest dream;
Gone, like that first affection's token,
Swept away by the passing stream!"

The palmer heard—he mutely stood,
While rush'd the blood o'er his cheek and brow:
Away! away with the cloak and hood,
And pilgrim staff!—no palmer now!

No palmer now, but Stanley there!
With heart that throbb'd in joy he sprung,
And to her lips so sweetly fair
His own in living rapture clung!

"Forgive me, dearest! Oh! forgive,
That thus thy changeless heart I tried:
I loved, must love thee, while I live,
My light, my hope, my joy,—my bride!"

TO THE MOON.

BY THE REV. GEORGE WOODLEY.

Moon! I have loved the hour of thy aspiring—
(Planet, to ev'ry soft emotion dear!)
What time the stars their vesper-hymns were choiring,
And holy stillness ruled the peaceful sphere.

O! *then* how sweet—how passing sweet!—to wander
Far from the haunts where Vice and Folly stray;
And, in delirious ecstasies, to ponder
Themes that may never grace a mortal lay!

Or, on some cliff, fast by the welt'ring ocean,
Whose rippling surface glitter'd to thy light,
To tune my reed to strains of rich devotion,
And gently charm the list'ning ear of night!

Sweet—when the dews, in silent lapse distilling,
Drew fragrant sighs from ev'ry sleeping flow'r—
Each cherish'd impulse of the Muse fulfilling,
With her to seek fair Contemplation's bow'r!

But now—(no more those faded joys possessing)—
Moon! once beloved, how sad to me thou art!
Rays, whose bright influence then was fraught with blessing,
Now coldly fall upon a colder heart!

Yet—though to bliss—to hope itself, a stranger—
Still thy pale orb with pensive smile I see;
And long shall Thought—that ever-wand'ring ranger—
Own the pure pleasures once inspired by thee.

IMPROMPTU

ON BEING DESIRED BY A YOUNG LADY TO WRITE SOME LINES IN HER ALBUM.

BY THE REV. R. POLWHELE.

SWEET Maid! my fairy dreams are past;
And wither'd by the sullen blast,
I mourn the hour of prime.
Shall Memory's fainting light renew,
Or Fancy touch with golden hue,
The trace of former time?

Yes! my neglected lyre I seize,
And—"O, how pleasing 'tis to please!"—
Awake my favourite strain:
And as the eye of Beauty fires,
Languish with all the fond desires
Of Youth and Love again!

Yet with a trembling hand, as rings
This half-tuned harp, I strike the strings,
And, all by gloom o'erbrow'd,
I snatch—a semblance as of bliss—
A glimpse of fleeted happiness—
A sun-blaze through the cloud.

And stern reflection tells me true—
'T were weak—and oh, 't were vain to rue
My fast-declining years!
The dark hour I would fain beguile,
But feel as if one transient smile
Must be atoned by tears.

THE RED-NOSED LIEUTENANT.

A CAMPAIGNER'S STORY.

FIVE and twenty years ago I was just five and twenty years of age; I was thus neither young nor old: in addition, I was neither handsome nor ugly, neither rich nor poor, neither active nor indolent, neither a Socrates nor a simpleton. More ordinary men than I had been married for love, poorer men had got credit and rolled on their carriage wheels till it was out, and greater fools had been cabinet counsellors.

Yet all this did not satisfy me. Years had swept along, and I was exactly the same in point of publicity at five and twenty that I had been at fifteen. Let no man say that the passion for being something or other in the world's eye is an improbable thing. Show me that man, and I will show him my Lord A. driving a mail coach, the Earl of B. betting at a boxing-match, the Marquis of C. the rival of his own grooms, and the Duke of D. a director of the opera. My antagonist has only to look and be convinced; for what could throw those patricians into the very jaws of public jest, but the passion for publicity?

I pondered long upon this, and my resolution to do something was at length fixed. But the grand difficulty remained—what was the thing to be done? what was the *grand chemin d'honneur*, the longest stride to the temple of fame, the royal road to making a figure in one's genera-

tion? The step was too momentous to be rashly taken, and I took time enough, for I took a year. On my six and twentieth birthday I discovered that I was as wise and as public as on my birthday before, and a year older besides!

While I was in this state of fluctuation my honoured uncle arrived in town and called upon me. Let me introduce this most excellent and most mutilated man. He had commenced his career in the American war, a bold, brave, blooming ensign; what he was now I shall not describe. But he had taken the earliest opportunity of glory, and at Bunker's Hill had lost an eye. He was nothing the worse as a mark for an American rifle; and at Brandywine he had the honour of seeing La Fayette run away before him, and paid only a right leg as his tribute to the victory. My uncle followed on the road to glory, gaining a new leaf of laurel and losing an additional fragment of himself in every new battle, till with Burgoyne he left his nose in the swamps of Saratoga; whence having had the good fortune to make his escape, he distinguished himself at the siege of York Town, under Cornwallis, and left only an arm in the ditch of the rampart. He had returned a major, and after lying on his back for two years in the military hospital, was set at liberty to walk the world on a pair of crutches and be called colonel.

I explained my difficulty to this venerable remnant of soldiership. "Difficulty!" cried he, starting up on his residuary leg, "I see none whatever. You are young,

healthy, and have the use of all your limbs—the very thing for the army!" I glanced involuntarily at his own contributions to the field. He perceived it, and retorted: "Sir, I know the difference between us, as well as if I were the field-surgeon. I should never have advised you to march if you had not limbs enough for the purpose; but you have your complement." "And therefore can afford to lose them, my good uncle," said I. "Nephew," was the reply, "sneering is no argument, except among civilians. But if a man wants to climb at once to a name, let him try the army. Have you no estate? why, the regiment is your freehold:—have you no education? why, the colour of your coat will stand you in place of it with three-fourths of the men and all the women:—have you no brains? why, their absence will never be missed at the mess: and as for the field, not half a dozen in an army ever exhibit any pretensions of the kind."

This was too flattering a prospect to be overlooked. I took the advice; in a week was gazetted into a marching regiment, and in another week was on board his majesty's transport, No. 10, with a wing of the gallant thirty —— regiment, tacking out of Portsmouth, on our way to Gibraltar.

Military men have it, that there are three bad passages—the slow, the quick, and the neither quick nor slow; pronouncing the two former detestable, the latter ————! the storm making a man sick of the sea, the calm making him sick of himself, a much worse thing; and the alterna-

tion of calm and storm bringing both sicknesses into one. My first passage was distinguished by being of the third order.

I found my fellow subalterns a knot of good-humoured beings, the boys with the habits of men, the men with the tricks of boys, all fully impressed with the honour of the epaulette, and thinking the man who wore two instead of one the most favoured of all things under the sun.

We at length came in sight of the famous Rock. It loomed magnificently from the sea; and every glass was to the eye as the lines and batteries, that looked like teeth in its old white head, rose grimly out of the waters. The veterans of the corps were in high delight, and enumerated with the vigour of grateful recollection the cheapness of the wines, the snugness of the quarters, and the general laudable and illaudable pleasantries of the place. The younger listened with the respect due to experience, and, for that evening, an old red-nosed lieutenant, of whom no man had ever thought but as a lieutenant before, became the centre of a circle, a he blue-stocking, surrounded with obsequious listeners, by virtue of his pre-eminent knowledge of every wine-house in the garrison. Such is the advantage of situation!—nine tenths of mankind, till they are placed on the spot of display, what are they but red-nosed lieutenants?

While we stood on the deck of our tall ship, quietly surging along into the worst of all possible bays, the wind fell, and the sun plunged into the Atlantic like a ball

of iron red-hot from the furnace. The garrison flag fell down with it; the evening gun fired; and we prepared for supper, whist, and our final bottle of port on board. In three minutes all this was a dream: our men were priming, loading, and firing; our sails torn to rags, our masts shot through, our ship was rolling away on the current to Algeziras; the garrison lights were sinking behind us; and the whole ship, captain, sailors, officers, and soldiers, a scene of roaring, confusion, blue lights, and musketry. We were in action; but with what, no living eye could discern. Between the smoke of our own fire and the sudden darkness of the night, we could see nothing beyond an occasional flash, that seemed to come out of the very bottom of the sea. It was before us and behind, above us and below; but the rattle of the balls against our sides and rigging, and now and then a shot taking effect on our company, told us that we had the usual enemy of the garrison reinforcements in full exercise upon us. In fact, the Spanish gun-boats, which never missed their opportunity, were out; and never was good ship or gallant crew more piteously pelted. Let our romances talk of Spanish indolence; those fellows let nothing pass: from a cabbage-boat to a three-decker they had a trial of their long guns on it; and if they could have made the night but half an hour longer, the left wing of the gallant thirty —— regiment would have closed their campaign in the dominions of his Catholic majesty.

But morning broke; and the gun-boats, of which there were at least a dozen, seeing the frigate bearing down,

which had left us to make the most of our own valour during the night, swept off with their oars to Algeziras, where two of the convoy were seen already lying. To do us justice, we had fired away at a prodigious rate, though we might as well have fired at the moon: there was not a cartridge left among us by daylight, nor a man who was not ready to pledge himself that he had done mortal execution. This foretaste of war was not quite to our liking; but we had gained the victory, such as it was, and conquerors are always easily reconciled to their escape. The gun-boats had left the field, the Rock was again in full view, shining out in the morning sun; the boats of the frigate hauled us along, for we had neither boat nor oar, nor rope nor sail; and with something of the pleasant expectation of being congratulated on our prowess, we floated into the harbour.

This expectation, however, was not exactly fulfilled. As we moved slowly up towards the admiral's ship, that lay like a huge bastion under the batteries, my eye accidentally fell on the red-nosed lieutenant. I saw him turning towards the cabin steps, and set this down for a disastrous omen. The ports and rigging of the flag-ship were crowded with men, and our hands were already at our caps to return the imaginary cheers—we were received with roars of laughter! Volleys of sea wit were poured out upon us; we were burlesqued and gibed in all the naval jargon of the place: asked whether "we liked Spanish pickle for supper"—whether "the garabansas (Spanish pease) were handsomely *shelled*"—whether "we

had any cigars to sell," &c.; and a boat followed us, with the crew pealing out, "See, the conquering hero comes!" The same roars met us from every ship of the fleet; and from our sluggard movements we had the whole in perfection. At the sallyport, when we landed, the laughter of the mob was, if not quite so obstreperous, at least as general; and the same genius of the place followed us till we were lodged in our quarters out of the town.

The burlesque of a transport's fighting had amused the regular proficients; our ragged and dismantled state was calculated only to add to the joke: in short, the old rivalry of sailor and soldier was never less on an equality. This was the first lesson to our pride, and upon whomever else it might have been lost, it was not lost upon me.

The garrison life amused me at first view; its routine, its insipidity, its formality, have wearied many a man; I must leave it to others to tell how all this became more repulsive by the slavish obsequiousness demanded by the higher powers. Talk of courts or prisons, there is not more servility in the one, nor more restraint in the other; talk of the Sublime Porte or the Dey of Algiers, they are but outlines of the picture of governors, deputy governors, military secretaries, and town majors. Some time or other I shall fill them up from the life.

A week tires your regular *militaire* of every thing but the bottle; half the time tired me of the place, the people, and the pompous deputies of the deputy governor. The governor was a statesman, and a lover of turtle and venison—two things not to be had in perfection out of England.

In England, therefore, the governor remained, adding by his uniform to the monthly splendour of the commander-in-chief's levees, and by his half-yearly speeches to the hereditary slumbers of the house of lords. The gallant thirty —— were in the same predicament with myself. We scoffed at the mongrel population, Jew, Moor, Italian, Spanish, Negro, Mulatto, the *olla podrida* of nations. We hated the aides-de-camp, and laughed at the infinite humility of their bows to their lords and masters; their tame squiring of the generals' wives, aunts, mothers, cousins, and daughters; and the exquisite insolence that repaid those hours of office. As for every thing else, we had plenty of parades, sour wine, condemned cigars, and useless time on our hands. Even the old red-nosed lieutenant gave signs of discontent, and swore that the place was changed to all intents and purposes. The rest of us were like Thiebault in Frederic's paradise at Potsdam—we conjugated from morning till night the verb "*Je m'ennuie, tu t'ennuies, il s'ennuie,*" through all its persons, tenses, and moods. But all things have an end. We received an order to join the expedition to Egypt. Never was regiment so delighted. We supped together upon the news, and drank farewell to Gibraltar and confusion to —— in bumpers without measure.

In the very height of our carousal, my eye dropped upon my old friend's red nose. It served me as a kind of thermometer. I observed it diminished of its usual crimson. "The spirit has fallen," thought I; "there is ill luck in the wind." I took him aside; but he was then

too far gone for regular council: he only clasped my hand with the fervour of a fellow-drinker, and muttered out, lifting his glass with a shaking wrist, "Nothing but confoundedly bad brandy in Egypt for love or money."

We sailed, cleared the Straits, rushed on the back of the current for half a dozen hours, till we left the Rock like the fragment of a cloud; congratulated each other on a speedy passage; and before the bottle in which we drank to it had gone round, found ourselves fixed in a dead calm. This is the temptation of the blue Mediterranean to all sins of omission and commission in all who spread sail upon its surface. An album of the oaths, prayers, invectives, and ejaculations, begotten and born of its calms, from the lips of Turk, Genoese, Venetian, Greek, Corsican, Sicilian, Maltese, Sardinian, would be the rarest treasure to a traveller that was ever given to Europe since the reign of albums and the confusion of Babel. The wrath of the Englishman is loud and sufficiently expressive; but it wants, and will for ever want, the exquisite pungency, variety, and vigour, the intense virulence, and steam-engine volubility of the regular Mediterranean tongue.

In this calm we remained for a mortal fortnight. The calm of the ocean is a whirlpool to such things in the loveliest of all seas. There is no tide to comfort you with the dream that you are in motion without feeling it; there is no wave to solace you with the faintest chance that the breeze will ever come: if the ship were screwed to the bottom of the sea, it could not give fewer symptoms of

escape; if the sea were a field of ice, and the voyagers looking out for the north pole, their labour could not be more uselessly employed. There stood our good ship, like the king on a chess board, never to move among the chequers of red and blue, yellow and green, that inlaid the smooth and mighty expanse coloured under the burning sun. We were scorched like so many locusts, were brown as Arabs, and as sick of our lives as Englishmen.

"So," thought I, "this is the army! Glory and scarlet may be showy appendages; a good mess and a new name on the regimental colours are all well enough in their vocation: but where is the honour of being broiled alive?"

The worst had not arrived yet. A Jew had come on board as we weighed anchor:—he brought us pumpkins, pantaloons, and the yellow fever! We now began to be aware of the full benefits of his visit—three-fourths of our crew were seized. The officers had their turn. The temperate men went off first—so much for science and the course of things. My old red-nosed acquaintance stood it out bravely; kept aloof from friend and enemy; and fought the evil at arm's length, bottle in hand. We had now lost three subalterns, and the rest were making up their minds to follow them, when my Mentor came into the cabin where I was stretched, frying like Guatimozin or St. Lawrence, without the patience of either, in my shirt on the bare boards.

I glanced at his thermometer, and never crimson on the lip of Syren or Sultana more exhilarated me than its intense purple. "There is a wind coming," I saw, in its

first blush. The inquiry was scarcely made, when I was flung off the floor into a cot; the trunks, bottles, and benches were hurled about the cabin, and the ship was tumbled on her beam-ends. The wind had come with a vengeance! My peep through the cabin-window, the moment before the dead lights were up, showed me a sea that looked like the bottom of a cataract: foam, black billows, bulging clouds, and absolute columns of rain. The whole firmament was up in arms; the wind roared louder than all the speaking-trumpets of the deck, which were all in requisition at once; the thunders rattled like volleys of artillery; and away went our ship, stripped in a moment of every sail and rope, rotten with the heat and dews, up the Mediterranean, like an arrow from the bow. At this rate we flew on, rushing over shoal, and by rock, and craggy island, every one of which we approached with instant apprehension of finishing our mortal glories there. They were all, however, classic shores, and our names would perhaps have not been unhonoured, if we had laid our bodies under their brine: we might have been mentioned in the newspapers, and even have had an elegy in a magazine. But glory slipped from us on all sides. Wet, weary, half-starved, and frightened to death, we darted through every nook and channel that had ever figured in the history of the Cyclades: left Olympus on the one hand, and Ida on the other; caught glimpses of Cos and Scio, Rhodes and Hydra, all peering through fog and cloud, and lashed by sheets of billow and foam. I wished them all ten thousand fathom under water.

Nothing could stop us; we seemed like the Indian pilot in the tale, who was to sail round the world till the day of its ending. At length, one evening the clouds in front took a more sullen hue; the sea rose in wilder surges; and the tempest tore out our remaining mast. Never were crew less indebted to the art of navigation for their progress. At midnight we struck on the coast of Asia Minor. How we escaped with life is beyond all my knowledge. I recollect nothing but having been thrown by a surge against my friend of the red nose, who was sitting singing, either mad or drunk, by the capstan. A mountain of water lifted us up together—and, further, I have no remembrance.

My first returning sensation was that of being tossed about and scorched, sick and stiffened. I opened my eyes, and the first sight that I saw was the lieutenant: he was pouring his favourite brandy down my throat, and superintending half a dozen rough, long-bearded fellows, in sheep-skin jackets, who were stripping and rubbing me under the most scorching sun that ever parched the human cuticle.

As I rose, I perceived the same operation going on with others. We had lost no officer, and but a few of our rank and file. The ship had been thrown in upon a wild shore, but so close to land, that escape was easy to all who had not lost their senses; the insensible were saved the trouble of the effort by the waves; and the lieutenant and I had been rolled on the sand with our arms round each other's necks, in the most amatory style possible.

The ship was a wreck: the storm, when it scooped the crew out of her like a kernel, had made no scruple of doing its will by the shell, and had toyed with it until not a fragment the length of a sword was left—she was absolutely ground to powder.

As the day advanced, hunger compelled us to think of our commissariat; but to speak a syllable which our new friends of the shore could understand was beyond all our literature. How little I should have dreamed three months before of being starved for not speaking Karamanian! However, there is a language which was made before the alphabet, and of this we availed ourselves with great vigour. We pointed to our mouths and our haversacks which were equally unemployed; and the benevolent savages, every soul of them robbers by regular profession, from father to son, since the days of Pompey the Great, intimated, in the same language, that we should soon be better provided for. With some of us there arose the not irrational doubt, whether this was to be accomplished by feeding us, or making us feed them.

Soldiers are no great geographers; the line leave that business to the staff, the staff to the artillery, the artillery to the engineers, and the engineers to Providence. At our council, which was held on a row of knapsacks, and with one pair of trowsers among its seven sages, it was asserted, with equal show of reason, that we were in Africa, in Arabia, in Turkey, and in the Black Sea. However, our sheep-skin friends were urgent for our departure, and pointed towards some of their fellows who were making

gestures of all kinds up the mountain. We began to climb; the rocks were sharp, slippery with sea weeds, and almost perpendicular. When we had scrambled up about half way, I looked round, and the crowd of climbers clinging to this huge wall of rock, in their red jackets, looked like a flight of flamingoes. I was more fortunate than the rest; after infinite fatigue, and the coming into my head of some of those "toys of desperation" which prompt men on precipices to finish their trouble and their lives together, I had scrambled into a large fissure of the cliff, from which the way to the summit was comparatively easy. On that summit stood a colossal savage, telegraphing his countrymen as they ascended, and apparently exchanging signals with a party on the opposite side of the ridge. I will confess that the thought occurred with renewed force to me, that on that spot our necks were to be broken. The man was almost a giant; he was naked to the waist; and his magnificent muscular figure, and bust-like head and countenance, might have served for the model of a classic hero. But I was never less charmed by the picturesque in the human form, and involuntarily looked round to see in what corner of the rock I could best make battle.

The Karamanian, observing my reluctance, plunged down, caught me in his arms like a child, and in a moment sprang with me to the summit of the precipice. The ridge was not the breadth of a horse's back: he seated me on it astride, and fixed me in astonishment indescribable. The sight below was like magic. I sat

on the edge of a circle of mighty precipices, surrounding a vast and lovely bay. Never was the richest bowl of porcelain more strangely figured and richly stained than the sides of this magnificent cup; never was molten silver more shining than the waters within its round. Upon these waters lay—a fleet, and upon their shore were moving columns and masses of troops, that looked in the depth like huge beds of crimson and blue flowers! I was five thousand feet above this splendid spectacle. The fleet were the British fleet, and the troops the British army! We had been cast on shore close to the finest bay in all Asia, the bay of Marmorice.

We finally sailed for Egypt; found the French building fortifications on the shore; and, like a generous enemy, landed just where they had provided for our reception. But the world knows all this already, and I disdain to tell what every body knows: but the world does not know that we had three councils of war to settle whether the troops should land in gaiters or trowsers; and whether they should or should not carry three days' pipe-clay and blacking in their knapsacks. The most valuable facts are, we see, often lost for want of our being a little behind the curtain.

The famous landing was the noisiest thing conceivable. The world at a distance called it the most gallant thing: and I have no inclination to stand up against universal opinion. But whether we were fighting against the sand-hills, or the French, or the sun in his strength; whether we were going to the right, or the left, or the rear; whe-

ther we were beating or beaten, no living man could have told in two minutes after the first shot. It was all clamour, confusion, bursting of shells, dashing of water, splitting of boats, and screams of the wounded; the whole passing under a coverlet of smoke as fuliginous as ever rushed from furnace: under this "blanket of the dark" we pulled on, landed, fought, and conquered; and for our triumph had every man his length of excellent sand for the night, the canopy of heaven for his tent, and the profoundest curses of the commissariat for his supper.

On we went, day after day, fighting the French, starving, and scorching, till we found them in our camp before daybreak, on the memorable 21st of March. We fought them there as men fight in the pit of a theatre, every one for himself: the French, who are great tacticians, and never fight but for science' sake, grew tired before John Bull, who fights for the love of the thing. The Frenchman fights but to manœuvre, the Englishman manœuvres but to fight. So, as manœuvring was out of the question, we carried the affair all after our own hearts.

But this victory had its price; for it cost the army its brave old general, and it cost me my old red-nosed lieutenant. We were standing within half a foot of each other, in front of the little ruin where the French Invincibles made a last struggle; they fired a volley before they threw themselves on their knees, according to the national custom of earning their lives, when I saw my unlucky friend tumbled head over heels, and stretched between my legs. There was no time for thinking of him

then: the French were hunted out *la buyonette dans le cul*; we followed—the battle of Alexandria was won, and our part of the success was, to be marched ten miles off, to look after some of their fragments of baggage. We found nothing, of course; for neither in defeat nor in victory does the Frenchman ever forget himself. In our bivouac the thought of the lieutenant came over me; in the heat of the march I could not have thought of any thing mortal but my own parched throat and crippled limbs. Absurd as the old subaltern was, I "could have better spared a better man:" we had been thrown together in some strange ways; and as the result of my meditations, I determined to return and see what was become of the man with the red nose.

Leave was easily obtained; for there was something of the odd feeling for him, that a regiment has for one of those harmless madmen who sometimes follow its drums in a ragged uniform and formidable hat and feather. It was lucky for the lieutenant that I rode hard, for I found him as near a premature exit as ever hero was. A working party had already made his last bed in the sand; and he was about to take that possession which no ejectment will disturb, when I felt some throbbing about his heart. The soldiers insisted, that as they were ordered out for the purpose of inhuming, they should go through with their work. But if they were sullen, I was resolute; and I prevailed to have the subject deferred to the hospital. After an infinity of doubt, I saw my old friend set on his legs again. But my labour seemed in vain: life was going out; the doctors prohibited the bottle; and

the lieutenant felt, like Shylock, that his life was taken away, when that was taken "by which he did live." He resigned himself to die with the composure of an ancient philosopher. The night before I marched for Cairo, I sat an hour with him. He was a changed man, talked more rationally than I had believed within the possibility of brains so many years adust with port; expressed some rough gratitude for my trouble about him, and finally gave me a letter to some of his relatives in England. The regiment was on its march at daybreak; we made our way to Cairo, took possession, wondered at its filth, admired its grand mosque, execrated its water, its provisions, and its population; were marched back to storm Alexandria (where I made all possible search for the lieutenant, but in vain); were saved the trouble by the capitulation of the French; were embarked, landed at Portsmouth just one year from our leaving it, and, as it pleased the wisdom of Napoleon and the folly of our ministry, were disbanded.

I had no reason to complain; for though I had been shipwrecked and starved, sick and wounded, I had left neither my life nor my legs behind. Others had been less lucky; and from the losses in the regiment I was now a captain.

One day, in looking over the reliques of my baggage, a letter fell out: it was the red-nosed lieutenant's. My conscience reproached me, and I believe for the moment my face was as red as his nose. I delivered the letter; it was received by a matron at the head of three of the prettiest maidens in all Lancashire, the country of beauty, a

blonde, a brunette, and a younger one who was neither and yet seemed alternately both. I liked the blonde and the brunette infinitely; but the third I did not like, for I fell in love with her, which is a very different thing. The lieutenant was her uncle; and, regretted as his habits were, this family circle had much to say for his generosity. Mary's hazel eyes made a fool of me, and I asked her hand that they might make a fool of no one else.

The colonel without the nose was of course invited to the wedding, and he was in such exultation, that either the blonde or the brunette might have been my aunt if she pleased. But they exhibited no tendency to this gay military Torso, and the colonel was forced to content himself with the experience of his submissive nephew.

The wedding day came: the three sisters looked prettier than ever in their vestal white. The colonel gave the bride away, and in the tears and congratulations of this most melancholy of all happy ceremonies Mary chose her fate.

We returned to dinner, and were seated, all smiles, when the door opened, and in walked—the red-nosed lieutenant!

Had I seen, like Brutus, "the immortal Julius' ghost," I could not have been more amazed. But nature was less doubting: the matron threw herself into his arms; the blonde and the brunette clasped each a hand; and my bright-eyed wife forgot her conjugal duties, and seemed to forget that I was in the world. There was indeed some reason for doubt: the man before us was fat and florid enough, but the essential distinction of his physiognomy had lost its regal hue. All this, however, was explained

by degrees. After my departure for Cairo, he had been given over by the doctors; and, sick of taking physic, and determining to die in his own way, he had himself carried up the Nile. The change of air did something for him—the absence of the doctors perhaps more. He domesticated himself among the peasants above the cataracts, drank camel's milk, ate rice, wore a haick, and rode a buffalo. Port was inaccessible, and date-brandy was not to his taste. Health forced itself on him; and the sheik of the district began to conceive so good an opinion of the stranger, that he offered him his daughter, with a handsome portion of buffaloes, in marriage. The offer was declined; but African offence is a formidable thing, and, after having had a carbine-load of balls discharged one night through his door, he thought it advisable to leave the neighbourhood of his intended father-in-law.

I am not about to astonish the world, and throw unbelief on my true story, by saying that the lieutenant has since drunk of nothing but the limpid spring. Whatever were his Mussulman habits, he resumed his native tastes with the force of nature. Port still had temptations for him; but prudence, in the shape of the matron sister and the pretty nieces, was at hand, and, like Sancho's physician, the danger and the glass vanished at a sign from those gentle magicians. Our chief anxiety arose from the good fellowship of the colonel. He had settled within a field of us, and his evenings were spent by our fire-side. He had been, by the chances of service, once on campaign with the lieutenant; and all campaigners know,

that there is no freemason sign of friendship equal to that of standing to be shot together. But there was an unexpected preservative in this hazardous society. The colonel was incapable of exhibiting in the centre of his countenance that living splendour which made Falstaff raise Bardolph to the honour of his admiral; he could "carry no lantern in his poop." If envy could have invaded his generous soul, it would have arisen at the old, restored distinction of his comrade. He watched over his regimen; kept him to the most judicious allowance of claret; and the red nose of the lieutenant never flamed again.

HOPE.

When Hope's bright form has ta'en a heavenward flight,
Ah! where shall the immortal spirit find
Its wonted rest, or where the busy mind
Look for its one support?—a rayless night
Alone would then pervade the anxious sight.
Casting a lingering look of fear behind,
But seeing nothing, onward might we wind,
Lost to each sense of pure religion's light;
This world would then a wilderness appear,
Where man benighted vainly looks for rest,
And still looks on, though it shall not be near,
And God denies this first, this great behest:
It cannot be—Hope is the Christian's stay,
The brightest beam that lights us on our way.

Montague Seymour.

TO A LADY,

WHO WISHED FOR A SPECIMEN OF ORIGINAL POETRY.

BY MRS. GRANT OF LAGGAN.

CONDEMN'D in distant wilds to stray,
In early youth, a careless lay
Has oft beguiled my lonely day;

But Time, with sure and ceaseless flight,
Brought fears, and cares, and woes to light,
And veil'd those visions of delight;

And Duty view'd, with aspect stern,
Those fading flowers, and bade me learn
The wise and useful to discern.

Now when the shattering storm is past,
With raging winds, and skies o'ercast,
That strew'd my branches on the blast,

With trembling hand I strive again,
In hope to soothe my bosom's pain,
But touch the Saxon lyre in vain.

That withering hand can wake alone
The mountain harp's Eolian tone,
That speaks of times for ever gone,

That mourns the maiden in her shroud,
Or hails the hero on his cloud,
While winter winds are sweeping loud;

Or pours the strain of tender grief,
Lamenting o'er some generous chief,
Whose life was honour'd, bright, and brief.

STANZAS TO STELLA.

BY HENRY BRANDRETH, JUN. ESQ.

THE woodland stile!—'tis well—but yet,
Stella, we must not meet again!
We *cannot* meet as we *have* met—
The very thought brings back a train
Of hopes and fears, of joy and pain,
Each striving, vainly though, as if
They would e'en still my soul enchain,
In spite of many a year of grief.

Oh! it recalls each by-gone hour—
Life's brightest, happiest—that of youth;
'Twas then I sought the vernal flower—
'Twas then I pledged eternal truth;
And such it had been still, in sooth,
Hadst thou but been—distracting thought!
That thou art not—here now, to smooth
My couch, with pain and sickness fraught.

Dost thou remember—sure thou hast
Not yet that one brief hour forgot—
When sad as thou I met thee last,
At e'entide, near th' accustom'd cot?
As mine it was thy favourite spot—
And, "Sure if happiness can dwell,"
Thou saidst, "with man, that envied lot
Is his who qwns yon woodland dell!"

For who can speak May's fragrant thorn?
Not he whom city walls enclose
'Mid noisy crowds, yet still forlorn,
Though babbling myriads aye oppose
His heedless footsteps—he 'tis knows
What is true solitude—to mark
The tide of joy, yet feel it flows
To wreck, not speed, his lonesome bark.

That have I known, and know it still—
But can it aid thee aught to claim,
When mine is nor the power nor will,
That we should meet again, enflame
Afresh our smouldering love?—ask Fame—
Ask Fortune's proudest, richest store—
Bid me still idolize thy name—
I 'll do it, but—we meet no more.

Full well thou know'st I love thee—know'st
How each mild voice resembling thine

Comes o'er my fluttering spirit—boast
Not then, nor use that power divine
Again around my heart to twine
Love's wreath—the smile, the tearful eye—
For, as we should but part to pine,
So we should only meet to sigh.

That look of love, that melting tone,
That form—they are another's now:
He gives a smile, and chides thy moan;
I can but bring a throbbing brow.
A hectic cheek, a heart which, though
'Tis beating now, will soon be hush'd—
Brow, cheek, and heart will soon lie low,
By fair, yet false, affection crush'd.

Thy husband—though I love him not—
How *can* I love him?—is to thee
What, had it been my happy lot
T' have wed thee, thou hadst been to me.
And can I, from suspicion free,
If from temptation, press the lip
Whence erst, in boyish levity,
I used love's sweetest nectar sip?

It may not be—though cool the blood
To what it was in youth's fair prime,
'Twould boil like Etna's lava flood,
And hopes and feelings else sublime

Might then, perchance, be deem'd a crime—
Since many a foible light, pursued
In boyhood's hour from time to time,
Becomes a crime by manhood view'd.

Then, Stella, it were folly—worse
Than folly—madness, thus to stake
A triple pledge, entail a curse
On me, on thee, on thine, and break
A husband's heart. Oh! for his sake,
For thine, for mine, forego for ever
This idle wish: thus will I take
My sad farewell, but meet thee—never!

FRIENDSHIP.

BY FRANCIS HINGSTON, ESQ.

Oh, prized and loved through many a year
Of pain and sorrow past away!
Why shouldst thou, lady, blush to hear,
Why should I think it wrong to say
How near in pure regard thou art
To the best feelings of my heart?
And yet my inmost thoughts of thee
The sinless eye of God might see:
Nor would it dim one ray of light
That shines around the eternal throne,
If of the angels the most bright
Such thoughts of mortal-kind should own.

A sister's love I ne'er have known,
  But it has ever seem'd to be
Like that regard which thou hast shown,
  The same in weal or woe for me.
Nor were I worthy to be blest
  With friendship so sincere and true,
Unless my very soul confess'd
  Esteem as pure, as sinless too.

SPRING.

O WHAT charm shall be wrought for the desolate heart,
When the beauties of Spring can no solace impart;
When the lark's sprightly music, the cuckoo's soft tone,
But suggest to that heart that it sorrows alone?

What is sweeter than violets fann'd by the breeze,
Or the glow of the sun upon blossoming trees?
'Tis strange they should waken the tear and the sigh,
Like the beamings of pity in some friendly eye.

It is Memory exerting her sway o'er the mind,
Sad thoughts with fair objects industrious to bind;
But Time will unfetter what ne'er can agree,
And the beauties of Spring yield a pleasure to me.

E. F.

EXCUSE

FOR WRITING OUT MY OWN PRAISE*.

BY THE LATE MRS. PIOZZI.

WHEN wits with sportive malice aim
To speed the shaft that flies,
'Tis Love of Praise that bears the blame;
And those that blame are wise.

When Beauty, Levity, and Youth,
Run wild a thousand ways,
Each stander-by, with equal truth,
Arraigns the Love of Praise.

But praises which, by Virtue given,
To Virtue are assign'd,
Alight like harbingers from Heaven,
And cheer the doubting mind.

When duties, with contrasting power,
To different views engage,
Clouding with cares our youthful hour,
Embarrassing our age,

'Tis then that recollected fame
Decides our future days;
And Virtue, with an humbler name,
Becomes—the Love of Praise.

* These lines were attached by the writer to a copy of complimentary verses addressed to her.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY YOUTH.

BY JOHN LUSCOMBE, ESQ.

The mouldering gateway strews the grass-green court,
Once the calm scene of many a simple sport;
When nature pleased, for life itself was new,
And the heart promised what the fancy drew.

ROGERS.

I HAVE often thought that we derive pleasure, perhaps unequalled, from the remembrance of former days—days in which childish feelings and childish desires alone occupied our hearts, and the world and all its vanities were alike unknown.

During my youthful life, I was accustomed to spend the summer months at an ancient mansion, which I shall name Marwood. Time will not speedily erase the beauties of that fair domain from my memory: its wide-spreading woods and sunny lawns, its tall narrow turrets and ample fish-ponds, will never cease to live in my recollection. But while I descant on the loveliness of that terrestrial paradise, I must not fail to mention its inhabitants. Dear, kind-hearted people, when, like the sere and yellow leaf, ye dropped into your narrow house, my tears, if fruitless, were at least sincere! I will not cease to remember you.

The owners of Marwood were true specimens of old English character; they had that heart-inspiring frankness of manner which is so congenial to youth; they were beloved by rich and poor. The smile of delight that illumined the faces of the inhabitants of the neighbouring hamlet, when, in the calm summer evenings, we sauntered through it with our friends, was indeed pleasing. I re-

member how often I used to accompany them in their charitable peregrinations with a basket on my arm, containing medicine and relief for the diseased, which was not sparingly distributed. Unaffectedly pious, they endeavoured to heal the stricken heart, and seldom failed to administer comfort to those who were suffering under mental anguish. But I will not dwell too long on their virtues; suffice it to say, that they redressed the injured, relieved the destitute, and protected the fatherless and the widow.

The master of Marwood experienced no greater enjoyment than seeing his young friends happy around him: he was at the head of all the noisy games which made the old hall ring with our childish merriment. I think I see him now, seated in the large old porch, relating to us stories of the olden time, which he knew so well to recount; while ever and anon would wave a branch of roses or jessamine, which covered the old stone entrance, and intercept the rays of the evening sun. Oh, they were happy days! At the decease of these kind and revered friends, the estate of Marwood fell to a distant relative, who took no delight in the beauties of the ancient mansion, and it became the residence of strangers.

Many years had rolled on, and I heard nothing of the old hall until a few months since, when I was travelling in that part of England in which it is situated. I cannot describe the sensations I experienced on finding myself at the entrance of the scene of my boyish happiness. I dismounted, and tying my horse to the gate, walked towards the house. It was a cold autumnal evening, and

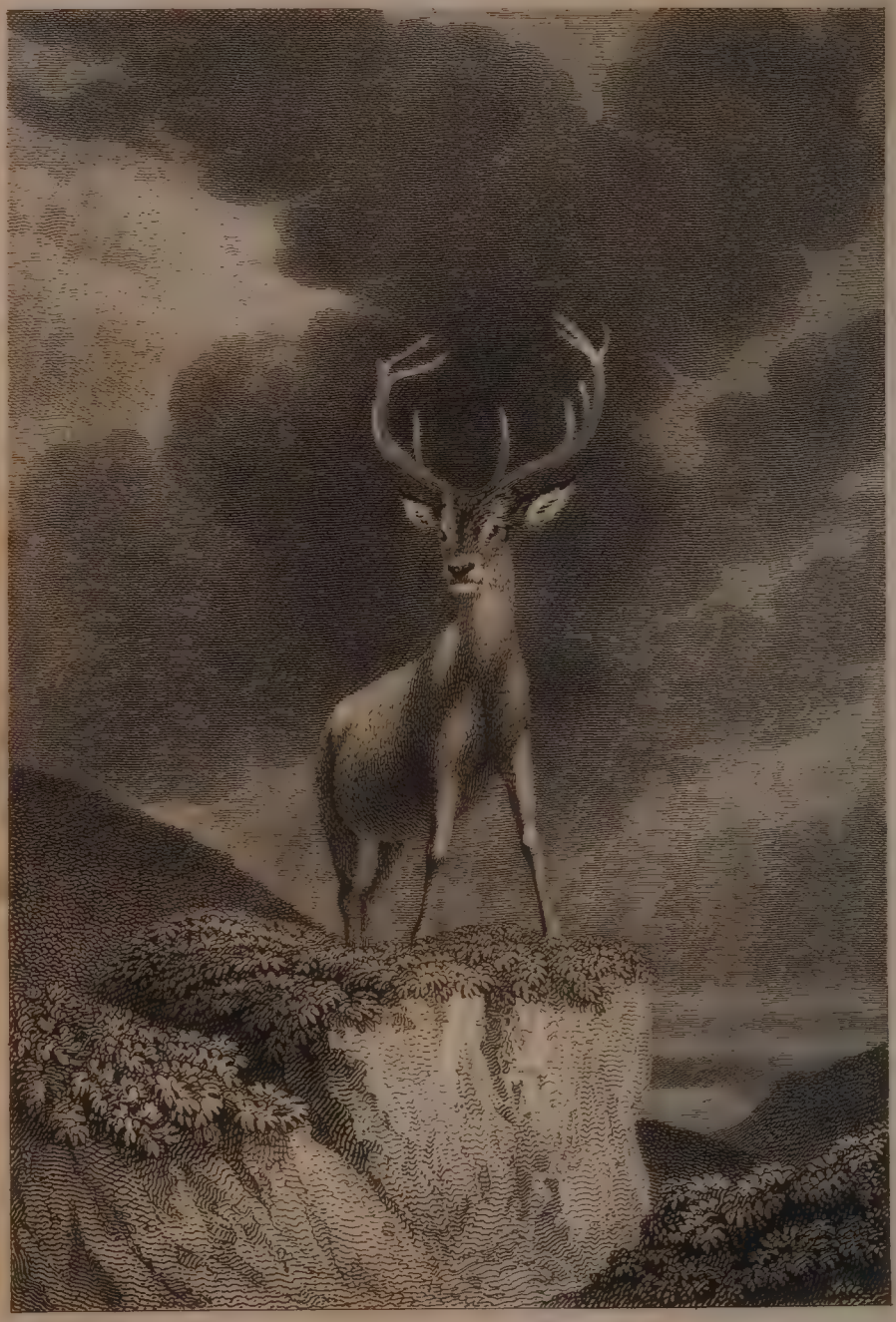
in each chilly blast of wind the dead leaves flitted around me, and fell in showers to the ground, there to join the crisp and decaying foliage, which lay in mimic hills at the foot of their parent stems. Little remained of the once stately avenue; trees, the growth of centuries, had been felled, and lay beside the road, which was disfigured by cart-tracks, and strewed with huge stones, seemingly cast there to obstruct the approach of a traveller like myself. The appearance of the house deeply excited my sorrow, if not my anger: fain would I have fancied that I was mistaken, but the reality was too strong. Broken and disfigured, the battlements of the towers lay in masses on the ground; and the large gothic windows were obscured by rough boards, that replaced the stained glass, of which little now remained. Desolation there reigned with unbounded sway. I looked in vain for the noble woods and bright clear lakes; all, all had disappeared, save a few scathed oaks, and stagnant pools of water, from which arose clouds of dank vapours. Shuddering, I turned away and remounted my horse. I will never visit Marwood more; the sight is too painful.

"But does not this," I exclaimed, as I closed the gate, "teach me a useful lesson? Does it not show me that all earthly beauties must soon decay, and leave but a miserable wreck to inform the passenger that there once was grandeur—a sculptured urn, or some such frail memorial to mark the spot where youth, holiness, and old age, mingle promiscuously, and sleep a long but not everlasting sleep?"

NIGHT.

BY MISS S. E. HATFIELD.

NIGHT, blessed Night! thou art a faithful friend,
Upon whose silent bosom I can lean,
And tell each sorrow that the day hath borne
To my lone heart.—Oh, how I love thy moon,
Thy vestal stars, and ev'ry passing cloud
That bears thy hue upon its fleecy breast!
A sweet society they make to me,
Speaking of heav'n all-glorious, and of earth
All calm and slumb'ring, and invite my soul
To steal away awhile to other realms.
And why obeys it not? Stern jailer, Grief!
Surely thou mightst awhile unloose thy chain,
That it may be endured more patiently.
He yields not, Night! yet thou art on me still
Shedding thy pitying dews; and these unwearied
Keep their bright vigils o'er my sleepless couch,
All softly shining like the eyes of heav'n,
In patience and compassion, on a soul
That has not strength, as yet, to break its bonds.
Thy gale-tones too—Morn, Eve, have none so sweet—
Come like the sighs of Friendship on the ear,
So soothing soft. Depart not, gentlest Night,
O yet depart not! O'er that ruddy streak
Spread, spread thy mantle—'tis the herald ray
Of hours of dreariest solitude to me,
When I must tread the crowded wilderness
Of the cold, heartless, dark, designing world.



J. Hills del.

E. Finden sculp.

THE STAG.

THE STAG.

THE STAG.

It is morning, and the sky,
Like a royal canopy,
Burns with crimson and with gold;
And from out his cloudy hold
Joyfully breaks forth the sun,
While each thing he looks upon
Seems bright as if only born
For that first glad hour of morn.

What sweet sound then pass'd along?
'Twas the skylark's earliest song.
What soft breath is floating by?
The wild rose's waking sigh,
Breathing odours, as the gale
Shakes away her dewy veil.

There are other sights than these,
Other sounds are on the breeze:
Hearken to the baying hound,
Hearken to the bugle's sound;
Horse-tramp, shout, upon the ear,
Tell the hunter-band are near.
Sweep they now across the plain—
Sooth it is a gallant train:
Many a high-born dame is there;
Dance their rich curls on the air,
Catching many a golden hue,
Catching many a pearl of dew;

Flush the colours on their cheek,
Lovelier than the morning's break;
Scour the young knights far and wide,
As they would to battle ride,
Finding, gallant chase, in thee
Somewhat of war's mimickry.

Hark! the hunters' shouts declare
They have found the red deer's lair;
Rising from his fragrant sleep,
Where a thousand wild flowers creep,
With one sudden desperate spring
Rushes forth the forest-king,
Like the lightning from the sky,
Like the wind, when winds are high.
Far, ere yet the train were near,
Dash'd away the noble deer,
As rejoicing in the speed
Which might mock the Arab steed.
As he pass'd the forest green,
Well his pathway might be seen;
Many a heavy oaken bough
Bent before his antler'd brow;
Shout and horn rung through the wood—
Paused he not beside the flood;
Foam and flake shone on its blue,
As the gallant stag dash'd through.
Long or ever midday came,
Wearied stopt each lovely dame,

In some green tree's shade, content
But to hear the day's event.

Still the stag held on his way,
Careless through what toils it lay,
Down deep in the tangled dell,
Or o'er the steep rock's pinnacle;
Stanch the steed, and bold the knight,
That would follow such a flight.
Of the morning's gallant train
Few are those who now remain.
Wearily the brave stag drew
His deep breath, as on he flew;
Heavily his glazed eye
Seems to seek somewhere to die;
All his failing strength is spent—
Now to gain one steep ascent!
Up he toils—the height is won—
'Tis the sea he looks upon.
Yet upon the breeze are borne
Coming sounds of shout and horn;
The hunters gain the rock's steep crest—
Starts he from his moment's rest,
Proudly shakes his antler'd head,
As though his defiance said,
"Come, but your triumph shall be vain!"—
The proud stag plunges in the main,
Seeks and finds beneath the wave
Safety, freedom, and a grave. L. E. L.

HYMN.

BY JOHN BOWRING, ESQ.

I CANNOT always trace the way
Where Thou, Almighty One! dost move;
But I can always, always say,
That God is love.

When Fear her chilling mantle flings
O'er earth, my soul to heaven above
As to her sanctuary springs,
For God is love.

When mystery clouds my darken'd path,
I'll check my dread, my doubts reprove;
In this my soul sweet comfort hath,
That God is love.

The entanglement which restless thought,
Mistrust, and idle reasonings wove,
Are thus unravelled and unwrought—
For God is love.

Yes! God is love—a thought like this
Can every gloomier thought remove,
And turn all tears, all woes, to bliss—
For God is love.

RUTH.

BY T. HOOD, ESQ.

She stood breast-high amidst the corn,
Clasp'd by the golden light of morn;
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a burning kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush
Deeply ripen'd—such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell—
Which were darkest none could tell;
But long lashes veil'd a light
Which had else been all too bright;

And her hat with shady brim
Made her forehead darkly dim:
Thus she stood among the stooks,
Praising God with her sweet looks.

Sure, I said, Heav'n did not mean
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean:
Lay thy sheaf adown, and come
Share my harvest and my home.

SONNET.

WRITTEN AT BENARES, IN THE EAST INDIES.

BY DAVID LESTER RICHARDSON, ESQ.

The following Sonnet contains an allusion to a well-known custom in the East Indies. When a female is separated from her lover, she repairs in the evening to the Ganges (or holy river) and launches a small floating lamp. Should the lamp sink, or the light be extinguished, before it has passed a certain distance down the stream, it is considered emblematical of the fate of the absent lover, who is supposed to have met with an untimely end.

THE shades of evening veil the lofty spires
Of proud Benares' fanes; a twilight haze
The calm scene shrouds; the weary boatmen raise
Along the dusky shore their crimson fires,
That tinge the circling groups. As day retires,
The lone and long-deserted maiden strays
By Ganga's* stream, where float the feeble rays
Of her pale lamp—but lo! the light expires!—
Alas! how cheerless now the mourner's breast,
For life hath not a charm—her tears deplore
The fond youth's early doom, and never more
Shall Hope's sweet visions yield her spirit rest!
The cold wave quenched the flame—an omen dread
The Brahmin dare not question—*he is dead!*

* *Ganga* is the Indian name of the *Ganges*.

THE HAUNTED MANOR-HOUSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DUKE OF MANTUA."

—— THE mail coach had just set me down at the entrance to a dreary and unweeded avenue. There was a double row of dark elms, interspersed with beech, neither very bowery nor very umbrageous, though, as I passed, they saluted me with a rich shower of wet leaves, and shook their bare arms, growling as the loud sough of the wind went through their decayed branches. The old house was before me. Its numerous and irregularly contrived compartments in front were streaked in black and white zig-zags—vandyked, I think, the fairest jewels of the creation call this chaste and elegant ornament. It was near the close of a dark autumnal day, and a mass of gable-ends stood sharp and erect against the wild and lowering sky. Each of these pinnacles could once boast of its admired and appropriate ornament—a little weather-cock; but they had cast off their gilded plumage for ever, and fallen from their high estate, like the once neatly trimmed mansion which I was now visiting. A magpie was perched upon a huge stack of chimneys: his black and white plumage seemed perfectly in character with the mottled edifice at his feet. Perhaps he was the wraith, the departing vision of the decaying fabric; an apparition, unsubstantial as the honours and dignities of the ancient and revered house of Etherington.

I looked eagerly at the long, low casements: a faint glimmer was visible. It proceeded only from the wan

reflection of a sickly sunbeam behind me, struggling through the cleft of a dark hail-cloud. It was the window where in my boyhood I had often peeped at the village clock through my little telescope. It was the nursery chamber, and no wonder that it was regarded with feelings of the deepest interest. Here the first dawnings of reason broke in upon my soul; the first faint gleams of intelligence awakened me from a state of infantine unconsciousness. It was here that I first drank eagerly of the fresh rills of knowledge; here my imagination, ardent and unrepressed, first plumed its wings for flight, and I stept forth over its threshold, into a world long since tried, and found as unsatisfying and unreal as the false glimmer that now mocked me from the hall of my fathers.

A truce to sentiment! I came hither, it may be, for a different purpose. A temporary gush will occasionally spring up from the first well-head of our affections. However homely and seemingly ill adapted, in outward show and character, for giving birth to those feelings generally designated by the epithet romantic, the place where we first breathed, where our ideas were first moulded, formed and assimilated, as it were, to the condition of the surrounding atmosphere, (their very shape and colour determined by the medium in which they first sprung) the casual recurrence of a scene like this—forming part and parcel of our very existence, and incorporated with the very fabric of our thoughts—must, in spite of all subsequent impressions, revive those feelings, however long

they may have been dormant, with a force and vividness which the bare recollection can never excite.

The garden-gate stood open. The initials of my name, still legible, appeared rudely carved on the posts—a boyish propensity which most of us have indulged; and I well remember ministering to its gratification wherever I durst hazard the experiment, when first initiated into the mystery of hewing out these important letters with a rusty penknife.

Not a creature was stirring; and the nature of the present occupants, whether sylphs, gnomes, or genii, was a question not at all, as it yet appeared, in a train for solution. The front door was closed, but as I knew every turn and corner about the house, I made no doubt of soon finding out its inmates, if any of them were in the neighbourhood. I worked my way through the garden, knee-deep and rank with weed, for the purpose of reconnoitring the back-offices. I steered pretty cautiously past what memory, that great dealer in hyperbole, had hitherto pretty generally contrived to picture as a huge lake—now, to my astonishment, dwindled into a duck-pond—but not without danger from its slippery margin. It still reposed under the shadow of the old cherry-tree, once the harbinger of delight, as the returning season gave intimation of another bountiful supply of fruit. Its gnarled stump, now stunted and decaying, had scarcely one token of life upon its scattered branches. Following a narrow walk, nearly obliterated, I entered a paved court. The first tramp awoke a train of echoes, that seemed as

though they had slumbered since my departure, and now started from their sleep, to greet or to admonish the returning truant. Grass in luxuriant tufts, capriciously disposed, grew about in large patches. The breeze passed heavily by, rustling the dark swathe, and murmuring fitfully as it departed. Desolation seemed to have marked the spot for her own—the grim abode of solitude and despair. During twenty years' sojourn in a strange land, memory had still, with untiring delight, painted the old mansion in all its primeval primness and simplicity—fresh as I had left it, full of buoyancy and delight, to take possession of the paradise which imagination had created. I had indeed been informed, that at my father's death it became the habitation of a stranger; but no intelligence as to its present condition had ever reached me. Being at L——, and only some fifty miles distant, I could not resist the temptation of once more gazing on the old manor-house, and of comparing its present aspect with that but too faithfully engrafted on my recollections. To all appearance the house was tenantless. I tried the door of a side-kitchen, or scullery: it was fastened, but the rusty bolts yielded to no very forcible pressure; and I once more penetrated into the kitchen, that exhaustless magazine, which had furnished ham and eggs, greens and bacon, with other sundry and necessary condiments thereto appertaining, to the progenitors of our race for at least two centuries. A marvellous change!—to me it appeared as if wrought in a moment, so recently had memory reinstated the scenes of my youth in all their

pristine splendour. Now no smoke rolled lazily away from the heavy billet; no blaze greeted my sight; no savoury steam regaled the sense. Dark, cheerless, cold, —the long bars emitted no radiance; the hearth unswept, on which Growler once panted with heat and fatness.

Though night was fast approaching, I could not resist the temptation of once more exploring the deserted chambers, the scene of many a youthful frolic. I sprang with reckless facility up the vast staircase. The shallow steps were not sufficiently accommodating to my impatience, and I leaped rather than ran, with the intention of paying my first visit to that cockaigne of childhood, that paradise of little fools—the nursery. How small, dwindled almost into a span, appeared that once mighty and almost boundless apartment, every nook of which was a separate territory, every drawer and cupboard the boundary of another kingdom! Three or four strides brought me to the window;—the village steeple still rose abruptly from the dark fir-trees, peacefully reposing in the dim and heavy twilight. The clock was chiming: what a host of recollections were awakened at the sound! Days and hours long forgotten seemed to rise up at its voice, like the spirits of the departed sweeping by, awful and indistinct. These impressions soon became more vivid; they rushed on with greater rapidity: I turned from the window, and was startled at the sudden moving of a shadow. It was a faint long drawn figure of myself on the floor and opposite wall. Ashamed of my fears, I was preparing to quit the apartment, when my attention

was arrested by a drawing which I had once scrawled, and stuck against the wall with all the ardour of a first achievement. It owed its preservation to an unlucky but effectual contrivance of mine for securing its perpetuity: a paste-brush, purloined from the kitchen, had made all fast; and the piece, impregnable to all attacks, withstood every effort for its removal. In fact, this could not be accomplished without at the same time tearing off a portion from the dingy papering of the room, and leaving a disagreeable void, instead of my sprawling performance. With the less evil it appeared each succeeding occupant had been contented; and the drawing stood its ground in spite of dust and dilapidation. I felt wishful for the possession of so valuable a memorial of past exploits. I examined it again and again, but not a single corner betrayed symptoms of lesion: it stuck bolt upright; and the dun squat figures portrayed on it appeared to leer at me most provokingly. Not a slip or tear presented itself as vantage-ground for the projected attack; and I had no other resource left of gaining possession than what may be denominated the Cæsarean mode. I accordingly took out my knife, and commenced operations by cutting out at the same time a portion of the ornamental papering from the wall, commensurate with the picture. I looked upon it with a sort of superstitious reverence; and I have always thought, that the strong and eager impulse I felt for the possession of this hideous daub proceeded from a far different source than mere fondness for the memorials of childhood. Be that as it may, I am a firm believer in

a special Providence, and that too, as discovered in the most trivial as well as the most important concerns of life. It was whilst cutting down upon what seemed like wainscoting, over which the room had been papered, that my knife glanced on something much harder than the rest. Turning aside my spoils, I saw what through the dusk appeared very like the hinge of a concealed door. My curiosity was roused, and I made a hasty pull, which at once drew down a mighty fragment from the wall, consisting of plaster, paper, and rotten canvas; and some minutes elapsed ere the subsiding cloud of dust enabled me to discern the *terra incógnita* I had just uncovered. Sure enough there was a door, and as surely did the spirit of enterprise prompt me to open it. With difficulty I accomplished my purpose; it yielded at length to my efforts; but the noise of the half-corroded hinges, grating and shrieking on their rusty pivots, may be conceived as sufficiently dismal and appalling. I know not if once at least I did not draw back, or let go my hold incontinently as the din "grew long and loud." I own, without hesitation, that I turned away my head from the opening, as it became wider and wider at every pull; and it required a considerable effort before I could summon the requisite courage to look into the gap. My head seemed as difficult to move as the door. I cannot say that I was absolutely afraid of ghosts, but I *was* afraid of a peep from behind the door—afraid of being frightened! At length, with desperate boldness, I thrust my head plump into the chasm!

Now, reader, what was it, thinkest thou, that I beheld? Thy speculations on this subject will, of course, depend entirely upon thy nerves and constitution, likewise upon thy course of education and habits of study. If, as in all probability thou art, of the gender feminine, and a little addicted to romance, poetry, and the like, then wilt thou tickle thine imagination with delightful guesses about a white lady, a lamp, and a dagger. If thy brain hath been steeped in the savoury brine of novel-reading and sentimentality, then will thy thoughts be of gloomy rooms, prisoners immured by unfeeling relatives, &c. Shouldst thou happen to be cast in a more matter-of-fact mould, strongly addicted to cry "Fudge!" at every display of trickery and folly, then mayest thou opine, what any man with three grains of sense would have guessed long since, that it was nothing but a cupboard! I might thus frame solutions proper to every character and temperament. "As the fool thinks," &c. is a trite proverb; but, suffice it to say, not one of these fancies and speculations, I take upon myself to affirm, is correct. As before mentioned, I thrust my head suddenly into the chasm, more startled at the noise produced by the celerity of my own motions than I could possibly be at any thing that was visible. As far as the darkness would permit I explored the interior, which, after all, was neither more nor less than a small closet. From what cause it had been shut out from the apartment to which it belonged, it were vain to conjecture. All that was really cognizant to the senses presented itself in the shape of a shallow closet, some four feet

by two, utterly unfurnished, save with some inches of accumulated dust and rubbish, that made it a work of great peril to grope out the fact of its otherwise absolute emptiness. This discovery, like many other notable enterprises, seemed to lead to nothing. I stept out of my den, reeking with spoils which I much rather had left undisturbed in their dark recesses.

Preparing for my departure and a visit to my relation in the village, who as yet had no other intimation of my arrival than a hasty note, to apprize him that I had once more set foot on English ground and intended to visit him before my return, I stepped again to the window. Darkness was fast gathering about me: a heavy scud was driven rapidly across the heavens, and the wind wailed in short and mournful gusts past the chamber. The avenue was just visible from the spot where I stood; and looking down, I thought I could discern more than one dark object moving apparently towards the house. It may be readily conceived that I gazed with more than ordinary interest as they approached; and it was not long ere two beings, in human habiliments, were distinctly seen at a short distance from the gate by which I had entered. Feeling myself an intruder, and not being very satisfactorily prepared to account for my forcible entry into the premises, and the injury I had committed on the property of a stranger, I drew hastily aside, determined to effect a retreat whenever and wherever it might be in my power. Door and window alternately presented themselves for the accomplishment of this unpleasant purpose,

but before I could satisfy myself as to which was the more eligible offer, as doubters generally do contrive it, I lost all chance of availing myself of either. "*Facilis descensus*"—"Easier in than out—" &c., occurred to me; and many other classical allusions, much more appropriate than agreeable. I heard voices and footsteps in the hall. The stairs creaked, and it was but too evident they were coming, and that with a most unerring and provoking perseverance. Surely, thought I, these gentry have noses like the sleuth-hound; and I made no doubt but they would undeviatingly follow them into the very scene of my labours: and what excuse could I make for the havoc I had committed? I stood stupefied, and unable to move. The thoughts of being hauled neck and heels before the next justice, on a charge of housebreaking, mayhap—committed to prison—tried, perhaps, and —the sequel was more than even imagination durst conceive. Recoiling in horror from the picture, it was with something like instinctive desperation that I flew to the little closet, and shut myself in, with all the speed and precision my fears would allow. Sure enough the brutes were making the best of their way into the chamber, and every moment I expected they would track their victim to his hiding-place. After a few moments of inconceivable agony, I was relieved at finding from their conversation that no notion was entertained, at present, of any witness to their proceedings.

"I tell thee, Gilbert, these rusty locks can keep nothing safe. It's but some few months since we were here,

and thou knowest the doors were all fast. The kitchen door-post is now as rotten as touchwood; no bolt will fasten it."

"Nail it up,—nail 'em all up," growled Gilbert; "nobody 'll live here now; or else set fire to 't. It 'll make a rare bonfire to burn that ugly old will in."

A boisterous laugh here broke from the remorseless Gilbert. It fell upon my ear as something with which I had once been disagreeably familiar. The voice of the first speaker, too, seemed to sound like the echoes of childhood. A friendly chink permitted me to gain the information I sought: there stood my uncle, and his trusty familiar. In my youth I had contracted a somewhat unaccountable aversion to the latter personage. I well remembered his downcast gray eye, deprived of its fellow; and the malignant pleasure he took in thwarting and disturbing my childish amusements. This prepossessing Cyclop held a tinder-box, and was preparing to light a match. My uncle's figure I could not mistake: a score of winters had cast their shadows on his brow since we had separated; but he still stood as he was wont—tall, erect, and muscular, though age had slightly drooped his proud forehead; and I could discern his long-lapped waistcoat somewhat less conspicuous in front. He was my mother's brother, and the only surviving relation on whom I had any claim. My fears were set at rest, but curiosity stole into their place. I felt an irrepressible inclination to watch their proceedings, though

eaves-dropping was a procedure that I abhorred. I should, I am confident—at least I hope so—have immediately discovered myself, had not a single word which I had overheard prevented me. The "will" to which they alluded might to me, perhaps, be an object of no trivial importance.

"I wish with all my heart it were burnt!" said my uncle.

"The will or the house?" peevishly retorted Gilbert.

"Both!" cried the other, with an emphasis and expression that made me tremble.

"If we burn the house, the papers will not rise out of it, depend on 't, master," continued Gilbert; "and that box, in the next closet, will not be like Goody Blake's salamander that she talks about."

I began to feel particularly uncomfortable.

"I wish they had all been burnt long ago," said mine honest uncle.—After a pause he went on: "This scapegrace nephew of mine will be here shortly. For fear of accidents—accidents, I say, Gilbert—it were better to have all safe. Who knows what may be lurking in the old house, to rise up some day as a witness against us! I intend either to pull it down or set fire to it. But we 'll make sure of the will first."

"A rambling jackanapes of a nephew!" said Gilbert; "I hoped the fishes had been at supper on him before now. We never thought, master, he could be alive, as he sent no word about his being either alive or dead. But I guess,

continued this amiable servant, "he might ha' staid longer an' you wouldn't ha' fretted for his company."

Listeners hear no good of themselves, but I determined to reward the old villain very shortly for his good wishes.

"Gilbert, when there 's work to do, thou art always readier with thy tongue than with thy fingers. Look! the match has gone out twice—leave off puffing, and fetch the box—I 'll manage about the candle."

I began to feel a strange sensation rambling about me. Gilbert left the room, however, and I applied myself with redoubled diligence to the crevice. My dishonest relation proceeded to revive the expiring sparks: the light shone full upon his hard features. It might be fancy, but guilt, broad, legible, remorseless guilt, seemed to mark every inflection of his visage: his brow contracted—his eye turned cautiously and fearfully round the apartment, and more than once it rested upon the gap I had made. I saw him strike his hand upon his puckered brow, and a stifled groan escaped him; but, as if ashamed of his better feelings, he clenched it in an attitude of defiance, and listened eagerly for the return of his servant. The slow footsteps of Gilbert soon announced his approach, and apparently with some heavy burden. He threw it on the floor, and I heard a key applied and the rusty wards answering to the touch. The business in which they were now engaged was out of my limited sphere of vision.

"I think, master, the damps will soon ding down the old house: look at the wall; the paper hangs for all the

world like the clerk's wig—ha, ha!—If we should burn the whole biggin, we'd rid it o' the ghosts. Would they stand fire, think you, or be off to cooler quarters?"

"Hush, Gilbert; thou art wicked enough to bring a whole legion about us, if they be within hearing. I always seemed to treat these stories with contempt, Gilbert, but I never could very well account for the noises that old Dobbins and his wife heard. Thou knowest he was driven out of the house by them. People wondered that I did not come and live here, instead of letting it run to ruin. It's pretty generally thought that I fear neither man nor devil, but—oh! here it is; here is the will. I care nothing for the rest, provided this be cancelled."

"Ay, master, they said the ghost never left off scratching as long as any body was in the room. Which room was it, I wonder?—I never thought on't to inquire; but—I don't like this a bit. It runs in my head it is the very place, and behind that wall, too, where it took up its quarters; like as it might be just a-back of the paper there. Think you, master, the old tyke has pull'd it down wi' scratching?"

"Gilbert," said my uncle solemnly, "I don't like these jests of thine. Save them, I prithee, for fitter subjects. The will is what we came for. Let us dispose of that quietly, and I promise thee I'll never set foot here again."

As he spoke, he approached the candle—it was just within my view—and opened the will, that it might yield more readily to the blaze. I watched him evidently pre-

paring to consume a document with which I felt convinced my welfare and interests were intimately connected. There was not a moment to be lost; but how to get possession was no easy contrivance. If I sallied forth to its rescue, they might murder me, or at least prevent its falling into my hands. This plan could only prolong its existence a few moments, and would to a certainty ensure its eventual destruction. Gilbert's dissertation on the occupations and amusements of the ghost came very opportunely to my aid, and immediately I put into execution what now appeared my only hope of its safety. Just as a corner of the paper was entering the flame, I gave a pretty loud scratch, at the same time anxiously observing the effect it might produce. I was overjoyed to find the enemy intimidated at least by the first fire. Another volley, and another succeeded, until even the sceptical Gilbert was dismayed. My uncle seemed riveted to the spot, his hands widely disparted, so that the flame and its destined prey were now pretty far asunder. Neither of the culprits spoke, and I hoped that little more would be necessary to rout them fairly from the field. As yet they did not seem disposed to move; and I was afraid of a rally, should reason get the better of their fears.

"Rats! rats!" shouted Gilbert. "We'll singe their tails for them." The scratching ceased. Again the paper was approaching to its dreaded catastrophe.

"*Beware!*" I cried, in a deep and sepulchral tone, that startled even the utterer. What effect it had produced on my auditory I was left alone to conjecture. The

candle dropped from the incendiary's grasp, and the spoil was left a prey to the bugbear that possessed their imaginations. With feelings of unmixed delight, I heard them clear the stairs at a few leaps, run through the hall, and soon afterwards a terrific bellow from Gilbert announced their descent into the avenue.

Luckily the light was not extinct, and I lost no time in taking possession of the document which I considered of the most importance. A number of loose papers, the contents of a huge trunk, were scattered about; but my attention was more particularly directed to the paper which had been the object of my uncle's visit to Etherington-house. To my great joy, this was neither less nor more than my father's will, witnessed and sealed in due form, wherein the possessions of my ancestors were conveyed, absolutely and unconditionally, without entail, unencumbered and unembarrassed, to me and to my assigns. I thought it most likely that the papers in and about the trunk might be of use, either as corroborative evidence, in case my uncle should choose to litigate the point and brand the original document as a forgery, or as a direct testimony to the validity of my claim. I was rather puzzled in what manner to convey them from the place, so as not to excite suspicion, should the two worthies return. I was pretty certain they would not leave matters as they now stood when their fears were allayed, and daylight would probably impart sufficient courage to induce them to repeat their visit. On finding the papers removed, the nature of this night's ghostly admonition would im-

mediately be guessed, and measures taken to thwart any proceedings which it might be in my power to adopt. To prevent discovery, I hit upon the following expedient.—I sorted out the waste paper, a considerable quantity of which served as envelopes to the rest, setting fire to it in such manner that the contents of the trunk might appear to have been destroyed by the falling of the candle. I succeeded very much to my own satisfaction. Disturbed and agonized as my feelings had been during the discovery, the idea of having defeated the plan of my iniquitous relative gave a zest to my acquisitions almost as great as if I had already taken possession of my paternal inheritance.

Before I left the apartment, I poured out my heart in thanksgivings to that unseen power whose hand, I am firmly convinced, brought me thither at so critical a moment, to frustrate the schemes and machinations of the enemy.

Bundling up the papers, my knowledge of the vicinity enabled me to reach a small tavern in the neighbourhood, without the risk of being recognized. Here I continued two or three days, examining the documents, with the assistance of an honest limb of the law from W——. He entertained considerable doubts as to the issue of a trial, feeling convinced that a forged will would be prepared, if not already in existence, and that my relative would not relinquish his fraudulent claim, should the law be openly appealed to. Mr. Latitat strongly recommended that proceedings of a different nature should be first tried, in hopes of enclosing the villain in his own toils; and these, if suc-

cessful, would save the uncertain and expensive process of a suit. I felt unwilling to adopt any mode of attack but that of open warfare, and urged, that possession of the real will would be sufficient to reinstate me as the lawful heir. The man of law smiled. He inquired how I should be able to prove, that the forgery which my uncle would in all probability produce was not the genuine testament: and as the date would inevitably be subsequent to the one I held, it would annul any former bequest. As to my tale about burning the will, that might or might not be treated as a story trumped up for the occasion. I had no witnesses to prove the fact; and though appearances were certainly in my favour, yet the case could only be decided according to evidence. With great reluctance I consented to take a part in the scheme he chalked out for my guidance, and on the third day from my arrival, I walked a few miles from the village, returning by the mail that it might appear as if I had only just arrived. On being set down at my uncle's, I had the satisfaction to find, as far as could be gathered from his manner, that he had no idea of my recent sojourn in the neighbourhood. Of course the conversation turned on the death of my revered parents and the way in which their property had been disposed of.

"I can only repeat," continued he, "what I, as the only executor under your father's will, was commissioned to inform you at his decease. The property was heavily mortgaged before your departure; and its continued depression in value, arising from causes that could not have been foreseen, left the executor no other alternative but

that of giving the creditors possession. The will is here," said he, taking out a paper, neatly folded and mounted with red tape, from a bureau. "It is necessarily brief, and merely enumerates the names of the mortgagees and amounts owing. I was unfortunately the principal creditor, having been a considerable loser from my wish to preserve the property inviolate. For the credit of the family I paid off the remaining incumbrances, and the estate has lapsed to me as the lawful possessor."

He placed the document in my hands. I read in it a very technical tribute of testamentary gratitude to Matthew Somerville, Esq. styled therein "beloved brother;" and a slight mention of my name, but no bequest, save that of recommending me to the kindness of my relative, in case it should please Heaven to send me once more to my native shores. I was aware he would be on the watch; guarding therefore against any expression of my feelings, I eagerly perused the deed, and with a sigh, which he would naturally attribute to any cause but the real one, I returned it into his hands.

"I find," said he, "from your letter received on the 23d current, that you are not making a long stay in this neighbourhood. It is better, perhaps, that you should not. The old house is sadly out of repair. Three years ago next May, David Dobbins, the tenant under lease from me, left it, and I have not yet been able to meet with another occupant fully to my satisfaction; indeed I have some intention of pulling down the house and disposing of the materials."

"Pulling it down!" I exclaimed, with indignation.

"Yes; that is, it is so untenantable—so—what shall I call it?—that nobody cares to live there."

"I hope it is not haunted?"

"Haunted!" exclaimed he, surveying me with a severe and scrutinizing glance. "What should have put that into your head?"

I was afraid I had said too much; and anxious to allay the suspicion I saw gathering in his countenance, "Nay, uncle," I quickly rejoined; "but you seemed so afraid of speaking out upon the matter, that I thought there must needs be a ghost at the bottom of it."

"As for that," said he, carelessly, "the foolish farmer and his wife did hint something of the sort; but it is well known that I pay no attention to such tales. The long and the short of it, I fancy, was, that they were tired of their bargain and wanted me to take it off their hands."

Here honest Gilbert entered, to say that Mr. Latitat would be glad to have a word with his master.

"Tell Mr. Latitat to walk in. We have no secrets here. Excuse me, nephew; this man is one of our lawyers from W——. He has nothing to communicate but what you may hear, I dare say. If he should have any private business, you can step into the next room."

The attorney entering, I was introduced as nephew to Mr. Somerville, just arrived from the Indies, and so forth. Standing, Mr. Latitat performed due obeisance.

"Sit down; sit down, Mr. Latitat," cried my uncle. "You need not be bowing there for a job. Poor fellow,

he has not much left to grease the paws of a lawyer. Well, sir, your errand?"

"I came, Mr. Somerville, respecting the manor-house. Perhaps you would not have any objections to a tenant?"

"I cannot say just now. I have had some thoughts of pulling it down."

"Sir! you would not demolish a building, the growth of centuries—a family mansion—been in the descent since James's time. It would be barbarous. The antiques would be about your ears."

"I care nothing for the antiquities; and, moreover, I do not choose to let the house. Any further business with me this morning, sir?"

"Nothing of consequence: I only came about the house."

"Pray, Mr. Latitat," said I, "what sort of a tenant have you in view—one you could recommend? I think my uncle has more regard for the old mansion-house of the Etheringtons than comports with the outrage he threatens. The will says, if I read aright, that the house and property may be sold, should the executor see fit; but as to pulling it down, I am sure my father never meant any thing so deplorable. Allow me another glance at that paper."

"Please to observe, nephew, that the will makes it mine, and as such I have a right to dispose of the whole in such manner as I may deem best. If you have any doubts, I refer you to Mr. Latitat, who sits smiling at your unlawyer-like opinions."

"Pray allow me one moment," said the curious Mr. Latitat. He looked at the signature, and that of the parties witnessing.

"Martha Somerville—your late sister, I presume?"

My uncle nodded assent.

"Gilbert Buntwisle—your servant?"

"The same. To what purpose, sir, are these questions?" angrily inquired my uncle.

"Merely matters of form—a habit we lawyers cannot easily throw aside whenever we get sight of musty parchments. I hope you will pardon my freedom?"

"Oh! as for that, you are welcome to ask as many questions as you think proper: they will be easily answered, I take it."

"Doubtless," said the persevering man of words. "Whenever I take up a deed, for instance—it is just the habit of the thing, Mr. Somerville—I always look at it as a banker looks at a note. He could not, for the life of him, gather one up without first ascertaining that it was genuine."

"Genuine!" exclaimed my uncle, thrown off his guard. "You do not suspect that I have forged it?"

"Forged it! why how could that enter your head, Mr. Somerville? I should as soon suspect you of forging a bank-note, or coining a guinea. Ringing a guinea, Mr. Somerville, does not at all imply that the payee suspects the payer to be an adept in that ingenious and much abused art. We should be prodigiously surprised, Mr. Somerville, if the payer was to start up in a tantrum,

and say, 'Do you suspect me, sir, of having coined it?'"

"Mr. Latitat, if you came hither for the purpose of insulting *me* ——"

"I came here upon no such business, Mr. Somerville; but as you seem disposed to be captious, I *will* make free to say, and it would be the opinion of ninety-nine hundredths of the profession, that it might possibly have been a little more satisfactory to the heir-apparent, had the witnesses to this the most solemn and important act of a man's life been any other than, firstly, a defunct sister to the party claiming the whole residue, and, secondly, Mr. Gilbert Buntwisle, his servant. Nay, Mr. Somerville," said the pertinacious lawyer, rising, "I do not wish to use more circumlocution than is necessary; I have stated my suspicions, and if you are an honest man, you can have no objections, at least, to satisfy your nephew on the subject, who seems, to say the truth, much astonished at our accidental parley."

"And pray, who made you a ruler and a judge between us?"

"*I* have no business with it, I own; but as you seemed rather angry, I made bold to give an opinion on the little technicalities aforesaid. If Mr. Etherington chooses," addressing himself to me, "the matter is now at rest."

"Of course," I replied, "Mr. Somerville will be ready to give every satisfaction that may be required, as regards the validity of the witnesses. I request, uncle, that you will not lose one moment in rebutting these in-

sinuations. For your own sake and mine, it is not proper that your conduct should go forth to the world in the shape in which this gentleman may think fit to represent it."

"If he dare speak one word ——"

"Nay, uncle, that is not the way to stop folks' mouths now-a-days. Nothing but the actual gag, or a line of conduct that courts no favour and requires no concealment, will pass current with the world. I request, sir," addressing myself to Latitat, "that you will not leave this house until you have given Mr. Somerville the opportunity of clearing himself from any blame in this transaction."

"As matters have assumed this posture," said Mr. Latitat, "I should be deficient in respect to the profession of which I have the honour to be a member, did I not justify my conduct in the best manner I am able. Have I liberty to proceed?"

"Proceed as you like, you will not prove the testament to be a forgery. The signing and witnessing were done in my presence," said Mr. Somerville. He rose from his chair, instinctively locked up his bureau; and, if such stern features could assume an aspect of still greater asperity, it was when the interrogator thus continued:— "You were, as you observe, Mr. Somerville, a witness to the due subscription of this deed. If I am to clear myself from the imputation of unjustifiable curiosity, I must beg leave to examine yourself and the surviving witness apart, merely as to the minutiæ of the circumstances under which it was finally completed: for instance,

was the late Mr. Etherington in bed, or was he sick, or well, when the deed was executed?"

A cadaverous hue stole over the dark features of the culprit; their aspect varying and distorted, in which fear and deadly anger painfully strove for pre-eminence.

"And wherefore apart?" said he, with a hideous grin. He stamped suddenly on the floor.

"If that summons be for your servant, you might have saved yourself the trouble, Mr. Somerville," said Latitat, with great coolness and intrepidity. "Gilbert is at my office, whither I sent him on an errand, thinking he would be best out of the way for a while. I find, however, that we shall have need of him. It is as well, nevertheless, that he is out of the reach of signals."

"A base conspiracy!" roared the infuriated villain. "Nephew, how is this? And in my own house—bullied—baited! But I will be revenged—I will—"

Here he became exhausted with rage, and sat down. On Mr. Latitat attempting to speak, he cried out—"I will answer no questions, and I defy you. Gilbert may say what he likes; but he cannot contradict my words. I 'll speak none."

"These would be strange words, indeed, Mr. Somerville, from an innocent man. Know you that WILL?" said the lawyer, in a voice of thunder, and at the same timé exhibiting the real instrument so miraculously preserved from destruction. I shall never forget his first look of horror and astonishment. Had a spectre risen up, arrayed in all the terrors of the prison-house, he could not

have exhibited more appalling symptoms of unmitigated despair. He shuddered audibly. It was the very crisis of his agony. A portentous silence ensued. Some minutes elapsed before it was interrupted. Mr. Latitat was the first to break so disagreeable a pause.

"Mr. Somerville, it is useless to carry on this scene of duplicity: neither party would be benefited by it. *You have forged that deed!* We have sufficient evidence of your attempt to destroy this document I now hold, in the very mansion which your unhallowed hands would, but for the direct interposition of Providence, have levelled with the dust. On one condition, and on one only, your conduct shall be concealed from the knowledge of your fellow-men. The eye of Providence alone has hitherto tracked the tortuous course of your villany. On one condition, I say, the past is for ever concealed from the eye of the world." Another pause. My uncle groaned in the agony of his spirit. Had his heart's blood been at stake, he could not have evinced a greater reluctance than he now showed at the thoughts of relinquishing his ill-gotten wealth.

"What is it?"

"Destroy with your own hands that forged testimony of your guilt. Your nephew does not wish to bring an old man's gray hairs to an ignominious grave."

He took the deed and, turning aside his head, committed it to the flames. He appeared to breathe more freely when it was consumed; but the struggle had been too severe even for his unyielding frame, iron-bound

though it seemed. As he turned trembling from the hearth, he sunk into his chair, threw his hands over his face, and groaned deeply. The next moment he fixed his eyes steadily on me. A glassy brightness suddenly shot over them; a dimness followed like the shadows of death. He held out his hand; his head bowed; and he bade adieu to the world and its interests for ever!

TO THE SWALLOW,

PREPARING TO EMIGRATE.

A SONNET.

BY ALEXANDER BALFOUR, ESQ.

AND canst thou leave my hospitable dome,
Where on my sheltering sash thy nest was hung—
When thou securely in thy clay-built home
Didst patient hatch and fondly nurse thy young?
I saw thee swiftly shoot across the sky,
And sport where Summer wanton'd in her prime;
She smiles no more—thou plumest thy wings to fly,
And seek for shelter in a milder clime.
Ungrateful bird!—have I not been thy friend?
Did not my guardian care protect thy nest?—
With watchful eye from every foe defend?—
Nor cat nor climbing boy could thee molest.
So summer friends, when clouds begin to lower,
Forsake us in the storm of chill Misfortune's hour.

THE CONVENT-BELL.

BY JOHN LUSCOMBE, ESQ.

Oh ! listen, listen to the toll of yonder deep-toned bell !
Sadly it comes upon the blast, across yon forest dell ;
Long years have pass'd since last that sound was heard
o'er hill and dale—
The peasant starts, and drops his work—his cheek is wan
and pale.
What means that dismal sound ? and say what means
that piercing cry ?
The mournful tale is quickly told—this day a nun must
die :
For she has broke her vow to God, and fled the convent
walls,
To join Sir Albert in the wars, and live within his halls.

But must it be ?—Can none avert the maiden's dreadful
doom ?
Alas ! 'tis vain, no power can save—she stands beside the
tomb.
Her judges now have left the cell, and one more shriek is
heard ;
So loud, so piercing is the sound, that yonder snowy bird
Flies swifter on his way, and higher soars above the lake,
But sister Agnes, blighted flow'r, on earth will never
wake.

THE MOTHER'S GRAVE.

And that same dew which sometime on the buds
Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty infant's eyes
In tears.

SHAKSPEARE.

LOOK, sister sweet, upon that hallow'd stone!
We stand upon a spot of love and fear;
For there is laid a heart, the fondest one,
That ever left its children weeping here!

There sleeps our mother in the silent dust,
By all our sorrow, all our love unmoved;
Sleeps, till the solemn summons of the just
Bids her awake, to meet the God she loved.

I saw her fainting on her bed of pain;
I saw her like the leaves of autumn lie;
I saw her strive to smile, but strive in vain—
And then I—no, I dared not see her die!

Then came the bitter pageant of the grave—
The fearful hearse, the following, weeping crowd:
I saw—'twas but one look—the plumage wave,
And long'd to slumber with her in her shroud.

Thou King of kings, who on the babes didst smile,
And take the little ones upon thy knee,
Guide us through earth, and all its snares, awhile—
Then take us, innocent, to rest with thee!

Sweet sister, bend no more on earth thine eyes,
No more weep idly on that silent stone;
But fix thy gaze, thy soul, upon those skies—
There shall we go—for there our mother 's gone!

THE VILLAGE MAID.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

Blest is the humble village maid,
Who peaceful sits beneath the shade;
No anxious cares or thoughts has she,
Her life from guilt and sorrow free;
Content she dwells the live-long day,
And sings her rustic roundelay.
How gladly would *my* heart exchange
Its present lot, like her to range
The meadows green, the pastures fair;
For peace and virtue 'habit there.
I 'm sick of life's tumultuous noise,
Its crowded scenes, its heartless joys,
Where, under Pleasure's smiling 'guise,
Pale Sorrow, like a serpent, lies
(As the thorn lurks beneath the rose)
To rob the bosom of repose.
The world contains no charm for me;
My wearied heart pants to be free,
And sighs to seek the peaceful shade,
And wander with the village maid.

THE

GUELPH AND THE GHIBELLINE:

A SCENE FROM AN UNPUBLISHED TRAGEDY.

BY MISS EMMA ROBERTS.

Scene, the Market-place in Florence.

The curtain rises at the conclusion of the Italian pantomime; a crowd of artisans and mechanics surround the stage.

Crowd. BRAVO! bravo! thanks, good Arlecchino;
It was a rare device.

Michele. How the knave roar'd
Beneath the castigation! I could gaze
Upon such sport for ever. Will ye please
Accept this copper? For your sake I would
It were a golden ducat.

Arlecchino. We have still
Another entertainment, quaintly stuff'd
With subtle disquisitions, pertinent
And bold conclusions. All the signiory,
And divers nobles, knights, and gentlemen,
Have honour'd the performance with applause.

Pietro. Out on these fooleries!—is this a time
To squander hard-earned money on a show,
And list to jests, when in the senate-house
Our liberties are barter'd?

Mob. Who will dare
Infringe our liberties?—speak, speak, Pietro!

Pietro. Down with the Ghibellines! I say, bestir,

Bestir yourselves, my masters, and resist
This innovation of our rights! defend
Florence, our city, from these raging wolves,
These traitorous Ghibellines!

Mob. We are stubborn Guelphs.
Down with the Ghibellines!

Michele. What is a Guelph?
And what a Ghibelline? [*A pause.*

Claudio (*to Pietro*). Dost thou know, friend?

Pietro. A Ghibelline! a Ghibelline 's a devil,
And we are Guelphs.

Mob. Yes, all are true-born Guelphs.
Down with the Ghibellines!

Claudio. What is this coil
About the Ghibellines? they have been long
Proscribed and exiled from the Tuscan state.

Pietro. The senate have abolish'd the decree,
And Marcian Alberoni, he the last
Of that devoted race whom Freedom doom'd
To bleed on her high altar, has return'd——

Claudio. Hopeless and homeless, to his native land,
His fortune confiscated, and the high,
The lofty titles which his sires had won,
Wrested away by the strong hand of power.

Pietro. His ancestors were Ghibellines, and they
Deserved their fate—rank tyrants! Honest Guelphs,
Defend your privileges; raise the cry,
The good old cry, by which we have preserved
Our city free.

Mob. Down with the Ghibellines!
Down with the Ghibellines!

Enter VALERIO *and* GERALDI.

Valerio. Silence, ye knaves,
Ye idle babblers of an empty sound,
Nor raise the cry of faction! 'Tis the shame,
The curse of our republic, that she breeds
This fierce contentious spirit. Do ye know
What ye would ask, or wish for?

Mob. Liberty!

Valerio. Licence to slaughter Ghibellines! Peace, peace!
Back to your homes, and earn an honest meal—
Eat, drink, and sleep. Perform the daily tasks
Allotted to your state, nor seek to guide
The public councils by your drunken zeal.

Pietro. Ah, we are like to witness heavy times!
Our tongues are bridled, and our burthen'd backs
Groan 'neath the load these nobles have imposed.
'T were something still to be allow'd to rail
Against the Ghibellines, but that 's denied.

Agostino. We must look tamely on, and see our rights
Destroy'd and trampled down—these exiles gain
By swift degrees their ancient power and strength—

Michele. Pay taxes to uphold their dignity,
And starve, that they may feed!

Valerio. Dost mark, Geraldi,
This greasy senate, how the rogues dilate

Upon their fancied grievances? Poor fools!
Were ye enslaved—were ye not *masters* here,
Ye would not dare to murmur your complaints,
Or trust the midnight breezes with your groans.
Go to! ye prate upon the market-place
Your shallow thoughts—get fat, and be content.

Pietro. Content! when we are rail'd at—when we see
Corruption rage, the nobles bearing sway,
Running a race of wild intemperance,
And we the sufferers!

Agostino. Feasting, drinking,
Wenching, at our expense! our wives the prey
Of trim gallants!

Michele. Our sweethearts lured away
By silken gauds!

Pietro. The senate all alike,
All sunk in wickedness!

Valerio. There 's more to come—
The venom 's not expended.

Pietro. You may smile,
And curl your lip in scorn: perchance your brow
May wrinkle to a frown, if you remain
To hear unwelcome truth.

Michele. Be not abash'd
By a rich tunic—probe him to the quick:
Speak, Agostino.

Valerio. Ay, speak on, and fear not.
Here I, Valerio Montalbano, stand
Before your sage tribunal. Have ye aught

To urge against me? treason to the state,
Or private wrong, or public injury?
Say, are those laurels tarnish'd which ye bound
Round my victorious brows? Have I grown cold
And disregardful of your interests,
Seduced your daughters, tamper'd with your wives,
Wrung the hard earnings from your toil-worn hands,
Or drain'd the brimming and voluptuous bowl,
While pale-eyed want and beggar'd misery
Starved at my gate? Speak! bring me to the proof!—
Have ye no tongues—no utterance?—All mute?
Out, ye vile rabble!—sculk into your dens;
Nor in the corners of the street indulge
In vulgar slander. Get ye gone, I say!
Away!—disperse! [*Exeunt* MOB.

Geraldi. Now, by my faith, Valerio,
Thou bear'st it bravely.

Valerio. I am in the mood
To quarrel with these factious knaves; it chafes
My spirit to behold the prejudice
Which still exists against the exiles,—men,
Unfortunate and guiltless, who have paid
Too dearly for their fathers' crimes.

Geraldi. And yet,
'Tis scarce six years, I think, since thy young lip
Pour'd its untutor'd eloquence against
A measure, which, but for *thy* rhetoric,
Might have been carried to restore the heirs
Of banish'd Ghibellines to the lost names,

Estates, and titles of their ancestors.
'Twas deem'd thou hadst inherited the hate
Borne by Duke Cosmo to the rival house
Of Alberoni; and for Marcian's sake
Quench'd the bright spark of mercy by thy bold
And overwhelming vehemence.

Valerio. I know
A better motive was denied, and I
Contented bore the slander; for I felt,
With all the pride of conscious honesty,
That 'twas a purer sentiment which fired
My eager tongue. Yet do I now repent
My boyish ardour—the mistaken zeal
Which prompted me to crush a prostrate foe,
E'en though I deem'd him the state's enemy.
My father's quarrel was unthought of, lost
In the more patriotic contest 'twixt
The Guelph and Ghibelline.

Geraldi. A contest which
You now disclaim?—

Valerio. Yes, from my heart of hearts.
Oh, had yon idle rabble oped their lips
In honest accusation—had they named
Young Marcian Alberoni—told the wrongs
Which he had suffer'd, I had quail'd beneath
The just rebuke—stood dumb before them, struck
With the deep sense of my unworthiness.
'Tis done—'tis past recall; too late I see
The fatal error. In my youthful pride,

The son of one my father doom'd to death,
I doom'd to banishment. 'Twas in my power,
I might have welcomed him to country, friends,—
Restored to him his lost inheritance;
But in the full rash plenitude of pride—
The giddy love of popularity—
I joined the common voice, the vulgar cry,
Against the Ghibellines.

Geraldi. Sound policy,
At least, good cousin; and perchance 't were well
If thou hadst persevered. The Alberoni
Have proved no lukewarm enemies: the feud
Has been kept up time immemorial
With equal rancour.

Valerio. Fed with human blood,
And nursed by human suffering, to me
It is the blot, the deep and deadly stain
Of that fair chronicle we proudly boast
As the bright annal of our princely house;
And in my gayest revel I am accost
By a pale spectre, Marcian Alberoni.
Had I beheld him struggling with the waves,
Dash'd 'mid the mountain billows of the deep
And whelming ocean; with his dying eyes
Imploring succour, and withheld my aid;
Watch'd him sink down the fathomless abyss,
And gazed upon his ghastly countenance
Till it grew livid as the pale sea-weed,
And his fair form was lost and indistinct

In the green ooze around him—I had felt
Less conscience-smitten; for his life alone
Had been the forfeit of my enmity.
I have entail'd more lasting plagues upon him
Than the brief combat with untimely death.

Geraldi. You think of this too deeply, good my lord;
Banish such gloomy phantasies, nor fret
Your soul in sackcloth. We shall see, anon,
The heir of Montalbano turning monk,
And counting beads to expiate his sins—
His deep offence against the Alberoni.

Valerio. I have no right, Geraldi, to intrude
The morbid feelings of my conscious heart
On thy free spirit.

Geraldi. No apology!
I have no cares to vex me: my domains
Lie in a narrow compass; and, for rank,
His Grace's kinsman only. I have need
Of slender state, therefore you may repose
On me, good coz, the superfluity
Of those abundant troubles which your wealth
And lofty titles bring as the sure tax
Of splendour. I will try to sympathize—
Though truly I can little understand
The woes of fortune's gilded favourite.

Valerio. Thou hast a happy disposition, friend;
And for thy fortunes, trust to me, Geraldi,
They shall amend. It grieves me to confess,
That I must lose a parent ere my purse

Can be as open as my heart. I would
The duke knew his true interests; his son,
I fear, alone will weep when he is dust.
Oh, I would have my father live enshrined,
Like to a patron saint, in men's regards;
His name for ever hallow'd in the souls
Of his dependents; every breath of air
Musical with the poor man's orisons,
The orphan's blessing.

Geraldi. My Valerio,
Whilst youthful blood runs wanton through our veins
In the gay spring of manhood, when the flowers
Of our existence have not lost one bright,
One crimson tint—there is enough of bliss
In the gay world before us. We'll not give
A single thought to those dim years which sleep
In the dark bosom of futurity.

A SONG OF DEATH.

He laid him by the forest tree,
And he sang, oh, so wearily.
BEN JONSON.

HERE I come, Love, to strew
Flowers on thy bed;
Roses all dropping dew:
Thus will we wed!
Oh, day of woe!

I had a dream last night
  Thou wert my bride:
Yet was thy lip all white
  By thy love's side.
    Oh, day of woe!

Then thou wert in thy shroud,
  Floating afar,
As on the evening cloud
  Wakes a young star.
    Oh, day of woe!

Morning away, away;
  Come, gentle dream, again—
Till in my grave they lay
  This burning brain.
    Oh, day of woe!

I saw thy dying brow,
  Saw thy wan cheek—
Thou art with angels now:
  Heart, why not break?
    Oh, day of woe!

Whose is the voice I hear,
  "Come, my true love!"
Youths, now prepare my bier;
  We meet above.
    Oh, day of joy!

HUMAN LIFE.

BY BERNARD BARTON, ESQ.

In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth.—Psalm xc. 6.

I WALK'D the fields at morning's prime,
The grass was ripe for mowing;
The sky-lark sang his matin chime,
And all was brightly glowing.

"And thus," I cried, "the ardent boy,
His pulse with rapture beating,
Deems Life's inheritance is joy—
The future proudly greeting."

I wander'd forth at noon:—alas!
On earth's maternal bosom
The scythe had left the withering grass
And stretch'd the fading blossom.

And thus, I thought with many a sigh,
The hopes we fondly cherish,
Like flowers which blossom but to die,
Seem only born to perish.

Once more, at eve, abroad I stray'd,
Through lonely hay-fields musing;
While every breeze that round me play'd
Rich fragrance was diffusing.

The perfumed air, the hush of eve,
To purer hopes appealing,
O'er thoughts perchance too prone to grieve,
Scatter'd the balm of healing.

For thus "the actions of the just,"
When Memory hath enshrined them,
E'en from the dark and silent dust
Their odour leave behind them.

SONNET.

WRITTEN IN JULY, 1824.

BY MISS MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

How oft, amid the heap'd and bedded hay,
Under the oak's broad shadow deep and strong,
Have we sat listening to the noon-day song,
(If song it were), monotonously gay,
Which crept along the field, the summer lay
O' the grasshopper. Summer is come in pride
Of fruit and flower, garlanded as a bride,
And crown'd with corn, and graced with length of day:
But cold is come with her. We sit not now,
Listening that merry music of the earth,
Like Ariel beneath the blossom'd bough;
But all for chillness round the social hearth
We cluster.—Hark! a sound of kindred mirth
Echoes! Oh, wintery cricket, welcome thou!

A DREAM OF YOUTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE LEGEND OF GENEVIEVE," &c.

STILL was the air, and all the scene
Brought gladness to the gazing eye—
So sweet, so soothingly serene,
The smiling earth, and answering sky.

Those heavenly tones again I heard
That taught my youthful heart to melt;
And every look and whisper'd word
Recall'd what once my spirit felt:

The wild delight of circling ties—
The cloudless glow of open truth—
The thousand darling witcheries,
That gild th' enchanted years of youth!

Methought 'twas eve—the star of Love
Shone o'er us with benignant ray;
The thrush, amid the boughs above,
Sang sweet to hymn departing day;

And waned away the western fires,
The towers of Cloudland's fairy clime;
As fancy's picturing glow expires,
Before the eyes of riper time.

All else was hush'd—thine eye with mine
Was fix'd on evening's courier star;
I turn'd, and oh that glance of thine
Was sure as bright, but warmer far!

It woke the dreams, which I have dream'd,
When own'd my soul young passion's birth;
And being seem'd, as then it seem'd,
A span of sunshine spent on earth.

Our words were of those happier days,
To all except remembrance dead,
That now but tell reflection's gaze
How sweet they were—how swift they fled.

The spirit of my boyish years
Back to my heart rekindling came,
Ere Love's bright torch was quench'd by tears,
Or Pleasure proved an empty name.

I saw thee as I knew thee first,
When, flashing on my raptured mind,
The glory of thine image burst,
Like seraph mix'd with womankind:

And then I felt how years of cloud
Had come those sunny times between,
When Heaven was wrapt as in a shroud,
And darkness veil'd earth's pastures green.

Thy bosom heaved, and I forgot
All fancied wrongs that sigh to see,
While every woe that dimm'd my lot
Seem'd vanish'd, when I gazed on thee.

For, oh! unto thy charms were given
Whate'er boon Nature's hand could spare,—
All that is bright or blue in heaven—
All that on earth is fresh or fair.

So kindly were thy words, my woes
Were charm'd to peace, my bosom burn'd;
The beam of past days re-arose,
And all my youthful hopes return'd.

I wonder'd how my heart had been
Of little faith to one so true;
And all Love's halcyon days were seen
By Memory's eye in fond review;

Since first absorb'd in youthful flame
I craved a ringlet of thy hair,
Which through long years remains the same,
Beside a heart that feels despair.

Our walks amid th' autumnal woods—
Our saunterings by the sounding sea—
When Nature's choicest solitudes
Seem'd, Ida, form'd for thee and me.

In mutual faith we pledged the kiss;
Again youth's fairy realms arose;
When sudden from my dreaming bliss
I woke to life's unsleeping woes.

I woke—alas! 'tis sad to wake,
When slumbers only proffer joy;
And manhood feels, with thoughts that ache,
How sweet 'twas once to be a boy!

Melted the Elysian scenes away,
As on my couch the clear moon shone;
To muse and meditate I lay,
Dejected, silent, and alone.

I felt that sickening pensiveness,
That pleasure drugg'd with pain's alloy,
Which rules the bosom of distress,
When Retrospection pores on joy.

I woke—but where wert thou, my star?
My bark on brumal tides was tost;
And sever'd by rude fates afar
Wert thou, I worshipp'd, won, and lost!!

△.

HANS IN KELDER;

A LEGEND OF THE GREAT FROST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "CHRONICLES OF LONDON BRIDGE."

Oh roving Muse! recall that wond'rous year,
When Winter reign'd in bleak Britannia's air;
When hoary Thames, with frosted osiers crown'd,
Was three long moons in icy fetters bound.
The waterman, forlorn, along the shore,
Pensive reclines upon his useless oar;
See harness'd steeds desert the stony town,
And wander roads unstable, not their own;
Wheels o'er the harden'd water smoothly glide,
And rase, with whiten'd tracks, the slippery tide.
Here the fat cook piles high the blazing fire,
And scarce the spit can turn the steer entire;
Booths sudden hide the Thames, long streets appear,
And numerous games proclaim the crowded fair.

GAY.

ITALY has its yearly carnivals; and Holland and Russia can boast of the splendour, durability, and extent of the annual fairs and assemblies upon their frozen waters. In modern London, however, such gay scenes are almost entirely unknown; excepting when a winter of unusual severity freezes up her Thames, and makes it, for a brief season, emulate the icy rivers of Belgium itself. But whilst such occurrences are so rare as to stand prominently out from the file of ordinary events, many of the more common ancient civic disports have also entirely departed this life, and exist only in our old Chronicles, or in those romances which picture out the manners of London's vanished days. For much of this abridgment of our mirth we may thank the Puritans; and modern refinement and wisdom have nearly swept away the little which they left. Where, I pray you, be our May-games?

Why, gone with the famous May-pole of St. Andrew Undershaft, which that fierce zealot, Sir Stephen, the curate of Cree-church, preached down, and had sawn into pieces for fire-wood, as Stowe tells us. Where is now the glorious sight of the Midsummer watch, on the eve of St. John, when glass lamps, flowers, and green herbs, decked the streets through which it passed? It ceased, even against Elizabeth's express command, from a want of the same ancient spirit which inspired it in the time of Henry VIII. Where be the brave processions of archers, and their trials of skill in the suburbs of London? Alas, *their* glory set in the great shooting-match in Finsbury, in 1583, and Charles I. tried in vain to revive it. But if I should separately recount all the features of decay, time would indeed fail me: our costly pageants are unknown; our splendid mummings are ended; the youths of London no longer contend with sword and buckler after evening prayer; nor do the maidens play on their timbrels, and dance in the presence of their masters and dames for garlands suspended across the streets. All these are past! and London in its magnificent, its simple, and its innocent pastimes, is no more! One scene, however, in which the city yet bears a considerable resemblance to its former days, is when the Thames is frozen over; when tents are erected, and various sports are carried on upon its surface. Some instances have occurred, even in our own times, which convey to us a good conception of those of centuries past. And now, if the reader will only look back with me for one

hundred and forty-two years from this present January, in the year of human redemption, 1826, I will depict, in as lively features as I may, a legend of that great frost which characterised the closing reign of king Charles the Second.

It was during the winter of the year 1683, that a tall man of a foreign aspect, a most cadaverous countenance, and a torn, ancient habit, expressive of the greatest poverty, engaged a lonely and miserable hovel, seated on the worst part of the Bankside, by the river Thames. As he placed in the hands of his landlord a sum amounting to the full worth of the building for ever, he was allowed to take up his residence without many inquiries; and the only information elicited from him was, that he had spent most of his life abroad, where he acquired the Dutch title of *Hans in Kelder*, or Jack in the Cellar, from his habits of retirement. When he did engage himself in any occupation, it was as an herbalist to the apothecaries, in whose service he frequently absented himself for whole days from home. As the good people of England found at this period abundance to talk of in the public events that were daily occurring, Master Hans was for some time left to enjoy his kelder in quietness; but as he neither discovered plots nor plotted himself, minded only his own concerns, was no gossiper, and did not frequent either the convivial parties, or the Puritan meeting-houses, around him, his neighbours began to think that he must be little better than one of the wicked —simply because he so slightly resembled themselves. His character was the more misrepresented, in proportion

to the distance at which it was canvassed: thus he was shrewdly doubted at the Puritan ale-house, entitled "the God encompasseth us,"—or, as some called it, either from waggery or brevity, the Goat and Compasses—on the Bankside; he was openly suspected at the Lamb and Leather Breeches, in the Borough; and at the Pedlar and his Pack, on London-bridge, he was actually denounced by the discordant names of Whig, Papist, Puritan, prophet, madman, and wizard. However, he contrived to live through it all; and as he drank only water, he kept himself alike free from the scores of knavish *publicans*, and the inquiries of multitudes of inquisitive *sinners*. But to speak the plain truth, there certainly were some points in his life really calculated to excite somewhat more than mere vulgar curiosity. He had never been known to cross the bridge into the city, since his first coming to dwell on the Bankside; and his diet was of so ascetic a nature, that none could ever discover any thing like ordinary food going into his house. Manchet, the puritan baker, who lived at the sign of the Golden Shewbread, over against the Bridge-gate, affirmed that he must be little better than a Hebrew Jew, who did not eat the same bread as his neighbours; and added something about the leaven of unrighteousness. Aitchbone, the butcher, too—who resided in that market, which until about seventy years past occupied the middle of the main street of the Borough—swore stoutly that a man who loved not his trencher must be worse than a Turk, and ought to be sent to grass like king Nebuchadnezzar. Another

worthy, of the same sagacious and disinterested class, was also mightily enraged at the quiet and inoffensive Hans in Kelder: this was Master Saunders Spleuchan, a Scots tobacconist, and tavern-keeper of London bridge, the *élève* and successor of the late Master Shortcut of the Tobacco-roll and Flaggon; to whose sign the witty king James added the classical but quibbling motto of "*Io Bacche.*"

Now Master Saunders considered within himself that he of all others had a right to be angered at the recluse's neglect of his wares. "For," thought he, and he thought it aloud and in broad Scotch, "say the loon were a wee bit o' a papist, whilk is no muckle to be doubted, yet the reek o' gude Virginy tobacco is free to ilka sect in this modern Babel o' London: for yere strait-warped puritan taks it in his meeting-house; and yere swithering loons they ca' quakers fuff it awa' in their dumb assemblies; and yere organ-loving episcopalian fills his pouch wi' the best o' Oronooko; and yere image-worshipping tyke o' the paip does na scorn to mak his pipe reek like a killogie. For my ain part, I sae love to moralize the Indian weed ower a tankard o' my ain October, that the gude wife aye thinks I 'm fou, when I 've emptied only a short English quart stoup or twa."—"And I shouldn't wonder if the good wife 's very much in the right, Master Saunders, he, he, ha—hoh!" said a pompous, rough voice, behind the reflecting tobacconist. Now this voice belonged to no less a personage than the worshipful Master Democritus Overcrow, the beadle of St. Magnus' church, London-bridge. He was a fine specimen of the ancient

city parish officer; overbearing alike in his wisdom and his wit; in all matters and in all companies he was desirous of being the prime mover, principal agent, and centre of gravity. If the debate were serious, he spake long and loudly; if the conversation were jocular, he was still long and still loud, garnishing his discourse with sly witticisms and dull jokes of his own, to which he was particularly addicted, when he relaxed his conceited features to a laugh. Lest his hearers, however, should presume upon this freedom, he would bridle up his mouth with that full and pursy titter, which usually characterises your wealthy and important busy-body.

"It 's very like, Master Saunders," said this worthy pillar of St. Magnus, "that the good wife, as you call her, is quite right about your moralizing with a pipe and tankard; she 's afraid you should be too moral—righteous overmuch, you know, he, he, ha—hoh!"—"What 's yere wull?" answered Saunders, putting on his most stupid look, that he might have time to collect his thoughts; "twa pun' o' mild pudding, did ye say? What 's yere wull?"—"*Wool*, man?" replied Overcrow, "thou art truly *wool-gathering*; he, he, ha—hoh! I was saying that your good wife—why d' ye call her so? we 've no good wives in England! he, he, ha—hoh!"—"My certie, Maister Overcrow! and is it yeresel?" ejaculated the wily tobacconist, as if he had then for the first time discovered his visitor; "come awa', man, come awa' wi' ye intil the parlour; I hae gotten a thing to tell ye of that 's o' muckle concern till the parish: come awa', come

awa'." As they entered, Saunders pointed out to his guest, through the window of his small back room, which overhung the western side of London-bridge, and looked up the Thames, the tents and fair which were then erected upon the ice; for this scene took place in the January of 1683-4. "Ay," said Overcrow, "that's *Blanket* fair, standing on a *sheet* of ice, over the *bed* of the river: he, he, ha—hoh! Direful frost this, Master Splutter."—"Spleuchan, wi' yere favour," interrupted the tobacconist: "I aye kenned it wad be a lang and sair frost; but we 'll cry up a tankard, Maister Demicrock, and then I 'll tell ye my story."—"Do so, Splutter; and if thine ale be good, I 'll *cry up the tankard;* he, he, ha—hoh!" and when the beverage was produced, and the two worthies of St. Magnus were seated by a blazing fire, Saunders Spleuchan thus began his legend:—

"Ye maun ken, Maister Bedral, that the laigh chalmers o' these biggings are in the piers o' this muckle auld brig."—"*Lay chambers?*" interrupted Overcrow, "what be they, friend Splutter?—the *bed-rooms*, I should guess by their name; he, he, ha—hoh!"—"Na, na, wi' yere favour, sir, they 're no the bed-rooms, but the cellars, where the wee winnocks look out upon the river, and the braid flats o' wood, that the folk ca' the starlings. Weel, Maister Demiclock."—"Democritus, friend Splutter, you mean Democritus," again interrupted Overcrow. "Ay, weel, I 'm sure I said Demicrock," answered the tobacconist; "and I 'm sure ye might tak yere ain tale hame, and ca' me Spleuchan, instead o' Splutter, whilk is but

a sorry kind o' title, ye ken. Howbeit, Maister Bedral, in ane o' thae rooms we keepit the ale-barrel, and ye 'll find it a good browst, wi' a double straik o' malt in it; so ye see that when I tak the solace o' a pipe of leaf-tobacco after the fash o' the day is ower, I aye get me a pint stoup to moisten it withal, or it may be twa; but its a' in sobriety. Now ye see that ane night in the beginning o' this frost, when we 'd a fresh browst in, I was fain to taste it, to ken whether it was gude, and sae I went down by mysel wi' the tankard in my hand, whiles the moon was shining through the winnock, and glinted bonnily on the spiggot. A bitter cauld night it was, mair by token, that I tasted the yill mair than ance, but ye 're no to think that I was fou."—"I think ye *full*, Master Splutter!" exclaimed Overcrow; "no, God save the mark! I think you can't be full, he, he, ha—hoh!"

"Weel, Maister Bedral, when I 'd found that the yill was gude, as I was coming back I heard a sort o' an eldritch crooning; and, on looking through the winnock, there stood on ane o' the starlings, about a cat's-loup aff me, a fearsome-looking chiel o' a mighty age, wi' a beard as lang as an ellwand, and wrappit in his white deadclaithes, swithering and quaking in the cauld moonlight! It was nae time then to be thinking o' the yill, for I kenned I 'd seen either the deil or Jock Frost; but though I tried to cast up a bit prayer or spell, I gied ane lusty scritch and cowpit down on the ground, owerturning the barrel as I fell, and so lay in a dwam till the gudewife and her quean cam down to lift me. Weel, sir, ye wadna

think it, but as they found me lying wi' the empty pint stoup and the yill rinning aboot the floor, Drunken Tyke was the best word in their wame; for the bogle had vanished, and they wadna believe that I 'd been fleyed by ony ghaist at a', and no ane has seen it since." "No, friend, I dare say not," replied Overcrow, "and they thought belike that you should have been *flayed* by a constable at the Bridge watch-house—he! he! ha! hoh!" "My certie," ejaculated the tobacconist, "and wasna siccan a terrific revelation eneugh, without the mocking o' twa jauds, like Job's wife and the diel, baith clawing on me at ance?" "Why truly, neighbour Splutter," said the beadle, "these are not sights for an orderly parish like ours, which is governed by officers of such gravity. And now we 're upon it, there 's another iniquity which it behoves us of the legality to inquire into; for on the Bankside there dwells a fellow who calls himself Sam 's in a Skelter, or some such ungodly name, and," he continued, shaking his head, "there be plotters abroad, you know." "Vera true, Maister Bedral, vera true," rejoined Spleuchan; "and to speak my mind o' him, I think that he 's nae better than a wizard, or an evil spirit, for he doesna smoke; for wi' smoke, ye ken, Raphael drave awa' the evil spirit frae the daughter o' Raguel, whilk ye may read in Tobit the eighth and second." "No, no, no, Splutter, it 's no such thing, I tell you," said the beadle; "but we of the legality, the plurables of the parish, think that he 's a spy, or some part of the late plots: let him have a care though, let him have a care;

for there 's a springe laid for him that he 'll hardly 'scape, an he were in truth an evil spirit. Let it go no farther, honest friend; but as it 's known that he 's somewhere upon the ice every night, he 'll be watched for, and made to give a better account of himself than by saying Sam 's in a Skelter, I warrant you."

The celebrated frost, which overspread the Thames at the time that this conversation took place, was one of the longest and severest in the history of London. From the beginning of December, 1683, until the 5th of the February following, the river was so completely frozen from London-bridge to Westminster, that another city was erected on the ice, and furnished with all the commodities, carriages, festivities, and entertainments which were to be found upon its banks. This British carnival was known by the name of " Blanket fair," and its principal scene of merriment was nearly opposite the Temple-stairs. A double line of small square tents, stretching from the water-gate of that building almost straight across the river, was called Temple-street; and another, running nearly parallel with the Surrey shore, was named Thames-street; both of which were decorated with gay signs, garlands, and taverners' bushes, intimating that food, wine, fire, and amusements of all sorts were to be found within. In that part of the river which was not occupied by tents, the ice generally lay in large irregular masses, with occasional fractures showing the water below, having a board placed over them, and a waterman standing on each side to collect the toll from such as passed across it. In several

places, however, a space had been cleared for a bear-bait or bull-running, or the erection of printing-presses, which, Evelyn observes, were said to gain £5 a day for the printing of names only. There were also gaming-tables, public fires, whirlicotes, and that important feature of all great frosts on the Thames, the roasting of an entire ox over an iron pan which stood upon the ice. Around each of these exhibitions was collected a very fair specimen of the vulgar of the days of king Charles the Second: some being in attendance from a natural love of brutal pastimes; others from the frost affording a plausible excuse for their very great inclination to idleness; others from the hope of finding an easy prey for their knavery to play upon; others from their attachment to stray purses; and all from an innate propensity to mischief. Beyond this part of the fair, and nearer to the shore, was a stand of various kinds of carriages, ready to seize upon visitors at their first entering upon the river, some being shaped like cars, or the cabriolets of the present day, and others consisting of the ordinary heavy hackney coaches of the seventeenth century.

As one of the days of this fair was drawing to a close, a tall, hard-featured man, with black hair, was seen advancing from Westminster towards the tents which stood by the Bankside: he was met and accosted by a good-looking person, of a remarkably free and cavalier-like air, with a singular habit of striding as he walked, clothed in rather an antique military costume, which seemed to be rather the worse for wear, either from its continual duty,

or perhaps from the very hard service which it had seen in the wars. In short, the whole of his appearance indicated one of those military men who were thrown out of employ at the restoration, with but limited means of support; yet, though he strove to cover his poverty by an air of levity and mirth, the brave soldier and the honourable man were evident through all. "The good time of the evening to you, sir," said the soldier; "you are visiting Blanket fair, I presume: trust me, sir, a merry sight and a goodly; for I take it upon my credit to say to you that there be persons of excellent fashion therein." A wide step at this place. "Witty gentlemen, sir, and valiant: most of them mine intimates, for we have served together." An enormous stride followed this speech. "Indeed, sir; I shall desire your company ere we part over a pottle of burnt sack, an it stand with your liking; and I pray you, sir, to be choice in your comrades, for there be knaves in yonder fair—smite me, sir, there be knaves in it!" And his address concluded with a third immense stride. "Truly, sir," replied the tall stranger with somewhat of sarcasm in his voice, "truly, I doubt not but that you are well qualified to speak touching the knavery of the place. And seeing that I came to look on some of the sports, I shall think myself happy in your escort where I may best partake of them. I will gladly bestow a quart of canaries, or what you will, to have that courtesy." "My most honoured friend," cried the soldier in ecstasy, "I shall desire leave speedily to embrace you: I saw from the first that you were a gentleman—discovered it with half an

eye, sir. None of your swaggering troopers"—a stride at this place, as if to give effect to his words—"who tramp the ice for a dinner, spike me! no, sir; but a gentleman, sir, a real gentleman;" and he finished with a long step as before. "And by what title may I accost you, sir?" asked the first stranger of his companion. "I am a poor captain of Rupert's, sir," replied he, with some feeling; "now the wars are over, and the king back again, thrown aside with other rusty armour: my name is Hannibal Corselet, and I led a troop of horse under the most valiant prince Rupert, who hath oft bestowed favours on me with his own hand in the field; but that shall pass. For mine house and family, they are of the famous Stradaello in Italy; and for that I have an unconfined and martial step, my comrades were wont to call me captain Straddle, though I certify you that it was but in honourable jocoseness. And for *your* peculiar title?" "For me," replied the first speaker, with some hesitation, "you may call me *Hans in Kelder;* 'tis a name I travelled with in Holland." "Ha!" cried Captain Corselet, "then you have seen the Belgic lion and Jack Dutchman. Sir, I honour you for your experience. And now, as the evening is closing, I deem that you will not desire yet to look upon the sports, but rather go into some honest tavern to recruit. What say you, sir?—here is the Royal Oak; and I'll assure you that you shall drink worse French wine than they draw within." "I attend you, captain," said Hans, "for I have found the Royal Oak prove a good shelter ere now;" and our two heroes entered the tent.

The interior of the tavern presented but little room, and few and coarse accommodations. On one side a large fire was supported on an iron stand; and a brass lamp, which blazed fiercely, in the centre, served to show some half dozen persons seated near a rude table covered with tankards, tall Venice glasses, and various kinds of flasks and bottles. By the fire sat a stout man in a sailor's habit, who seemed, from the sarcastic ferocity of his features and the arms which he carried, to be of the rudest class of pirates, though few would have ventured to ask him the question. Several strangers, with the landlord of the Royal Oak, his drawers, and their liquors, filled the remainder of the tavern.

"Good even to ye all, gentlemen," said the captain, striding into the tent, and touching his hat; "give ye good even, *Guten Abend*, as your Almaine hath it. Here, Jenkin Drawer," he continued, seating himself and stretching out his legs, "hast good canaries and claret, boy, eh?" "The best on the river, so please you," said the tapster, taking up a tankard. "Then do me thine office quickly—fill me a quart of sack and burn it; let the jug cream and mantle like the snow-wreath of the Switzer's mountains.

'Ho! ho! ho! since life is full of woe,
Let the glass be filled again—ho! ho! ho!'"

"Well done, captain! your mirth becomes you," said Master Hans, taking a seat in the circle; "here's a health to you." "Sir, you make me proud; but what saith the

proverb? 'A merry heart is worth gold;' and fortune could never rob me of that. And now, gentlemen, speaking of fortune reminds me of war. When I was in the army under prince Rupert, he was a commander of such unmatchable courage, that he galloped to battle with as much speed as if he rode to a banquet." "Ay," rejoined the landlord, "and the story runs that there was a song known to many of his officers by the name of Rupert's hymn. I would e'en give a tankard of claret but to hear it." "Order up the claret, landlord, and open your ears, then," answered Corselet: "I 'll give it you as we sang it at the grand charge at Naseby field, in 1645; only you must think that the sound of the kettle-drums and trumpets, and the chorus of the whole troop, made it more spirit-stirring than we shall ever hear it again:—

'Mount, gallants, mount! for the rays of the morning
Are gilding your arms on the tent-cover'd plain;
Mount, gallants, mount! for the day that is dawning
Must shine on us victors, or shine on us slain:
Mount, Cavaliers! it is loyalty speeds you;
Mount, Cavaliers! it is Rupert who leads you;
Mount, Cavaliers! let the flag which precedes you
Be cover'd with blood, or with glory again!

'Draw, gallants, draw! on the enemy dashing,
Full on his ranks irresistibly pour;
On, gallants, on! when the sabres are flashing
Remember king Charles—and remember no more!
On, Cavaliers! it is vengeance that speeds you;
On, Cavaliers! it is Rupert who leads you;
On, Cavaliers! let the flag which precedes you
Be cover'd with glory, or cover'd with gore!'"

Whilst these verses were singing, the features of Master Hans began to lose their harshness as they became flushed and animated by the song; and he at length joined in the rushing tide of the chorus with as much ardour as if he had that moment had his foot in the stirrup on the field of Naseby, with the royal army in full charge behind him. The applause and excitement produced by this song had not subsided when a pompous voice was heard exclaiming at the door, "Make way, there! good people, make way for us of the legality, who are come to look for hidden enormities!—we've warrant for that we do, as shall be manifested;" and immediately entered our old acquaintance Overcrow, followed by several watchmen. The beadle cast a scrutinising glance round the tent, which rested chiefly upon the stout sailor, the captain, and his companion Hans. "Pierce Possett," said Overcrow to one of the watchmen, "guard the door; and, Cresset, hold up the lantern whilst I consult mine intelligencer. I promise you, my masters, some of ye look like knaves that I like not; and it shall go hard but it be proved so ere we depart. I'm in search of," he continued, looking on a paper, "of a--um--um--long-bodied—dark-hair—foreign-looking—" and then addressing himself to the stranger, he added, "And pray, friend, how may you be named?"—"You may call me Hans in Kelder," was the answer. "Nay, an you call yourself so, that's enow for me, and so I promise to show you the inside of the Bridge watch-house to-night, Master Hans, for you are known to be a knave."—"Not without my consent," replied the stranger,

coolly.—"Nor without mine neither," added Captain Corselet; "for this gentleman came hither with me, and *straffe mich helle!* as Jack German says, if I see him captured without a blow!"—"Fellow, fellow!" said Overcrow, "this must be answered to your superiors: but you shall be dealt with anon, for we of the legality are not to be bullied in the discharge of our ministry:" and turning to the sailor, he added, "And who may you be, master mariner?"—"The devil!" replied the sailor, starting from his seat, and speaking in a harsh, deep tone. At this the valiant Overcrow at first recoiled a few steps, but recovering himself, answered, "Then I charge the watch with you, in the name of King Charles and St. Magnus the Martyr. But give us your name, fellow! we're not to be scared by your bullyings."—"Hark ye, brother," said the mariner, completely rousing himself, "when we sailors are asked for names we don't care to own to, we call the ship *Hans in Kelder*—so, d'ye see me now—be content with a civil answer, and sheer off whilst the play is good."—"Oh, it's a plot, I see!" exclaimed Overcrow; "there's a villain of the name in every parish; and there'll be old firing of London again!"—"Who was it spake of firing London?" cried the sailor, starting up in frenzy; "who said that I threw the first fire-ball?" and immediately rushed out of the tavern. In the very height of the surprise which this occasioned, Saunders Spleuchan burst into the tent, his face pale, and his hair standing on end with fright, exclaiming, "Come awa'! if ye're christian folk, come awa'! for there's the deil himsel on the

starlings o' London bridge, greeting like a crocodile, and rampanging like a flyting dragon; and this is the twasome time that I hae seen him."—"And as I have never seen him once," said Captain Corselet, "I 'll e'en go now; so show me the way, my bonny Scot!" and, notwithstanding the exclamations of Overcrow, the whole party rushed out of the tent.

The Bankside and London-bridge were, during the great frost, the most lonely and unfrequented parts of the crowded surface of the Thames, for the tents and streets did not come up close to either; and in 1683 there were several robberies committed about those places, especially upon such passengers as were so incautious as to say with the travellers in Shakspeare's Henry IV., that "they would along with company, having great charge." It was to this gloomy and silent spot that the visitors of the Royal Oak now rapidly crowded; but ere they could reach it, the report of a pistol, followed by a faint cry, quickened both their steps and their curiosity. The evening had by this time grown quite dark; and from the occasional lights which glanced up and down in the houses upon London-bridge and the Bankside, it was evident that the graver inhabitants were retiring to rest. The edifice itself arose in a dark, heavy mass above the whitened river, forming a strong contrast to the ruddy glare with which the distant fires of Blanket fair had tinted the night-skies, and the cold light that the wintry moon had cast upon the ice. On one of the starlings of the bridge nearest the Surrey shore, a figure in white was seen lying apparently lifeless, with

the head hanging over towards the water. "My certie!" exclaimed Spleuchan, when this scene presented itself, "the deil be in me, if they hae na shot the ghaist for the sake o' his mort-claithes!" "There 's more knavery in it than that, friend Scot," replied Captain Corselet: "hark! he groans. Gentlemen, the poor wretch is yet living! Such of ye as are valiant and willing, come with me, and perchance we shall yet save him." Upon this he rushed forward, and with some difficulty mounted the high starling by the blocks of ice which lay around it; but scarcely had he ascended it when he found himself seized by a powerful grasp, which the glimmering light discovered to be that of the pirate-sailor who had so hastily quitted the Royal Oak. "Holla, comrade!" cried the captain, "let go your hold; we must save the dying man before you." "Yourself shall be the dying man, then," replied the sailor, "unless you quit us both: I carry two men's lives at my girdle, and, by the fiend of darkness, one of them shall be yours rather than you shall have my secret!" "Gentlemen!" exclaimed Corselet, taking a firm hold upon the mariner, and loudly calling out to his party, which was now increased by several persons bearing flambeaux, "gentlemen, make up, in the name of God and King Charles! for here 's a villain and a secret worth a king's ransom."—"Rather worth a nation's eternal curse!" said the figure in white, recovering, and speaking in a faint voice. The reply to this was another pistol discharged by the mariner; though, his arm being arrested by Corselet, the contents were lodged in his own

body, which rolled off the starling under the arch of the bridge where the tide was unfrozen, and immediately sank beneath the ice. "Is he gone?" exclaimed the figure, raising himself, and looking wildly after the sailor; "then I must soon follow, and my life is rapidly passing. Nay, attempt not to drag me hence," he continued, to several persons who had now ascended the starling, and endeavoured to remove him: "seek not to drag me hence, for I will die here, and elsewhere I will reveal nothing; but bear me up for a little, and now listen all of you. He whose body is now the prey of the waters, and whose soul is gone to its place, was the infernal Hubert Cloudesley, who first fired London—and I was his accomplice! —Ay, well may ye shrink from me," he added, as his supporters, with involuntary horror, let his body fall upon the starling—"but ye are all avenged: for even they who lost friends and fortune in that awful burning, in the wildest moment of horror, were in Paradise to me, ever since that hour. Never could I again enter the city—but, after a restless and wandering life spent all over the earth, I came to die in penance in sight of my recovering victim. My life is ebbing faster than the tide below me. This night, for the first time since we set London in flames, Hubert and I met; and to preserve the accursed secret he hath gone to his account with another murder. Ever since my return to England I have nightly, as an act of penitence, clothed myself in my grave-clothes, and sat beneath this bridge till the dawn of morning, weeping over my past guilt, and shivering to the night-blast. My

abode hath been the most wretched hovel of yonder bank; and my ill-gotten wealth has been scattered to every sufferer around me, that their blessings might ascend with the curses of my victims. And now I am departing, bound on a longer and a darker voyage than ever mariner sailed. Oh, London!" he continued, making an effort to raise himself and look towards the city, "live for ever! thy name shall rise in glory from thine ashes, while mine shall die accursed and unknown." He uttered these words with all his remaining strength, and his life then forsaking him, he fell backwards as the mariner had done, over the starling beneath the bridge. As he sank, however, the shroud blew aside from his face, and Spleuchan exclaimed, "My certie! the deil's keepit a gude look out after its ain, for its the wizard chiel they ca' Hans in Kelder!"

"Ay," said Overcrow, bustling up, and laying his hand on the collar of the tall stranger, "but we've another rogue here of that name, that may swing instead of him; for the legality of the land is not to be defrauded of its prey: somebody shall be hanged! that I've made up my mind on."—"Hold there, master constable," cried Corselet, leaping down from the starling and seizing the beadle; "less zeal, and more wisdom: this is a loyalist and a gentleman, and I'm another; and, moreover, we've a cup to drink together before we part."—"That you shall do," answered Overcrow, "by being put in ward together, and both taste of the same cup. He, he, ha, hoh! Bring him along, watchmen! Come on, fellow! you're mighty unwilling to go to prison, methinks." The

force of the beadle's grasp tore open the cloak in which the stranger was enveloped, and discovered upon his breast the silver star of the garter, with its rich jewel suspended by a blue riband about his neck. His hat falling off too, at the same moment, discovered the full features of Charles the Second himself, surrounded by that fine dark hair which so strongly characterised him. "God save the king!" cried Corselet, taking the astonished Overcrow by the collar, and giving him a violent swing round—"Who is likely to be hanged now, master constable?" "Fear not," said the merry monarch: "magistrates should be a terror to evil-doers; and, odds fish! this fellow would terrify a knave with e'er a bailiff in Christendom. But fear not, man; fear not: death and disguises make all men equals; and this night hath shown us that which kings may well be instructed by. But now let us back to the Royal Oak, and finish our night, captain, and in the morning you shall have both reward and employment. Believe me, my heart is grateful to all my old defenders: but mine eyes are not all-seeing, nor is my treasury without a bottom."

Such was one of the romantic occurrences of the great frost of 1683: but although history makes no mention of it, yet the extraordinary penance is recorded in a periodical paper of 1757; and impressions are still extant of a bill printed on the ice in the famous frost now described, on which are found the names of all the royal family, one of whom is designated by the singular title of HANS IN KELDER.

THE LOVER

TO HIS FAITHLESS MISTRESS.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

WHEN Life's enchanting dream was new,
Our feelings and pursuits the same,
Beneath the veil of Friendship grew,
In our young hearts, Love's warmer flame:
Together through Youth's path we trod,
With bosoms light, and spirits gay;
While Pleasure met us on our road,
And strew'd her flowrets o'er our way.

If e'er a thought did intervene
While Pleasure's fairy race was run,
'Twas but to wish some future scene
Should see us yet more closely one:
This was the hope, whose magic power,
When absent from each other's eyes,
Through many a lone and ling'ring hour,
Could calm our griefs, and hush our sighs.

How soon those blissful days have changed!
A few brief circling years gone by;
In hearts, in hopes, in all estranged,
With changeless cheek, and unmoved eye,
And stedfast brow, and distant mien,
Without one rising sigh of pain,
Forgetful of each earlier scene,
We coldly meet—and part again!

Yes!—it is so—a few short years
Have heal'd this almost broken heart,
And chased away those bitter tears
That flow'd, when doom'd from thee to part:
And wherefore longer should they flow,
Since THOU hast found another breast
To share thy joy, to cheer thy woe,
And make thy life's young morning blest?

Indiff'rent to each other's lot,
Along life's chequer'd scene we stray;
Each feeling now subdued, forgot
The passion of youth's happier day.
Indiff'rent!—no, that ne'er can be!
MY heart still owns a sacred flame,
Still feels a BROTHER's love for thee,
Which Virtue's self would blush to blame.

When in "the haunts of men" we meet,
Why should it be with scornful air?
Why should thine eyes from mine retreat,
As if a scorpion's met thee there?
Oh! better learn to know the heart
That once was deeply, wholly thine;
And, though LOVE's links are torn apart,
Let FRIENDSHIP's still around us twine.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

FROM A PICTURE OF AGOSTINA TASSONI, A CELEBRATED BEAUTY OF PISA, WITH A DOVE ON HER HAND.

Oh for thy wing, my dove,
That I the world might leave;
But thou too diest for love—
And therefore 'tis I grieve.

The heart 's a tender thing,
That, ruin'd, will forgive;
And still to hope will cling—
And therefore 'tis I grieve.

Thou loved, and loved alone!
What dreams that heart will weave
Of hours long past and gone—
And therefore 'tis I grieve.

True love 's the rose-bud sweet,
That, ere it sees the eve,
Is flung beneath our feet—
And therefore 'tis I grieve.

My heart will not be stone,
And thou may'st still deceive;
The fool will still love on—
And therefore 'tis I grieve.

Be dry, my fading eyes;
Weak heart, no longer heave:
Yet, when was woman wise?—
And therefore 'tis I grieve.

Come not thou, cruel one;
Thy heart could not believe
The love thou hast undone—
And therefore 'tis I grieve.

Yet come, one moment, come,
One kiss, one look, but give;
Then lay me in the tomb—
There I no more shall grieve!

THE SUICIDE.

She wander'd on the lonely shore,
And listen'd to the ocean's roar;
That hour when night and morning meet,
She trod the beach with hurried feet.
Cold blew the wind—she felt it not;
All sense of feeling seem'd forgot.
A breathing form, both young and fair,
Her eye was fire, her heart despair;
How oft has Ida walk'd at night,
To hail her lover's beacon light!
But whilst there 's water in that main,
She ne'er will see that light again.

* * * * *

He fell not in the battle's strife—
There Osmond bore a charmed life;
He slumber'd not beneath the wave,
He slept not in the dismal grave;
Nor had he dimm'd a hero's flame—
No, Osmond's was a glorious name,
And fair Athenæ's foes in war
Had bow'd beneath his scimitar.
Then what had fired poor Ida's eye?
What wrung her heart with agony?
What made her think that all the world
On her the glance of hatred hurl'd?
That in the hour of social mirth
She seem'd an alien on the earth?
An orphan she—no mother's arm
Had shelter'd her fair form from harm;
No mother's lip her cheek had press'd,
She lean'd not on a father's breast;
But there was one whose kindly heart
Would all a parent's love impart;
Who oft her ruby lip would press
With all a lover's tenderness.
And *then* he meant the vows he paid,
For *then* he loved the orphan maid.

* * * * *

That morning sun in all its pride
Had shone on Osmond's wealthier bride;
And in the splendour of his lot
His injured Ida was forgot.

Despair her icy fingers prest
On the poor orphan's wretched breast;
But though it felt their deadly chill,
Her bursting heart would not be still.
She gazed on Osmond's lovely bride,
She gazed upon the nuptial pride;
And murmuring "We shall meet no more,"
Bent her lone footsteps to the shore.

A dark cloud now the moon o'ercast,
Loud howl'd the ocean's wintry blast;
A plunge was heard—a dying groan—
A bubble in the moonbeam shone;
A light form rose, then sunk again,
And Ida slept beneath the main.

The sun rose fair, and Ocean's breast
Was calm as when he sunk to rest;
A maiden's corse ashore was cast,
Pallid—yet beauteous to the last.
To Osmond's halls it was convey'd—
He gazed with anguish on the maid;
Remorse and horror fired his brain—
He fled, and ne'er was seen again:
But on that spot a shadowy form
Oft hovers, and in calm or storm
No bark will ever seek to moor,
But cautious shuns the fatal shore. D.

S. Prout del.t F. Finden sculpt

MONUMENT AT VERONA.

Pub. by R. Ackermann, London 1827.

SEPULCHRAL MONUMENT AT VERONA.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF A RECENT TRAVELLER.

VERONA is allowed by all travellers to be one of the handsomest cities, as well as one of the most cheerful and agreeable places of abode, in the north of Italy. This opinion respecting the native town of the Scaligers, the superiority of which was celebrated of old in this Roman distich—

Urbibus Italiæ præstat Verona superbis
Ædibus, ingeniis, flumine, fonte, lacu—

I found completely verified. To me, none of the cities of Italy to which my route conducted me appeared so pleasant or so interesting as this. Seated on the Adige, which, descending from the mountains of Tyrol, here winds in a picturesque manner through the plain and intersects the city, and sheltered on the north by delightful hills, entirely covered with vineyards and villas, commanding a delicious view of the banks of the river and the plain to the south, extending further than the eye can reach, its environs possess a peculiar charm, which was heightened at the period of my visit by the approach of spring.

The interior of the city, too, in my opinion, surpasses in beauty and interest every other in Lombardy, the magnificent Milan not excepted. Five noble gates form the entrances to it, and fine wide streets and superb squares open on all sides. The two parts separated by the Adige communicate by means of four stone bridges, of which

that of Castel vecchio, an ancient massive structure, is celebrated for its bold arch, which is one hundred and forty-five feet in span, and consequently wider than the Rialto at Venice.

The general aspect of the interior of the city itself, like every thing on this side of the Mincio, has a Venetian air. The like tasteful arrangement of the shops, the bustle in the coffee-houses, which here also are frequented by females, the Venetian dialect, and even the increase of beggars, remind a stranger incessantly of the "Sea Cybele;" only that the cheerfulness of the place, and the difference of its architecture, form an agreeable contrast with the narrow streets of Venice. The number of exquisitely beautiful but rather pale faces among the women, with their figures so charmingly set off by the Venetian *falzoletto*, while they excited my admiration, served to recall in the strongest manner to my mind that unique and, in spite of its glaring incongruities, interesting city.

Verona contains many very remarkable remains of Roman greatness, and also of the middle ages. There are yet standing several Roman triumphal arches, which Time has, indeed, stripped of their chief decorations, but which still display in their noble style the antiquity of their construction. One of these is even regarded as a work of Vitruvius, and still bears the name of *Arco di Vitruvio*. But that which particularly distinguishes Verona from every other city is its amphitheatre, than which no relic of the Roman world has suffered less from the ravages of Time.

In the tombs of the Scaligers, or della Scala family, once the sovereigns of Verona, this city possesses some very curious monuments of the middle ages. They stand in the cemetery of the ancient church of Our Lady. One of the most remarkable of these is the mausoleum represented in the engraving annexed to this article, erected in honour of Mastin the Second, who died in 1351, and, according to the Latin inscription, was lord of Verona and Brixen, Parma, Lucca, and the whole march of Feltre. It exhibits, like other Italian structures of that time, a medley of the Grecian and Gothic styles, decorated with the profusion of ornament peculiar to the latter. It rests upon four columns, nine feet asunder. Upon these is placed a very large, thick slab of *verd-antique* marble, which affords a platform for the tomb itself. The vaulted roof which covers the latter is also supported by four pillars, highly adorned in spirals. The whole is embellished with subjects from the Old Testament, and surmounted by an equestrian statue of Mastin, the size of life. The base is surrounded by a noble inclosure of stone and iron, with a pillar at each corner supporting a tabernacle, in which is the statue of a man in armour.

The most striking of the other monuments of this family are those of Cane Grande della Scala, who died in 1329, and of Cansignorius the Magnificent, who, from the vanity of eclipsing his predecessors in funeral grandeur, caused his mausoleum to be erected in his lifetime, at an expense of ten thousand florins in gold. It is likewise in the mixed style, in which, however, the Gothic pre-

dominates, and so highly ornamented and sumptuously wrought, that a more beautiful and more magnificent specimen of the kind is not perhaps to be met with.

In the early part of the fourteenth century, the family della Scala, and particularly the two brothers Alboin and Cane Grande, who raised this house to high importance, were distinguished for their love of the sciences, and the generous patronage which they afforded at Verona to men of learning, when banished from their native cities. Among these were heroes, such as Ugazzione della Faginola, at that time a powerful chief of the Ghibellines, and father-in-law of the unfortunate Carlo Donati, after his expulsion from Pisa and Lucca, Sagacius Muzius Gazata, the historian of Reggio, and Dante, the poet.

The account given by Gazata in the fragments of his history that have reached us, as preserved in the eighteenth volume of Muratori's Collection *(Script. Rer. Ital.)*, of the manner in which such refugees were received and treated, is interesting. It not only marks the spirit of an age which so closely followed the age of romance, but reflects great credit on the character of the illustrious host. "To such strangers," we are told, "several apartments were allotted, according to their rank, in the palace of the prince; each had particular attendants, and a sumptuous table served in his own room. Emblems and inscriptions adorned the rooms of the different guests. Over the doors of those inhabited by warriors were military insignia and trophies of victory; where dwelt exiles, they were consoled by images of Hope; where artists, was to be seen

Mercury; and paradise over the doors of ecclesiastics. Musicians, jugglers, and performers of sleight-of-hand tricks, entertained each person when at table. The very halls were adorned with significant paintings, chiefly allegorical, representing the various caprices and vicissitudes of Fortune. Cane very often invited several of these guests to his own table, especially Guido da Castella di Reggio, surnamed, for his integrity, '*The Honest Lombard*,' and Dante Alighieri, the poet." Thus far the historian.

Dante seems, however, to have sympathised more with Alboin, the elder brother, than with the younger; and it is probably to him only that he alludes, in the seventeenth canto of his *Divina Commedia*, where the poet's great grandfather is thus introduced, predicting the future fortunes of his descendant:—

Lo primo tuo rifugio, e 'l primo ostello
Sara la cortesia del gran Lombardo,
Che'n su la scala porta il santo uccello:
Ch' avra in te sì benigno riguardo,
Che del fare e del chieder fra voi due
Fia prima quel, che fra gli altri è più tardo.

It was those very jugglers, buffoons, and other loose persons, who, as we have seen, thronged to the court of these princes—and if we may believe Petrarch's account, one of the most licentious of that class, and who was the greatest favourite at that luxurious court—together with the bluntness with which Dante frequently expressed his sentiments, that soon removed him from this his first asylum after his exile from Florence his native city.

"My countryman, Dante Alighieri," says Petrarch, "was not long since one of the most eloquent speakers and writers of his native language, but more obstinate and unbending in his manners and rather more free in his speech than was agreeable to the delicate ears of the princes of our age. When, after his expulsion from his own country, he resided with Cane Grande, at that time the general refuge and support of the unfortunate, he was at first highly esteemed; but things soon began to go wrong, and his patron to be less pleased with him from day to day. There were, at the same time, at that court buffoons, jugglers, and loose persons of all kinds, as is customary. One of these, the most licentious and indecent in words and gestures, was the chief favourite of all. Cane, who suspected that Dante was angry on this account, one day led forth this buffoon publicly in company, and turning to the poet, said 'He should like to know how it happened that this man, who passed for a fool, nevertheless understood the art of pleasing the whole company, and was so much esteemed by them?' 'You would not be at all surprised at that,' replied Dante, drily, 'if you were to consider that *like always loves like.*'"

THE WARRIOR'S FAREWELL.

"MAID of my love! I must away;
Yon waving pennon chides my stay:
But ere my lingering steps depart,
To keep my image in thy heart,
Take this fair flower, whose modest worth—
Still as I 've mark'd it, to the earth
Its blossoms bend—hath seem'd to me
Like thy retiring modesty.
See, love! its soft and azure hue
Is like thine eye of lustrous blue,
And clear and pure as is thy soul,
Whose thoughts are under Heaven's control;
Take it, sweet maid! and let its name
An echo in thy bosom claim:
Where'er I go, whate'er my lot,
Forget—ah, Love!—forget me not!"

The warrior sought the battle-plain,
But his parting words were not in vain:
There is no flower in field or grove,
Which shares that gentle lady's love,
How fair soe'er its blossoms wave,
Like that her distant lover gave.
And when this flowret greets her eye,
A prayer is mingled with a sigh,
While gentle voices, round the spot,
Seem whispering—"Forget me not!"

The warrior fought—the warrior fell—
What tongue shall e'er presume to tell
The doubt which scarce the tale believed,
That heart so fond could be bereaved;
The maddening pang—the bursting sigh—
The throbbing bosom's agony;
Thoughts of past bliss her grief to swell,
Unspoken and unspeakable!

She died not—and the waste of years
Hath hush'd her sighs and dried her tears;
But in the depth of her wrung heart
Shall love ne'er die, nor grief depart.
Her happier hours, and hapless they,
Are at the time of closing day,
When, 'mid her rich and gay parterre,
She bends upon one flowret there
A lengthen'd glance, with trembling eye,
And as the zephyr murmurs by,
The thoughts of other days will trace
A smile of sadness on her face,
As though her ear the accents caught—
"Forget—ah, Love!—forget me not!"

EDGAR.

"The sun has set, and evening gray
Closed in upon the wanderer's way,
Without a cheering star-light beam
Upon the murmuring brook to gleam;
And yet Elgiva comes not—she
May feel the night's perplexity,
And lonely in the forest fall;
For hope will flee when fears appal.
Oh! haste thee, then, thy baldric don,
And speedily thy cloak put on—
With trusty blade, and taper's ray,
Advance towards that trackless way
That through the tangled birchwood leads,
And still for safety tell thy beads:
Call on thy patron saint for aid
Should foemen meet thee in the glade,
And rescue from the ruffian's hold
Elgiva's form, my henchman bold."

Then forth with pious zeal he strode
Along the unfrequented road,
Nor stay'd where o'ergrown brambles threw
Their branches, and the copse-wood grew;
But hasted on, 'twixt hope and fear,
For Love still whisper'd in his ear—
"Ah! who would not forsake his home
When loveliness is left to roam,

In awful horrors, through the vale,
Or midst the wood's entangling gloom,
Whence murderer's cry and midnight wail
Tell of the victim's early tomb !"

Quickly the vivid lightning sent
Its flashes through the firmament,
And o'er the surface of the wood,
Where Edgar's lofty castle stood,
In broadest sheet of lambent flame,
Before the awful thunder came:
There Edgar, through his lattice high,
Gazed on the tempest-clouded sky,
And many a prayer he lowly said,
And many an Ave muttered,
As faded in the distant way
His henchman's feeble taper's ray;
But vain his prayer, and vain the aid
He sent to find the lovely maid.

The morrow came; the storm had fled;
The sun's first beams were brightly spread
Far from the east: yet on his knee
Pale Edgar knelt in agony;
And, though no tidings reach'd his ear,
Hope struggled hard with rising fear.
But who in sable guise is nigh?
Why passes he so slowly by?

Nor sign nor cross is upwards sent
Unto the armed battlement.
And yet they know him—how forgot!—
Pale Edgar only knows him not;
For 'tis his henchman, wan and sad,
Returning in dark vestments clad,
But no one with him—he 's alone!
And, stifling down the heavy groan,
He gazes on his master's face;
But there he seeks in vain to trace
The lines of curiosity.
The forward head, the starting eye,
That stare so fraught with agony,
That e'en the looker-on would flee—
No; it is gone; all hope is fled—
For hope can dwell not with the dead.
All earthly forms have shrunk away,
And memory, which once was gay
Within that brain, has ceased there,
And yielded victory to despair.

The requiem rises on the gale,
And loudly echoed is the wail
Of sorrowing numbers, as they lay
Their lord within the yawning clay;
Where, by his side, in virgin white,
The holy monks perform the rite.
No kinsman 's there; one friend alone
Stands o'er the monumental stone,

And he is mute with agony;
For friendship's holy tie is gone,
Of life the dearest, holiest tie;
And he his henchman—years of toil
In war and in intestine broil
Had bound them closely but as one,
And now the better half is gone;
Yet may the flowers of memory shed
Each blessing on the sorrower's head!

MONTAGUE SEYMOUR.

THE DREAM.

A SONNET.

BY ALEXANDER BALFOUR, ESQ.

It was no foolish dream of fairy land,
A paradise that ne'er on earth had been,
With bowers of bliss entwined by Fancy's hand;
Ah, no!—it was a well remember'd scene:
It was the broomy bank, the heath-clad hill,
On which I climb'd, when life and love were new;
The meadow, water'd by the crystal rill,
Where, whistling blithe, I brush'd the morning dew:
Again I heard the whispering zephyr sigh,
Soft mingling with the music of the grove;
Beheld the glories of the twilight sky,
While Laura listen'd to my tale of love!
Why did I wake, to leave my native glen?
Oh, gentle sleep, return, and let me dream again!

MAXIMILIAN AND HIS DAUGHTER.

BY MISS EMMA ROBERTS.

—— Ludolph had faced many dangers without shrinking, but the appalling circumstances which now surrounded him excited a painful thrill: the blood rushed through his veins with fearful rapidity, his pulses throbbed, his heart beat, and with strained eye he gazed wildly around. He was conducted in silence through a gloomy passage, which led from his dungeon; a door opened, and he found himself suddenly thrust into a square apartment, the massy walls of which, dark and frowning, were bare, save that at intervals a staple or a chain of rusty iron was appended from the rough stone. Several instruments of strange shape were heaped together in a corner, apparently removed for the purpose of making room for some other apparatus, which was raised in the centre of the floor, covered with a black cloth. A grated window afforded sufficient light to reveal the melancholy accompaniments of this dismal chamber, and drawing towards it, the knight looked out upon a dreary court-yard, where he beheld a scaffold and all the insignia of death—the block, the axe, the heap of saw-dust, and the grim headsman standing beside them. For whom were these sickening preparations made?—the manacles which bound his fettered limbs, his close imprisonment of three days, and, above all, the accusations of a conscious heart, returned a ready answer; and his approaching fate was embittered by the conviction that it

was just. On the field of battle, or even on the gibbet or the wheel, in a better cause, Ludolph would have yielded his last breath with heroic fortitude: but to descend dishonoured to the grave, and to leave behind him the frail partner of his guilt exposed to the world's contumely, perchance to a more dreadful punishment than that which now awaited the author of her shame, wrung the warrior's heartstrings, and subdued his ardent soul.

Ludolph von Wilmenstein, descended from a younger branch of a noble family, was a soldier of fortune: he had sought and obtained renown under the banners of the Hungarian monarch against the invading infidels; and after two glorious campaigns repaired to the court of Duke Maximilian of —— to offer his sword in the impending war with Lombardy. Undistinguished amid a crowd of knights, anxiously pressing their claims to high appointments in the same service, he received very slight notice from the haughty prince, who ruled with little less than imperial splendour: but Ludolph, though ambitious, was also modest, and, content to remain in obscurity during the silken pastimes of a court, he awaited with unmurmuring patience the moment wherein his feats of arms should attract attention to his prowess. Ludolph's fine person, expressive features, and noble bearing, had not passed wholly unnoticed: the admiring whispers of the damsels in her train drew the regards of their proud and scornful mistress, Ismengarde, only child of Maximilian, and heiress of the duchy. Fascinated as if by a spell, the hitherto icy heart of the princess was touched: the hand-

some stranger became the constant subject of her meditations, and she determined, if it were possible, to bring him to her feet. This was an undertaking fraught with difficulty, in consequence of the immeasurable distance which fortune had placed between them, and of the unbending stateliness and formal etiquette which, even in those rude times, marked the court of Maximilian. Ismengarde, cold and repelling, in the consciousness of her high birth and beauty, disdained to mingle with the crowd who shared in its festal splendours, and either withdrew early, or, calling her ladies of honour around her, sate aloof in a distant circle, which none except nobles of exalted rank dared approach. Love, however, soon pointed out a method by which the princess might hope to converse with the object of her affections: the season of the carnival approached; and in the masquing and disguising which distinguished its revels she contrived, without exciting suspicion, to engage Ludolph in the dance. The knight hung enamoured over the dark-eyed beauty, who, reposing on his arm, suffered gentle words to escape her lips, in reply to his ardent protestations. One evening the delighted pair had wandered away from the crowded hall; the sound of music stole faintly upon their ears; the glare of the tapers threw a softened light from the wide gothic windows upon banks and beds of flowers, and the gems of the spangled sky were reflected in the crystal mirror of a fairy lake below. It was in this sweet hour that Ludolph besought his mysterious companion to reveal herself—the veil dropped from her rich tresses, and he

beheld the princess Ismengarde, on whom he had been wont to gaze as upon the stars above them.

From this fatal evening the knight haunted the palace-gardens, making the air musical with the witching melody of his fond guitar: the melting serenade, breathed beneath the lattice of Ismengarde's chamber, was answered by signals which repaid the minstrel's song. Sometimes a shower of rose-buds, detached from the alabaster vase which graced his lady's balcony, were dropped at his feet; at others, the soft waking of a lute, whose chords were swept at intervals, assured him that there was one listener within—a gentle heart wrought by the soft persuasiveness of his lay to answer with responsive notes. Thus emboldened, the adventurous cavalier climbed the marble balustrade, and the lovers met—too often for Ludolph's honour and for the peace of Ismengarde.

It was the painful recollections connected with this breach of duty to the sovereign he served, to the woman he adored, which bleached Ludolph's cheek, and shook his tortured frame—the impossibility of making atonement by the sacrifice of his forfeit life, which added a sting to the disgraceful punishment awaiting him. The knight's minutes seemed now to be counted; the executioner passed his finger over the axe, and looked somewhat impatiently towards the place where he stood: he cast his eyes upwards to catch a glimpse of the narrow patch of blue sky which canopied the dismal court-yard—all below was buried in deep shade, but the dancing sunbeams played upon the opposite wall, and he drank in the golden

light which perchance would never meet his eager gaze again. Ludolph was roused from his agitating reflections by the opening of one of the three doors which the apartment contained: the bolts dropped one by one—it grated harshly upon its ponderous hinges—and, preceded by two domestics, the Duke Maximilian entered. Stern determination sate upon the avenger's brow; he signed to his attendants, and they removed the black drapery which had formerly attracted Ludolph's attention, in the supposition that it covered some of those diabolic engines of inventive cruelty, constructed for the prolongation of human suffering; but, as the sable train rolled off, it disclosed, to his surprise, a temporary altar, magnificently decorated. The servants, having performed the allotted task, retired, and the same door revolving a second time, Ismengarde was led forward, pale, trembling, and leaning upon the arm of a dignified ecclesiastic—her dark hair hanging dishevelled over her shoulders—the diadem falling from her head, and the loose folds of her jewelled robe sweeping disordered upon the ground. Still in this utter desolation and misery she preserved an air of grandeur; and though every limb was convulsed, the strong efforts which she made to preserve composure were not wholly unsuccessful; and there were moments in which her resolution appeared to be as unconquerable as that of her father: but Ludolph alone observed her sorrow, and he hid his face in his fettered hands, turning away from the sight of her beauty and her distress. "Approach!" exclaimed the duke, addressing the unhappy pair: "the

offspring of your mutual crime must be born in wedlock, and, the nuptial rites concluded, a just doom awaits its guilty parents. The convent and the scaffold are both prepared—take ye leave therefore of this world for ever." Ludolph, rejoicing in his misery that the life and the reputation of Ismengarde would be spared, drew near the altar: he would have spoken of comfort, but utterance was denied, and the priest commenced his melancholy office before he could rally the flagging spirits which had sunk in the uncontrollable anguish of this dread hour. How many tears were shed, how many sighs breathed, in the short interval which ensued! The knight's burning fingers clasped the clay-cold hand of his bride as he stood in chains beside her: a last embrace, a last farewell, was forbidden by the vindictive parent, who tore the shrieking wife from the wretched husband's outstretched arms.

The monk withdrew; the third and last door now opened, and disclosed a flight of stairs, which led directly to the scaffold. The court-yard below was filled with armed men, and Ludolph felt that the advance of a few steps would bring him to his grave. Death would have been a welcome release from the agony which had been crowded into the last few minutes, but the thought of Ismengarde's despair unmanned him; and if prayers could have availed, he would have sunk in prostrate humility before his earthly judge. The withering smile on the duke's lips, the savage glance of his flashing eyes, forbade hope. Maximilian waved him to depart; the intrepid warrior, disdaining to beg his life, and unwilling

to expose the situation of Ismengarde to the rude soldiery below, prepared to obey in silence. The princess followed her lover's receding form with a wild gaze, and, darting forward, shut the door which closed and opened by a spring, and then drawing a dagger from her bosom, ere Ludolph could raise his manacled hand to save, buried it deep in the breast of her father, who fell a corpse at the foot of the altar. Paralysed by this unexpected catastrophe, the knight stood aghast with horror: his first impulse was to rush upon the scaffold, to meet the death which had been prevented by a murder so barbarous and so unnatural; but his feet seemed chained to the spot, and he stood motionless, watching with intense solicitude the movements of the parricide.

Ismengarde betrayed no touch of remorseful feeling; she covered the body with the black drapery which lay conveniently near it, and then hurried out of the chamber. Ludolph, left alone with the stiffening remains of his relentless enemy, started from his frozen attitude, almost trusting that he should awake from a fearful dream, but he could not escape the horrible reality. He turned to the window, and there beheld the preparations still going forward for his own death. A friar had ascended the scaffold to administer the last rites, and the deep toll of a funeral bell smote heavily upon his ear. The priest who had performed the bridal ceremony now entered, followed by a few attendant monks, who, by their superior's directions, took up the duke's body, without removing the black winding-sheet which enveloped it. Ludolph's

chains were unclasped, a rich robe was thrown around him, and, conducted into the hall of audience, he saw Ismengarde seated on her father's throne, and heard the shouts which united their names in ducal sovereignty. Maximilian was reported to have died suddenly by the bursting of a blood-vessel—and the tale, if suspected, remained unquestioned.

Riches, power, rank—all that the world could offer—were laid by Ismengarde at her husband's feet: he turned away in silent horror from the fruits of guilt, but still he could not abandon one who had plunged her soul in crime for his sake, and they lived together in gloomy wretchedness. Untouched by repentance for a deed which had secured the idols of her ambitious heart, Ismengarde resented Ludolph's shuddering anguish; her proud eyes quailed beneath his melancholy glance; and, after vainly seeking to recover his lost affection, she gave herself up to the world's delusive pleasures.

In the soft gush of the rippling waters, in the waving of the flowers, the beaming stars, and golden sun-light, the unhappy knight saw only the sad remembrancers of departed happiness; he loathed his life, and he loathed the murderess who had preserved him from the axe.

Beneath a palm-tree, in a garden attached to the monastery of Mount Carmel, lie the bones of a knight, slain in the holy wars; and under a magnificent tomb, in the cathedral church of her native city, those of Ismengarde repose. Happily unconscious of the guilt and misery of his parents, their only child succeeded to the ducal throne.

THE GREEK AND THE TURKMAN.

A NIGHT ATTACK BY CONSTANTINE PALEOLOGUS, ON A DETACHED CAMP OF THE TROOPS OF MAHOMET THE SECOND, AT THE SIEGE OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

BY THE REV. GEORGE CROLY.

THE Turkman lay beside the river,
The wind play'd loose through bow and quiver,
The charger on the bank fed free,
The shield hung glittering from the tree,
The trumpet, shawm, and atabal,
Were hid from dew by cloak and pall;
For long and weary was the way
The HORDES had march'd that burning day.

Above them, on the sky of June,
Broad as a buckler, glow'd the moon,
Flooding with glory vale and hill.
In silver sprang the mountain rill,
The weeping shrub in silver bent,
A pile of silver stood the tent:
All soundless, sweet tranquillity,
All beauty, hill, and tent, and tree.

There came a sound—'twas like the gush
When night winds shake the rose's bush;
There came a sound—'twas like the flow
Of rivers swell'd with melting snow;
There came a sound—'twas like the tread
Of wolves along the valley's bed;
There came a sound—'twas like the roar
Of ocean on its winter shore.

"Death to the Turk!" uprose the yell;
On roll'd the charge—a thunder peal:
The Tartar arrows fell like rain,
They clank'd on helm, and mail, and chain;
In blood, in hate, in death, were twined
Savage and Greek, mad, bleeding, blind;
And still on flank, and front, and rear,
Raged, Constantine, thy thirstiest spear!

Brassy and pale, a type of doóm,
Labour'd the moon through deepening gloom;
Down plunged her orb—'twas pitchy night:—
Now, Turkman, turn thy reins for flight!
On rush'd their thousands through the dark;
But in their camp a ruddy spark,
Like an uncertain meteor, reel'd:
Thy hand, brave king, that firebrand wheel'd!

Wild burst the burning element
O'er man and courser, flag and tent;
And through the blaze the Greeks outsprang,
Like tigers, bloody, foot and fang,
With daggers' stab and falchions' sweep
Delving the stunn'd and staggering heap—
Till lay the slave by chief and khan,
And all was gore that once was man.

There 's wailing on the Euxine shore—
Her chivalry shall ride no more.

There 's wailing on thy hills, Altai,
For chiefs—the Grecian vultures' prey!
But, Bosphorus, thy silver wave
Hears shouts for the returning brave,
The kingliest of her kingly line,
For there comes glorious Constantine!

LINES

ON A LADY'S SPEAKING IN RAPTURE OF THE LIFE OF A COTTAGER.

BY THE REV. RICHARD POLWHELE.

For those who "blest in rural bower,"
Bid every sun their tasks renew,
The tale of many a golden hour
Is far more specious—far than true.
What though their lambs—their kidlings play
Along the mead or up the steep,
Full oft must sorrow close the day,
When hearts shall sigh, and eyes shall weep.
If sweet their slumbers after toil,
Their shrieking babes these slumbers break!
If health vouchsafe her summer-smile,
Disease shall shrink the fading cheek.
Then Penury chills the chirping hearth,
Nor Pity lends her aid to save,
From each keen pang, unasking worth,
And little orphans clasp the grave!

IMPROMPTU

ON SEEING A SABLE VEST THROWN CASUALLY OVER A LADY'S HARP, WHICH HAD FOR SOME TIME BEEN MUTE AND UNTOUCHED, OWING TO HER INDISPOSITION.

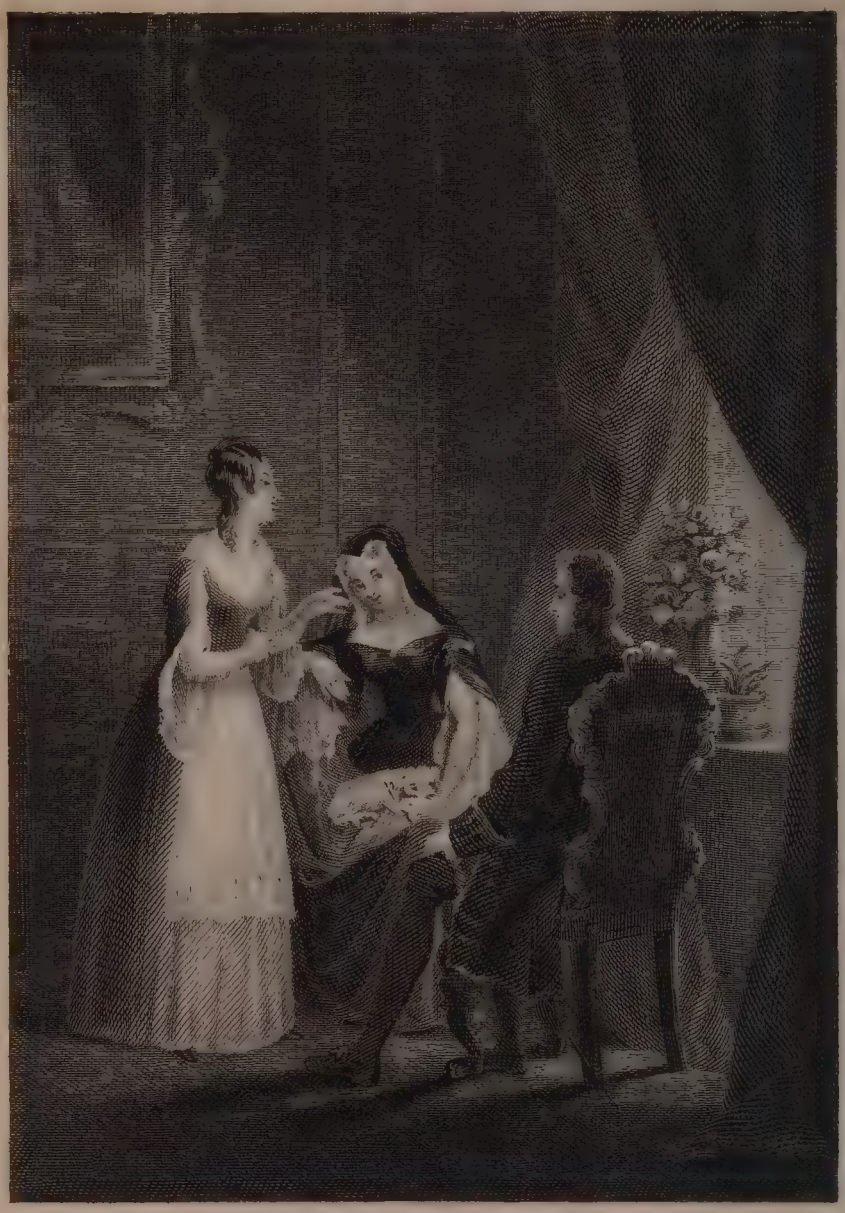
BY THE REV. DR. BOOKER.

"Music in mourning."—Ecclesiasticus, xxii. 6.

When Judah's sons, in pensive mood,
Sate by Euphrates' mighty stream,
Their flowing tears increased his flood,
For Salem was their mournful theme;
Silent, their harps (each cord unstrung)
On pendent willow-branches hung.

So, a fair minstrel's kindred shell,
That erst breathed harmony around,
Or roll'd enchantment's fuller swell,
Then died away, in dulcet sound,
Like angel's hymn, or seraph's lute,
Thou, harp! neglected, now art mute.

In sables drest, I see thee stand—
But these shall veil thy form no more.
Soon may'st thou, by Eliza's hand,
Breathe rapture, as thou didst before!
Then, with responsive pulse most true,
Will beat my heart with rapture too.



J. Porter pinxt. C. Heath sculpt.

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY.

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SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY

IN LOVE.

"It may be remembered that I mentioned a great affliction which my friend Sir Roger had met with in his youth, which was no less than a disappointment in love. It happened that we fell into a very pleasing walk, at a distance from his house. As soon as we came into it, 'It is,' quoth the good old man, looking round him with a smile, 'very hard that any part of my land should be settled upon one who has used me so ill as the perverse Widow did: and yet I am sure I could not see a sprig of any bough of this whole walk of trees, but I should reflect on her and her severity.—She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world!

"'You are to know, that this was the place wherein I used to muse upon her; and by that custom I can never come into it but the same tender sentiments revive in my mind, as if I had actually walked with that beautiful creature under these shades. I have been fool enough to carve her name upon the bark of several of those trees; so unhappy is the condition of men in love—to attempt the removing of their passion by the methods which serve only to imprint it deeper.—She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world!

"'As soon as I thought my retinue suitable to the character of my fortune and youth, I set out hence to make my addresses. She is beautiful beyond the race of women. They say she sings excellently; her voice in her ordinary speech has something in it inexpressibly sweet. I can assure you, sir, were you to behold her, you would find yourself in the same condition—for as her speech is music, her form is angelic. But I find I grow irregular while I am talking of her.—Oh, the excellent creature!'

"I found my friend begin to rave, and insensibly led him towards the house, that we might be joined by some of the company; and am convinced that the widow is the secret cause of all that inconsistency which appears in some parts of my friend's discourse." SPECTATOR, No. 113.

"Sir Roger was proceeding in his harangue when we heard the voice of one speaking very importunately, and repeating the words, 'What, not one smile!' The knight whispered me—'Hist! these are lovers.'" No. 118.

Quicumque ille fuit, puerum qui pinxit amorem,
Nonne putas miras hunc habuisse manus?
Is primum vidit, sine sensu vivere amantes,
Et levibus curis magna perire bona.
Idem non frustra ventosas addidit alas
Fecit et humano corde volare Deum.

PROPERTIUS.

THE breeze was dead, the sun was high,
The season summer, month July;
Upon the rose-bush buzz'd the bee,
The robin chanted from the tree;
With thousand boughs the grove was dark—
But where the sun-light tipp'd the bark,
Then shot upon the ground a beam,
A bright, sweet, transitory gleam.
The ancient knight the lustre eyed:
"See woman's image, there," he sigh'd;
"So, on the eye her smile she flings,
The coyest of all earthly things;
So,"—but behind a clump of beech,
Now past a pair who spoil'd his speech—
(But hang this sentimental style;
Now hear me in my own awhile.)

The pair were what the eye discovers
At half a glance, true, desperate lovers.
The maid in silence hung her head:
In vain the youth or sigh'd or said;
For lived the fire of jealousy
Within her deep and downcast eye.

At times upon the sky she threw
Her glance, that look'd as brightly blue;
Then scornful fix'd it on the brook,
That, like a glass, gave back the look,
On which sweet picture gazed the lover—
(For lovers all are half-seas over)
Then looking on the streamlet brown,
Like one not disinclined to drown,
Took from his breast some dozen letters
(The thing is practised by his betters);
And rough and smooth, and black and white,
He laid them full before her sight;
Then gave a sigh, preparatory
To letting out his whole love story,
In hope to reach the stubborn part,
That sages call a woman's heart;
Though some, for wits will have their fling,
Have hinted there is no such thing;
Not that I dare the fact deny—
I never tried, nor mean to try.

But turn we now from our digression
To hear the rustic's last confession.
"Look on this gift, too cruel fair;"
He show'd a braid of auburn hair—
The love-lock glitter'd in her view;
"The night 'twas given I thought you true;
The stars that twinkled in the skies
Were dim, that night, to Mary's eyes;

This rose—no rose on all the bush
Was like my Mary's crimson blush."
The maiden, as he spoke, had eyed
The lover now, and now the tide;
The blush was mingled with the frown—
She thought—'twas pity he should drown.
The young coquette still paused awhile;
Till pouted on her lip the smile,
And having wasted all her art,
The lover caught her to his heart.

"Go, happy fools!" the old man sigh'd,
As pass'd the rustic and his bride.
Then ancient memories fill'd his brain,
Of days when he too play'd the swain—
Lone joys, that to the world seem sadness,
Deep thoughts, that to the world seem madness;
And rambling with the rambling theme,
The knight thus told his ancient flame:—

"Sir, every ill must have its hour!
I once was in a woman's pow'r:
Her shape, 'twas living witchery—
'Twill move before me till I die;
Her tongue, 'twas music, and I hung
Enchanted on that fatal tongue!

"Well, sir, I saw her, droop'd my head,
Said all but what I should have said;

Then totter'd on from pause to pause;
In short, look'd just the fool I was:
I rose, yet scarcely dared to rise—
Sir, she had most bewitching eyes:
I stood, yet scarcely dared to stand—
You should have seen the fairy hand,
White as the swan upon the lake,
White as the snow's new-falling flake;
The finger, worthy of the ring,
Though it were fitted by a king.

"She smiled and spoke: her words were few,
Yet through my heart like fire they flew;
They round my spirit drew a chain
That pain'd me, yet 'twas pleasant pain;
Her cheek, you should have seen its bloom,
'Twas heighten'd as I left the room;
Her eye a deeper lustre gleam'd;
At least, so many a night I dream'd.
But there stood—ill the hour betide!
My evil genius at her side.
Sir, if you ever love, beware
Of such as came between us there—
That thing of artifice and cant,
That plague of plagues, the confidante;
Sleek as a tigress, slow and sly,
Upon me fell her subtle eye.
Sir, man can never know the art
That lurks within the menial's heart—

To keep the hold that weakness gave,
Her mistress more than half her slave,
To bear no rival near the throne—
She whisper'd, sneer'd, and all was done!

" 'Tis years ago, and yet in thought
I wander to the self-same spot:
There 's not a feature of the room
But stands before me in my gloom.
I see the window letting light
Upon the bosom's heaving white,
Save where a flush, a rosy stain,
Fell from the crimson-pictured pane;
The sofa, where the eye might seek
The pressure of her slumbering cheek;
The sculptured chair of eider down—
Its frame by right had worn a crown!
The flowers that round the casement wreath'd—
Her lip their sweetest scent had breath'd;
The mirror in its silver frame,
The picture, 'twas the living dame!

" All past and gone! in beauty's pride,
What woman stoops to reason's side?
Time flew away; the sweet coquette
Was lovely, smiling, heartless, yet.
From my stung soul her spell I tore;
We parted, and we met no more.

"And now, sir, all my tale is told;
Now, wifeless, childless, idle, old,
I ramble, feel my spirit range
From dream to dream, talk light and strange:
My mind is not the thing it was—
This blighted hope 's the bitter cause.
My old companions whisper by;
I hear the laugh that all deny;
I catch the quick averted gaze;
The grief the stifled sigh betrays;
Feel something wrong about my brain,
And long to break life's lingering chain."

NIGHT-BLOWING FLOWERS.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Call back your odours, lonely flowers,
From the night-wind call them back,
And fold your leaves till the laughing hours
Come forth on the sunbeam's track!

The lark lies couch'd in his grassy nest,
And the honey-bee is gone,
And all bright things are away to rest—
Why watch ye thus alone?

Is not your world a mournful one,
When your sisters close their eyes,
And your soft breath meets not a lingering tone
Of song in the starry skies?

Take ye no joy in the dayspring's birth,
When it kindles the sparks of dew?
And the thousand strains of the forest's mirth,
Shall they gladden all but you?

Shut your sweet bells till the fawn comes out
On the sunny turf to play,
And the woodland child, with a fairy shout,
Goes dancing on his way.

Nay, let our shadowy beauty bloom
When the stars give quiet light;
And let us offer our faint perfume
On the silent shrine of night.

Call it not wasted, the scent we lend
To the breeze when no step is nigh;
Oh! thus for ever the earth should send
Her grateful breath on high!

And love us as emblems, night's dewy flowers,
Of hopes unto sorrow given,
That spring through the gloom of the darkest hours,
Looking alone to Heaven!

THE COMET.

BY HENRY NEELE, ESQ.

A FEW years ago at the little fishing town, or rather village, of G., on the coast of Cornwall, resided a gentleman who, from his appearance, might be estimated to be nearly sixty years of age, but I have since learned that he was not more than forty. Whatever his age might be, he was more than suspected to be *the* old gentleman, that is to say, no other than the devil himself. Now I, who happened to be obliged, for the arrangement of some family affairs, to reside a month or two at G., had the misfortune to differ from my worthy neighbours as to the identity of the occupant of the old manor-house with the enemy of mankind. In the first place, his dress bore no sort of resemblance to that of Beelzebub. The last person who had the good fortune to get a glimpse of the real devil was the late professor Porson, and he has taken the pains to describe his apparel very minutely, so that I am enabled to speak with some degree of confidence upon this part of the subject. The professor's description runs thus:

> And pray how was the devil drest?
> Oh! he was in his Sunday's best:
> His coat was black, and his breeches were blue,
> With a hole behind that his tail went through.
>
> And over the hill, and over the dale,
> And he rambled over the plain;
> And backwards and forwards he switch'd his long tail
> As a gentleman switches his cane.

The "*complement externe*" of the old gentleman at G. was quite the reverse of all these. In the first place he had no Sunday's best; the sabbath and the working day saw him in precisely the same habiliments—a circumstance which confirmed the towns-people in their opinion; whereas I have no less an authority than that of Porson for deducing an opposite conclusion from the same premises, because the devil is scrupulously particular about his Sunday's apparel. Then again he was never seen in a coat, but always wore a loose morning gown. This however was a circumstance which, in the opinion of all, told decidedly against him; for why should he always wear that gown, unless it was for the purpose of hiding his tail beneath its ample folds? The goodwives of the town were especially pertinacious upon this point, and used to eye the lower part of the old gentleman's garment very suspiciously as he took his morning's walk upon the beach. As to his rambling over hill and dale, in the manner mentioned by the learned professor, that was quite out of the question, for he was a great sufferer by the gout, and wore bandages as large as a blanket round his leg. Whenever this fact was mentioned, the gossips used to smile, shake their heads, and look particularly wise, observing that it was clearly a stratagem which he resorted to for the purpose of concealing his cloven foot.

Another circumstance ought not to be omitted: he never went to the parish church—the only place of worship within twenty miles; and after he left G. an ivory crucifix was found in his house, over which there was no

doubt (in the opinion of the neighbours) that he used to say the Lord's prayer backwards, and repeat a variety of diabolical incantations. I ventured humbly to suggest that his absence from church, and the discovery of the crucifix, were proofs, not that he was the devil, but a catholic: upon which I was interrupted with a sneer, and an exclamation of "Where is the mighty difference?"

He gave great offence at the house of a fisherman who lived near him, and strongly confirmed the prejudices existing against him, by tearing down a horse-shoe which was nailed at the door as a protection against witchcraft, and calling the inhabitants fools and idiots for their pains. Seeing, however, the consternation which he had created, he laughed heartily, and threw them a guinea to make amends. The good folks were determined not to derive any pecuniary advantages from the devil's gold, but they gave it to their last born, an infant in arms, as a plaything. The child was delighted with the glittering bauble, but one day having got it down its throat, there it stuck, and instant suffocation ensued. The weeping and wailing of the family on this occasion were mingled with execrations on the author of the calamity, for such they did not hesitate to term the old gentleman, who had evidently thrown to them this infernal coin for the purpose of depriving them of their chief earthly comfort. They were not long in proceeding to the nearest magistrate, and begging him to issue his warrant to apprehend the stranger for murder. To this, however, his worship demurred, and the good folks changed their battery, and

begged to ask, as the guinea was of course a counterfeit, whether they could not hang the devil for coining. To this his worship replied, that though coining is an offence amounting to high treason, yet the devil, not being a natural-born subject of his majesty, owed him no allegiance, and therefore could not be guilty of the crime in question. The poor people departed, thinking it all very odd, and that the devil and the squire must be in collusion, in which opinion they were confirmed by a tallow-chandler, who was the chief tradesman of the town, as well as a violent radical, and who advised them to petition the House of Commons without delay.

I will explain to my readers the secret of the tallow-chandler's enmity. The old gentleman had of a sudden ceased to buy candles, and illuminated his house, inside and out, in a strange and mysterious manner by some means, which, from the brimstone-like smell occasionally perceived, were plainly of infernal origin. For several weeks previously, he had been employing labourers from a distant town (for he did not engage the honest man, whose pick-axe was the only one ever used by the good people of G.) in digging trenches, and laying down pipes, round his house. The towns-folk gazed on in wonder and terror, but at a careful distance; and although they had a longing desire to understand the meaning of all this, they cautiously avoided any intercourse with the only persons who could give them the least information, viz., the labourers who performed the work. At length, one night, without any obvious cause, the lamp before

the old gentleman's door, that in his hall, and another in his sitting-room, were seen to spring into light as if by magic. They were also observed to go out in the same way, and thereupon a smell, which could not be of this world, proceeded from them. One day, too, a dreadful explosion took place at the house, and a part of the garden wall was thrown down; all which were plain proofs that it could be no one but the devil who inhabited there. The good folks of G. had never heard of gas or its properties, and I was thought to be no better than I should be for endeavouring to explain all these phenomena by natural causes.

There was one more fact which proved (if proof were wanting) the accusation of the towns-people. He was a great correspondent, and put more letters into the post-office than all the rest of the inhabitants of G. together. These were generally directed to Berlin, a town which, after much inquiry, was ascertained to lie in a remote part of Devonshire, and to be inhabited by a horridly dissolute and profane set of people. What was stranger still, no part of the superscription could ever be read but the word Berlin: the rest was such a piece of cramp penmanship, that the most expert scholar in G. could not decipher it. The postmaster (without having ever heard of Tony Lumpkin or his aphorisms) knew that "the inside of a letter is the cream of the correspondence," and ventured one day to open an epistle which the mysterious one had just dropped into his box. The contents, however, did not much edify him. Not a letter was there

which resembled any one in the English alphabet—it was, therefore, some devilish and cabalistic writing, invented for purposes of evil. My opinion being asked, I positively refused to look at the inside; but having perused the superscription, I said that it was addressed to some one in Berlin, which was a city in Germany, and that, although I did not understand German, I had no doubt that the direction was written in the German character. Being asked, whether even I, with all my scholarship, could read it, I candidly confessed that I could not; upon which I was asked, with a sneer, whether I expected to persuade them that the Germans were such a nation of fools as to write in a hand which nobody could read. The good folks were also firmly persuaded that, whatever I might say, I was in my conscience of the same opinion with them, and my refusal to look at the inside of the letter was set down as a plain proof that I was afraid of receiving some mysterious injury if I did.

My own opinions were so much opposed to those of my neighbours, that I felt rather a desire to be acquainted with the stranger, whose manners appeared to be open and good-humoured, although testy and eccentric. My naturally shy disposition prevented me, however, from accomplishing my wish; and, besides this, I found that my own affairs were enough to occupy me during the short time that I remained at G. I learned that the person who had created so much consternation had arrived at that town about four months before, and that the house had been previously engaged for him. Who, or what he was, or

why he came thither, no one who tried could ascertain. Whether I could have attained this wonderful height in knowledge, I do not know; but having something else to do, I never made the attempt. At length the old gentleman and his two servants, an elderly female, and a stout active man who talked a gibberish (so they called it at G.) which no one could understand, were one day seen very busily employed in packing up. A queer-looking, broad-bottomed vessel, from which a boat was lowered, appeared off the town. The three strangers sallied out with their boxes, and after depositing a packet at the post-office addressed to the former proprietor of the house (which was supposed to contain the keys, and was ordered to be kept until the arrival of the person to whom it was addressed), they got into the boat, rowed to the ship, and were never seen or heard of more.

During the short time afterwards that I continued at G. I was subject to repeated lectures for my obstinate infidelity as to the old gentleman's diabolisms; and whatever argument I advanced in support of my own opinion, it was sure to be met by the unanswerable question, "If he was not the devil, who the devil was he?"

Many years rolled over my head, and the memory of the mysterious inhabitant of G. had entirely vanished from it, when circumstances which it is unnecessary to detail obliged me to pay a visit to the north of Germany. At the close of a fine autumnal day in 18—, I found myself entering the splendid city of Berlin. Both my good steed and I were so much fatigued that a speedy resting was

very desirable for us; but it was long before I could choose an hotel out of the immense numbers which presented themselves to my view. Some were far too magnificent for my humble means, and the mere sight of their splendour appeared to melt away the guilders in my pocket. Some, on the other hand, were such as no "man of wit and fashion about town" would think of putting his head into. At length I thought that I had discovered one which looked like the happy medium, and the whimsicality of its sign determined me to put up there. The sign was DER TEUFEL: and since my departure from G. I had acquired a sufficient mastery of the German language to know what those two words signified in English. I entered, and after taking all due precautions for the accommodation and sustenance of the respectable quadruped who had borne me upon his back for nearly half a day, I began to think of satisfying that appetite which disappointment, anxiety, and fatigue, had not been able entirely to destroy. My worthy host, who did not seem to bear any resemblance to his sign, unless I could have the ingratitude to ascribe his magical celerity and marvellous good fare to the auspices of his patron saint, quickly covered my table with a profusion of tempting viands, while a flask of sparkling Hochheim towered proudly, like a presiding deity, above the whole. My good humour, however, was a little clouded when I saw plates, knives, and forks, laid for two instead of one. "What means this?" said I to the landlord. "Mein Herr," he answered submissively, "a gentleman who has

just arrived will have the honour of dining with you."—"But I mean to dine alone," I replied angrily—not that I doubted the sufficiency of the meal, but I did not choose to be intruded upon by strangers. "Pardon me, mein Herr," said the landlord with unabashed impudence, "I have told Herr von Schwartzman that dinner is ready. I am sure you will like his company. He is a gentleman of good fortune and family. He is moreover ———"—"I care not who he is," I exclaimed, "but in order to cut thy prating short, and to get my dinner, if I must needs submit, let him come in at once, even if he be the devil himself!"

I had scarcely uttered these words when I started as if I had really seen the person whom I mentioned, for the room-door opened, and in walked the old gentleman who had caused so much wonder and terror at G. The superstitions of the people of that town—the sign of the inn where I now was—the old fellow's name, Schwartzman, (which being interpreted in English meaneth black man) —my own petulant exclamation—and the sudden apparition of this unaccountable person, were circumstances that crowded my brain at once, and for an instant I almost fancied myself in the presence of the foul fiend. "You seem surprised," at length said Herr von Schwartzman, "at our unexpected meeting; and, indeed, you cannot be more so than I am. I believe it was in England that we met before."

"Even so, mein Herr," I answered, encouraged by the

earthly tone of his voice, and fancying that the good-humoured smile which mantled over his face must be of this world, and at any rate could be of no worse origin—"even so, mein Herr, and I have often regretted that, placed as we were among a horde of barbarous peasantry, an opportunity never occurred for our better acquaintance."

"It is at length arrived," he said, filling two glasses of Hochheim. "Let us drink to our better and our long acquaintance."

I pledged the old gentleman's toast with great alacrity, and it was not until the passage of the wine down my throat had sealed me to it irrevocably, that I reflected upon the sentiment to which I had drunk with so much cordiality, and I was again shaken with doubts as to the nature of the person with whom I had avowed my wish to be long and intimately acquainted.

I looked upon his feet—but that's a fable—and then I looked upon the viands on which he was feeding lustily while I (although he had the courtesy to load my plate with the best of every thing) was wasting the golden moments in idle alarms and superstitious absurdity. The more reasonable man was roused within me, and I fell to the work of mastication with a zeal and fervour that would have done honour to Dr. Kitchener himself.

"Well, my friend," said my companion, after we had pretty well satisfied the cravings of our stomachs, "our landlord has this day treated us nobly, and methinks we have not been backward in doing honour to his excel-

lent cheer. He is an honest fellow, who well deserves to prosper, and we will therefore, if you please, drink *Success to Der Teufel.*"

I had raised my glass to my lips when I found that the old gentleman meant to propose a toast, but I set it down hastily as soon as I heard the very equivocal sentiment to which he wanted me to pledge myself. The fiend, I thought, is weaving his web around me, and wishes me to drink to my own perdition. A cold sweat came over me, a film covered my eyes, and I thought that I perceived the old man looking askew at me while his lip was curled with a malignant smile.

"You are not well," he said, taking my hand. I shrunk from his grasp at first, but to my surprise it was as cool and healthy as the touch of humanity can possibly be. "Let us retire to our worthy host's garden—the heat of this room overpowers you—and we can finish our wine coolly and pleasantly in the arbour."

He did not wait for my consent, but led me out; and our bottle and glasses were very quickly arranged upon a table in a leafy arbour, where we were sheltered from the sun, and enjoyed the refreshing fragrance of the evening breeze as it gently stirred the leaves about us.

"They were odd people," said my friend, "those inhabitants of G.; they stared at me, and shrunk from me, as if I had been the devil himself."

"And in truth, mein Herr," I replied, "they took you to be no less a personage than he whom you have just named."

The old gentleman laughed long and heartily at my information. "I thought as much," he said. "It is an honour which has been ascribed to me from the hour of my birth, and in more countries than one."

"Indeed," said I, "you speak as if there were something in your history to which a stranger might listen with interest. May I crave the favour of you to be a little more communicative?"

"With all my heart!" he replied: "but in truth you will not find much to interest you in my story. A little mirth and a good deal of sorrow make up the history of most men's lives, and mine is not an exception to the general rule. I was born some threescore years ago, and was the son and heir of the Baron von Schwartzman, whose castle is a few miles to the southward of this city —and I am now, by your leave, mein Herr, the baron himself. (I made a lower bow than I had ever yet greeted him with). My mother had brought into the world, about two years previously, a daughter of such extraordinary beauty, that it was confidently expected that the next child would be similarly endowed; but I was no sooner presented to my father than he was so startled at my surprising ugliness, that he retreated several paces, and involuntarily exclaimed, 'The devil!' This was a *christian name* which stuck to me ever afterwards, and which, as you can bear witness, followed me even into a foreign country.

"My godfather and godmother, however, treated me much more courteously than my own natural parent, and

bestowed upon me, at the baptismal font, the high-sounding appellation of Leopold. Nothing worth describing occurred during the years of my infancy. I cried, and laughed, and pouted, and sucked, and was kissed, and scolded, and treated, and whipped, as often, and with the same alternations as children in general, only I grew uglier, and justified the paternal benediction more and more every day. In due time I was sent to a grammar-school. As I had at home been accustomed to independence and the exercise of my self-will, I soon became the most troublesome fellow there; and yet (I may now say it without the imputation of vanity) I contrived, by some means or other, to gain the hearts of all, whether tutors or pupils. For solving a theme, or robbing an orchard; writing nonsense verses, or frightening a whole neighbourhood; translating Homer into German verse, or beating a watchman until his flesh was one general bruise, who could compete with Leopold von Schwartzman? One day I was publicly reprimanded and punished for some monstrous outrage, and the next rewarded with all the honours of the school for my proficiency in the classics. In short, it was generally agreed that there was not such another clever, pleasant, good-tempered, good-for-nothing fellow in the school. 'Certainly,' the wise people would say, '*the devil is in him.*'

"And now," added the old man, smiling, but smiling, I thought, somewhat solemnly and sadly, "I must let you into the secret of one of my weaknesses. I have ever had the most implicit belief in the science of astrology.

You stare at me incredulously, and I can excuse your incredulity. You, born in England perhaps some forty years ago, can have but few superstitions in common with one whose birth-place is Germany, and whose natal star first shone upon him above threescore years before the time at which he is speaking. Observe that comet," he said, pointing towards the west; "it is a very brilliant one, and this is the last night that it will be visible."

"It is the beautiful comet," I said, "which has shone upon us for the last six months, and which first appeared, I think, in the belt of Orion."

"True, true," replied the baron: "it is the comet which, according to the calculations of astronomers, visits the eyes of the inhabitants of this world once in twenty years, and I can confirm the accuracy of their calculations as far as relates to three of its visits. You will smile, and think that the eccentricity of my conduct and character is sufficiently accounted for, when I tell you that that comet is my natal planet. On the very day and instant that it became visible, sixty years and six months ago, did I first open my eyes in my father's castle. There is, however, a tradition connected with this comet, which has sometimes made me uneasy. It runs thus:

> The comet that 's born in the belt of Orion,
> Whose cradle it gilds, gilds the place they shall die on.

However this is its third return that I have seen, and being now as hale and hearty as ever I was, the tradition, if it means any thing to interest me, means that I shall

live on to the good old age of fourscore. But to return to my history. I was a fervent believer in astrology, and I thought that if I could meet with a person, either male or female, who was born under the same star, to that person I might safely attach myself, and our destinies must be indissolubly bound together. I had however never met with such a person, and as yet I had never seen my natal star, for on the day on which I entered the university of Halle I wanted three days of attaining my twentieth year. Those three days seemed the longest and most tedious that I had ever passed; but at length the fateful morning dawned, on the evening of which, a few minutes before the hour of eight (the hour of my birth), I hastened to a secluded place at a short distance from the town, and planting myself there, gazed earnestly and intently upon the belt of Orion. I had not gazed long before a peculiar light seemed to issue from it, and at length I saw a beautiful comet, with a long and glittering train, rising in all its celestial pomp and majesty. How shall I describe my feelings at that moment? I felt, as it were, new-born: new ideas, new hopes, new joys, seemed to rush upon me, and I gave vent to my emotions in an exclamation of delight. This exclamation I was astonished to hear repeated as audibly and fervently as it was made, and turning round, I beheld a female within a few paces of me to my right.

"She was tall, and exquisitely formed: her dress denoted extreme poverty; and her eye, which for a moment had been lighted up with enthusiasm, was downcast, and

abashed with a sense of conscious inferiority, when it met mine. Still I thought that I had never beheld a face so perfectly beautiful. Her general complexion was exquisitely fair, without approaching to paleness, with a slight tinge of the rose on each cheek, which I could not help thinking that care and tenderness might be able to deepen to a much ruddier hue. Her eyes were black and sparkling, but the long dark lashes which fell over them seemed, I thought, acquainted with tears. Her hair was of the same colour with her eyes, and almost of the same brightness. I gazed first upon her and then upon the newly-risen comet, and my bosom seemed bursting with emotions which I could not express, or even understand.

"'Sweet girl!' I said, approaching her, and taking her hand, 'what can have induced you to wander abroad at this late hour?'

"'The comet,' she said—'the comet!'—pointing to it with enthusiasm.

"'It is indeed a beautiful star,' I replied—and as I gazed I felt as if I were the apostle of truth for so saying—'but here,' I added, pressing my lip to her white forehead, 'is one still more beautiful, but alas! more fragile, and which ought therefore not to be exposed to danger.'

"'Ay,' she said, 'but it is the star which I have been waiting to gaze upon for many a long year; it is the star that rules my destiny, my natal star! Twenty years ago, and at this hour, was I brought into the world.'

"Scarcely could I believe my ears. I thought that

the sounds which I had heard could not come from the beautiful lips which I saw moving, but that some lying fiend had whispered them in my ears; I made her repeat them over and over again. I thought of the desire which had so long haunted me, and which now seemed gratified; I thought, too, of the beautiful lines of Schiller:

> It is a gentle and affectionate thought,
> That in immeasurable heights above us,
> At our first birth this wreath of love was woven,
> With sparkling stars for flowers!

In short, I thought and felt so much that I fell at the fair girl's feet, told her the strange coincidence of our destinies, revealed to her my name and rank, and made her an offer of my hand and heart without any further ceremony.

"'Alas! sir,' she said, permitting, but not returning the caress which I gave her, 'I could indeed fancy that fate has intended us to be indissolubly united, but I am poor, friendless, wretched; my mother is old and bedridden; and my father, I fear, follows desperate courses to procure even the slender means on which we subsist.'

"'But I have wealth, sweet girl!' I exclaimed, 'sufficient to remove all these evils, and here is an earnest of it'—endeavouring to force my purse into her hands.

"'Nay, nay,' she said, thrusting it back, 'keep your gold, lest slander should blacken the fair fame which is all Adeline's dowry!'

"'Sweet Adeline! beautiful Adeline!' I said, 'do not let us part thus. Can you doubt my sincerity? Would

you vainly endeavour to interpose a barrier against the decrees of fate? Believe that I love you, and say that you love me in return.'

"'It is the will of fate,' she said, sinking in my arms. 'Why should I belie what it has written in my heart? Leopold, I love thee.'

"Thus did we, who but half an hour previously were ignorant of each other's existence, plight our mutual vows; but each recognized a being long sought and looked for, and each yielded to the overruling influence of the planet which was the common governor of our destiny. I was anxious to celebrate our nuptials immediately, but Adeline put a decided negative upon it.

"'What,' she said, 'were you born under yon star, and know not the dark saying which is attached to it?—

> The love that is born at the comet's birth,
> Treat it not like a thing of earth;
> Breathe it to none but the loved one's ear,
> Lest fate should remove what hope deems so near;
> Seal it not till the hour and the day
> When that star from the heavens shall pass away.'

"I instantly recollected the saying, and acquiesced in the wisdom of not acting adversely to what I believed to be the will of destiny. 'It will then be six long months, sweet Adeline!' I said, 'ere our happiness can be sealed; but I must see thee daily—I cannot else exist.'

"'Call upon me at yon white cottage,' she answered, 'at about this hour. My father is then out; indeed he

has been out for some weeks now—but he is never at home at that hour; and my mother will have retired to rest. Farewell, Leopold von Schwartzman.'

"'Farewell, dearest Adeline—tell me no more of thy name. I seek not—I wish not—to know it: tell it not to me until the hour when thou art about to exchange it for Schwartzman.'

"Our parting was marked, as the partings of lovers usually are, with sighs, and tears, and embraces, protestations of eternal fidelity, and promises of speedily seeing each other again.

"The love thus suddenly lighted up within our bosoms I did not suffer to die away, or to be extinguished. Every evening, at the hour of nine, I was at the fair one's cottage door, and I ever found her ready to receive me; nay, at length I used to find the latchet left unfastened for me, and I stole up stairs to her chamber unquestioned. I soon discovered that her mind and manners were, at least, equal to her beauty; but the utmost penury and privation were but too visible around her. It was in vain that I offered her the assistance of my purse, and urged her to accept by anticipation that which must very shortly be hers by right. The high-minded girl positively refused to avail herself of this offer, and then I could not help, at all hazards, endeavouring to persuade her to consent to our immediate union, as that seemed to me to be the only means of rescuing her from the distressing state of poverty in which I found her.

"'Say no more, Leopold,' she said, one night, when I

had been urging this upon her more strenuously than ever—'say no more, lest I should be weak enough to consent, and so draw down upon our heads the bolts of destiny. And, Leopold, I find thy presence dangerous to me; let me, therefore, I pray thee, see thee no more until the hour which is to make us one. I dread thy entreating eyes—thy persuading tongue: one short month of separation, and then a whole life of constant union. Say that it shall be so, for my sake.'

"'It shall be so—it shall, for thy sake,' I said. For bitter as was the trial to which she put me, the tone and manner in which she implored my acquiescence were irresistible.

"'Then farewell,' she said; 'come not near me until that day. Should you attempt to see me earlier, I have a fearful foreboding that something evil will befall us.'

"This was the most sorrowful parting which I had yet experienced; but I bore it as manfully as I could. Three, four, five days, did I perform my promise, and never ventured near the residence of Adeline. I shut myself up in my own chamber, where I saw no one but the domestic who brought my meals. I could not support this life any longer, and at last I determined to pay a visit to Adeline.

"'Whither would you go, mein Herr?' said the centinel at the city gate, through which I had to pass.

"'I have business of importance to transact about a mile from the city,' I answered: 'pray do not detain me.'

"'Nay, mein Herr,' replied the centinel, 'I have no

authority to detain you; but if you will take the advice of a friend, you will not leave the city to-night. Know you not that the noted bandit Brandt is suspected to be in the neighbourhood this evening; that the council have set a price upon his head; and that the city bands are now engaged in pursuit of him?'

"'Be it so,' I said: 'a man who is skulking about to avoid the city bands is not, methinks, an enemy whom I need greatly fear encountering.'

"The centinel shook his head, but allowed me to pass without further question. Love lent wings to my feet, and already was Adeline's white cottage in sight, when a violent blow on the back of my head with the butt-end of a pistol stretched me on the ground, and a man, whose knee was immediately on my chest, pointed the muzzle at my head.

"'Deliver your money,' he said, 'or you have not a moment to live.'

"'Ruffian,' I said, 'let me go. I am a student at Halle, son of the Baron von Schwartzman. Thou durst not for thy head attempt my life.'

"'That we shall soon see,' said the villain coolly; and my days had then been certainly numbered, had not three men, springing from a neighbouring thicket, suddenly seized the robber, disarmed him, and then proceeded very quietly to bind his hands behind him.

"'Have we caught you at last, mein Herr Brandt?' said one of my deliverers. 'We have been a long time looking out for you. Now we meet to part only once and for ever.'

"The robber eyed them sullenly, but did not deign a reply, as they marched him between them towards the town. We soon entered the gate, through which I had already passed, and were conducted before the commander of the garrison, who, as Brandt had been placed by proclamation under military law, was the judge appointed to decide upon his case.

"My evidence was given in a very few words, and, corroborated as it was by that of the policemen, was, I perceived, fatal to Brandt. I could not help, however, entreating for mercy to the wretched criminal.

"'Nay, sir,' said the officer, 'your entreaty is vain. Even without this last atrocious case to fix his doom, we needed only evidence to identify him as Brandt, to have cost him all his lives, were they numerous as the hairs upon his head. Away with him, and hang him instantly upon the ramparts.'

"'I thank thee, colonel,' said the bandit, 'for my death. It is better to die than to witness such sights as have torn my heart daily. It was only to save a wretched wife and daughter from starvation that I resorted to this trade. But, fare thee well—Brandt knows how to die.'

"The unhappy man was instantly removed; and finding that there was no further occasion for my attendance, I rushed into the streets in a state that bordered upon frenzy. The idea that I had, however innocently, been the occasion of the death of a man shook every fibre in my frame; and while I was suffering under the influence of these feelings, the sullen roll of the death drums announced that Brandt had ceased to live.

"I went home and hurried to bed, but not to rest. The violence of the blow which I had received from the bandit, as well as the mental agony which I had undergone, threw me into a dangerous fever. For ten days I was in a state of delirium, raving incoherently, and unconscious of every thing around me. At length I arrived at the crisis of my disorder, which proved favourable. The fever left my brain, and the glassy glaze of my eye was exchanged for its usual look of intelligence and meaning. I turned round my head in my bed, and looked towards the window of my chamber. It was evening; the arch of heaven was of one deep azure, and the comet was shining in all its brightness. Its situation in the heavens, which was materially different from that which it occupied when I was last conscious of seeing it, recalled and fixed my wandering recollections of all that was connected with it. I rang the bell violently, and was speedily attended by my valet, who had watched over me during my illness. I interrupted the expressions of delight which the sight of my convalescent state drew from him by inquiring eagerly what was the day of the month and the hour.

"'It is the eighth of August, sir; and the clock of the cathedral has just chimed the hour of seven.'

"'Heavens!' I exclaimed, starting from my bed, 'had this cursed fever detained me one hour longer, the destined moment would have passed away. Assist me to dress, good Ferdinand; I must away instantly.'

"'Sir,' said the man, alarmed, 'the doctor would chide.'

"'Care not for his chiding,' I said. 'I will secure thee; but an affair of life and death is not more urgent than that on which I am about to go.'

"'The good curate, von Wilden, is below,' said Ferdinand, 'and told me that he must see you; but I dared not disturb you. He was just going away when you rang the bell, and is now waiting to know the result.'

"I remembered immediately that I had appointed the curate to meet me at that hour, for the purpose of proceeding to Adeline's cottage and tying the nuptial knot between us. I had told him the nature of the duty which I wished him to perform, without, however, disclosing so much as to break through the caution contained in the traditionary verses. I lost no time in joining him in the hall, and proceeded to leave the house, accompanied by him, with as much celerity as possible, lest the intervention of my medical attendant or some other person should throw difficulty in the way.

"We soon reached the open fields. It was a beautiful star-light evening. The comet was nearly upon the verge of the horizon, and I was fearful of its disappearing before the ceremony of my nuptials could be accomplished. We therefore proceeded rapidly on our walk. An involuntary shudder came over me as I passed by the scene of my encounter with the bandit; but just then the white cottage peeped out from among the woods which had concealed it, and my heart felt reassured by the near prospect of unbounded happiness. We approached the door: it was on the latch, which I gently raised, and then pro-

ceeded, as usual, up the stairs, followed by the curate. I thought I heard a low moaning sound as we approached the chamber door; but it was ajar, and we entered. An old woman, who seemed scarcely able to crawl about, was at the bed-side with a phial in her hand; and stretched upon the couch, with a face on which the finger of death seemed visibly impressed, lay the wasted form of Adeline. 'Just heavens!' I exclaimed, 'what new misery have ye in store for me?'

"The sound of my voice roused Adeline from her death-like stupor. She raised her eyes, but closed them again suddenly, on seeing me, exclaiming, ''Tis he, 'tis he!—the fiend!—save me, save me!' The bitterness of death seemed to invade my heart when I heard this unaccountable exclamation. I gasped for breath, and cold drops of agony rolled from my temples. I ventured to approach the bed. I took her burning hand within my own, and pressed it to my heart. She again fixed her eyes upon me solemnly, and said, 'Know you whom you embrace? Miserable man, has not the universal rumour reached thy ear?'

"'Dearest Adeline,' I said, 'for the last ten days I have been stretched upon the bed of delirium and insensibility. Rumour, however trumpet-tongued to other ears, has been dumb to mine.'

"'You call me Adeline,' she said; 'is that all?'

"'The hour,' I answered, 'is at length arrived—I thought it would be a less melancholy one—when thou wert to tell me that other name, ere thou exchangedst it for ever.'

"'Know then,' she said, rising up in the bed with an unusual effort, in which all her remaining strength seemed to be concentrated, 'that my name is Adeline Brandt!'

"For an instant she fixed her dark eyes upon my face, which grew cold and pallid as her own; then the film of death came over them, and her head sank back upon her pillow, from which it never rose again.

"Weak and sickly, and stricken, as it were, with a thunderbolt, I know not how I preserved my recollection and reason at that moment. I remember, however, looking from the chamber window, and seeing the comet shining brightly, although just on the verge of the horizon—I turned to the dead face of Adeline, and thought of those ill-omened verses—

> The comet that 's born in the belt of Orion,
> Whose cradle it gilds, gilds the place they shall die on.

I looked again, and the comet was just departing from the heavens; its fiery train was no longer visible; and in an instant after the nucleus disappeared.

"I have but little to add in explanation. I learned that, on the evening of our meeting, the unfortunate Brandt, who had carried on his exploits at a distance, knowing that a price was set upon his head, had fled to the house where his wife and daughter lived, and between whom and him no suspicion of any connexion existed, resolving, if he escaped his present danger, to give up his perilous courses; but that he found those two females in such a state of wretchedness and starvation, that he rushed out and committed the act for which he forfeited his life. Had

I but asked Adeline her name, this fatal event would not have happened; for I should most assuredly have removed her to another dwelling, and provided in some way for her father's safety; or, had not the traditionary verses restrained us from mentioning our attachment to any one until the hour of our nuptials, I should have revealed it to the bandit, and so taken away from him every inducement for following his lawless occupation. Ill news is not long in spreading. Adeline heard of her father's death, and that I was the occasion of it, a few hours after it took place. The same cause which sent her to her death-bed roused her mother from the couch of lethargy and inaction on which she had lain for many years; and I found that she was the wretched old woman whom I had seen attending the last moments of her daughter.

"The remainder of my history has little in it to interest you. I left the university, and retired to my father's castle, where I shut myself up and lived a very recluse life, until his death, which happened a few years afterwards, obliged me to exert myself in the arrangement of my family affairs. The lapse of years gradually alleviated, although it could not eradicate, my sorrow; but when I found myself approaching my fortieth year, and knew that the comet would very soon make its reappearance, I could not bear the idea of looking again upon the fatal planet which had caused me so much uneasiness. I therefore resolved to travel in some country where it would not be visible; and having received a pressing invitation from a friend in England to visit his

native land, accompanied by an intimation that his house at G. was entirely at my service, I did not hesitate to accept his offer. You know something of my adventures there, especially of the consternation which I occasioned by laying down gas-pipes round my friend's house, in consequence of a letter which I had received from him, requesting me to take the trouble to superintend the workmen. Twenty more years have now rolled over my head; the comet has re-appeared, and I can gaze on it with comparative indifference; and as it is just about taking its leave of us, suppose we walk out and enjoy the brightness of its departing glory."

I acceded to the old gentleman's proposal, and lent him the assistance of my arm during our walk. "Yonder fence," said he, "surrounds my friend Berger's garden, in which there is an eminence from which we shall get a better view. The gate is a long way round, but I think you, and even I, shall find but little difficulty in leaping this fence—I will indemnify you for the trespass"—and he had scarcely spoken before he was on the other side of it. I followed him, and we proceeded at a brisk pace towards a beautiful shrubbery, on an elevated spot in the centre of the garden. M. von Schwartzman led the way, but he had scarcely reached the summit before I heard an explosion, and saw him fall upon the ground. I hastened to his assistance, and found him weltering in his blood. I raised him, and supported him in my arms, but he shook his head, saying, "No, no, my friend, it is all in vain—the influence of that malignant star has prevailed over me.

I forgot that my friend Berger had lately planted spring-guns in his grounds. But it is Destiny, and not they, which has destroyed me. Farewell—farewell!" On these words his last breath was spent: his eyes, while they remained open, were fixed upon the comet, and the instant they closed the ill-boding planet sunk beneath the horizon.

SONNET.

BY MISS MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

I COULD have lengthen'd out one fleeting hour
Into an age—sitting at set of sun
Under the long low open shed, where won
The mellow evening light through leaf and flower;
Playing the hostess in that summer bower
To such dear guests, whilst rose the antique song,
By those young sister voices pour'd along,
So wild, so pure, so clear, full of sweet power,
Ringing and vibrating. It was a lay
That sent a smile into the very heart:
As when the early lark shoots up in May,
With his blithe matins, rarer than all art
Save this. O happiest and most fleeting day,
Why art thou gone so soon?—Why must we part?

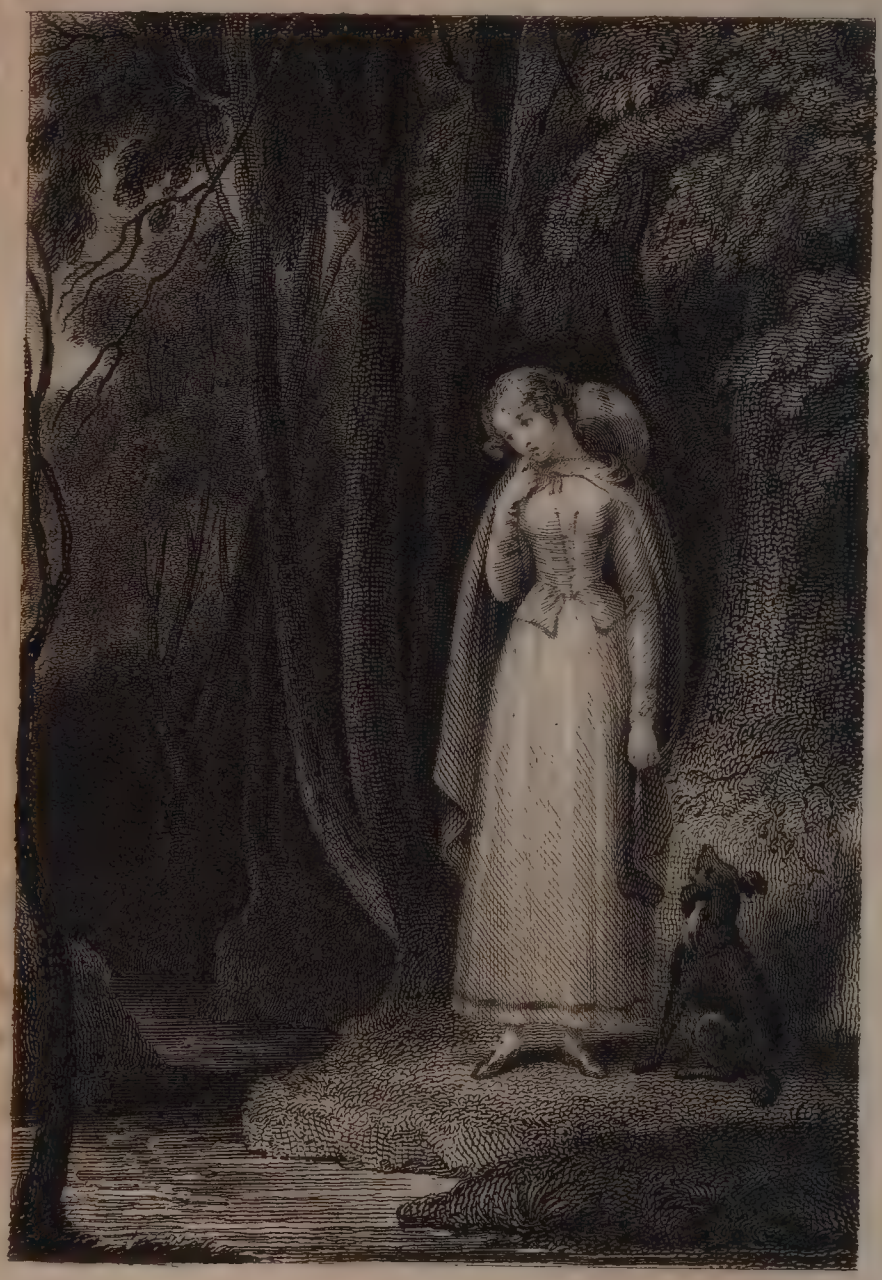
THE OUTLAW.

BY THE REV. GEORGE CROLY.

He laugh'd at Nature's changes; with the deer
He 'd lie i' the forest; face the winter's tooth;
Or, like a negro, mock the burning sun;
Drink of the weedy pool, eat roots and leaves,
For which he fought the bear; or to his couch
Swim roaring streams, pierce thickets, climb wild rocks,
That scared the mountain goat; then fling his limbs
Beneath heaven's windy canopy.

Anon,
He 'd revel through our cities, bathe in wine,
Wear ermine, sleep in silken broider'd beds,
Or spend the night to music—night and day,
Showering his gold among our subtle dames,
That hung like rosebuds round him. Till again,
His purse being drain'd, he threw his grandeur off,
And sped, a gallant Outlaw, to the hills,
There to be blown about, face winter's spite,
Outwatching fox and wolf, till came the sound
Of some rich merchant from the Italian mart,
Or well-lined monk, as rosy as his wine;
Or haughty noble, full of rings and stars—
For which the peasant pays.

Then would he rush,
Strong as a cataract, on the startled slaves,
And ease them of temptation!



H.Corbould del.

C.Heath sculp.

LOVE AND DUTY.

LOVE AND DUTY,

A RURAL SKETCH.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

Shall she quit her fair home, and its peaceful bowers,
Where the sunny light peeps through the jasmine flowers;
The home of her heart, in its earliest truth,
To follow the steps of a stranger youth,
The world's wide wandering pathway through?
What will not maids, when love leads them, do?

'Twas summer evening's soft and shadowy calm,
When a fair-hair'd and graceful village girl,
Upon whose gentle cheek the ripening rose
Had scarcely blush'd to womanhood, stole forth
From the fond shelter of her father's cot,
To meet the youth she loved.—The trysting place
Seem'd a fit spot, chosen by Nature's self,
For Love to build his shrine in: overhead,
The sweet-briar and wild honeysuckle twined
Their scented blossoms; while young flowrets round,
The blue-tipp'd violet and the heath-bell pale,
(As if to add more fragrance to a scene,
Where Nature had been prodigal of sweets),
Gave, like some youthful beauty, coyly kind,
Their dewy perfume to the wooing breeze,
That kiss'd them as it pass'd!
At this still hour,
When nothing save the nightingale was heard,
Breathing her lonely lay, the maiden came,
With noiseless step, gliding unmark'd along,
To join her soldier-lover! He was one,

Who to "the pomp and circumstance of war,"
And the fond eloquence that women prize,
Owed many a village conquest: nobly born,
And ranking with the lofty ones of earth,
Yet would he stoop to pluck a lowly flower,
And having snatch'd it from the parent stem,
To blossom in his heartless breast awhile,
Leave it to droop and perish.—Light of mood,
Light too of love, was he; and oft would make,
With gay companions, o'er the festal board,
Such griefs a theme for merriment.—This eve,
The last that would behold him in these shades,
(For War had waved her crimson banner high,
And call'd her sons to arms), this very eve,
Ere the chaste moon should look upon the world,
Blushing to mark its follies, she had sworn—
She, who now stands beneath the woodbine boughs,
That drop their honey'd blossoms on her head—
To share a soldier's fortunes; though she knew,
For "quickly comes such knowledge" to the heart,
She could be his by none but guilty ties—
Ties Virtue may not sanction!

As she stood,
On the appointed spot, in pensive mood,
Listening the well-known footstep—her blue eyes
Bent on the earth, her finger on her lip,
In silent contemplation—midst the leaves
A gentle rustling stirr'd:—not *his* the step,
Nor *his* the touch that met her drooping hand,

And roused her musing fancy; but she turn'd,
And at her side beheld an humble friend,
The dumb attendant on her infant sports,
Whose shaggy neck, in childhood's blameless years,
She oft had wreath'd with flowers:—his presence now,
As with caressing joy he greeted her,
Waked feelings stifled long but unsubdued!
How oft in life the simplest incidents,
A word, a look, a tone, at once recall,
Striking some answering chord within the soul,
The wanderer back to virtue; or arrest
Vice in her mad career! O'er Lilias' heart
Such feelings now held empire:—when a child,
A fearless, happy, laughter-loving thing,
Reaching for water-lilies in the stream,
Its faithless bank gave way: ere any saw,
Ere any guess'd her danger, Tray had borne
His little mistress dripping to the shore,
Pale as the flowers she sought for. Thought of this
Brought thoughts of others with it. How, alas!
How shall her trembling, swelling heart decide
'Twixt LOVE and DUTY?—Shall she cling to HIM,
And fearless follow on, through distant climes,
War's chequer'd prospects? Love has mighty pow'r,
But Duty's still, small voice pleads in her soul
With greater eloquence. At Nature's bidding,
A thousand tender, gentle thoughts arise
To win her from such purpose: now they steal,
Like distant music, o'er her struggling heart,

And melt it into softness. Memory, too,
(Memory, the potent sorceress, who keeps
The golden key that opes the gate of tears),
Tries her kind influence—leads the doubting maid,
Untwisting many a thread of tangled thought,
Back to the pleasures of her cottage-home;
Painting in glowing tints to Fancy's eye
Joys she would sigh to leave—the rustic dance
To the brisk pipe upon the village green,
At summer's sunset hour—the merry tale,
Or sportive jest, told o'er the social fire,
When wintry torrents fall.
Then shifts the scene,
And lo! the sterner attributes of war—
The field of carnage, and the bed of death,
Rise to her mental sight; with all the wants,
The wasting cares, indignities, and woes,
That woman, never meant to share such toils,
Following a camp, must suffer! Then again,
As busy Fancy plies her skilful loom,
Weaving the griefs of many years to come
Into a moment's space—again she sees
Tears (and the bitt'rest tears that man can shed)
Wept for a daughter's shame, in eyes that once
Gleam'd with affection's pride! Those hallow'd lips,
Whose morning prayer, whose nightly orison,
Breathed o'er her head new blessings—shall they grow
Wither'd and pale with curses? Shall the heart
That *did* enshrine her as a precious gem,

And own no other treasure, live to feel
Its milk of love turn'd into bitter gall,
Loathing a child's dishonour? Ah—strange chance!
Cupid, thou boasted archer! could thy dart
Sever at once, as with a giant's stroke,
Kind Nature's earliest ties? Happy the maid,
Who, pausing upon Vice's flower-crown'd brink,
Feels that no lover, and no power in love,
Can pay her for a parent's banish'd smile,
Made stranger by her folly! Oh! did all
But feel as Lilias felt, there would not be
Wandering about our crime-fill'd, crowded streets,
So many wretched ones!—The maiden fled,
Nor dared to trust her heart—fled when she saw
A waving plume between the opening boughs,
Nor sought another glance; nor stay'd to view
One pleading look—nor hear one subtile sigh—
Convinced the maid who hesitates——is lost!

THOUGHTS.

BY HENRY NEELE, ESQ.

I saw a glowworm on a grave,
But its cold light could not scare
Baser worms who came to crave
A share of the banquet there:
And I thought of fame—can it lighten the gloom,
Or warm the chilliness of the tomb?

I gazed on Saturn's beautiful ring,
(I gazed and I marvell'd much)
Shining a lovely but separate thing
Round the orb that it could not touch:
And I thought of Hope, shining bright and high,
Never close, although ever nigh.

I saw the dew-drops gemming the flowers,
Beautiful pearls by Aurora strung,
But they vanish'd away in a few short hours,
As o'er them the sun his full radiance flung:
And I thought of youth's gen'rous feelings—how soon
They 're parch'd and dried up in manhood's noon!

I saw a tree by a fair river side
Put forth many a strong and vigorous shoot,
But it breathed nought but pestilence far and wide,
And it poison'd the stream that bathed its root:
And I thought of Ingratitude piercing the breast
That has nursed it to strength and has rock'd it to rest.

I saw the leaves gliding down a brook;
Swift the brook ran, and bright the sun burn'd;
The sere and the verdant the same course they took,
And sped gaily and fast—but they never return'd!
And I thought how the years of a man pass away—
Three score and ten—and then where are they?

LACY DE VERE.

Doom'd to be
The last leaf which, by Heaven's decree,
Must hang upon a blasted tree.

WORDSWORTH.

THE founder of the family of the de Veres came over with the first William; but not as an adventurer allured by the prospect of gain and the hope of acquiring titular distinction, for the insignia of knighthood had already been bestowed upon him in his own land. When, however, the Conquest rendered it alike the duty and policy of William to attach his Norman followers to his person, Rupert de Vere was one of the first who received solid proofs of that monarch's favour. Generation followed generation; king after king succeeded to the throne; centuries of change, romance, and tragedy, fulfilled their chequered fate; and in the history of all, the de Veres were eminently conspicuous.

But Time, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,

began, at length, to exercise an evil influence on the fortunes of the house; and towards the middle of the fifteenth century, Hugh, the then baron de Vere, had little to transmit to his children beyond the name and noble nature of his ancestors. Instead of the broad manors and princely dwellings once connected with the title, he found himself reduced to a single castle, situated on the sea-coast in the north of England; one, that in the proud days of the family, had been erected as a mere hold for the pro-

tection of the northern vassals from the incursions of the Scottish borderers. At the period in question, the WARS OF THE ROSES, those suicidal wars of the same people, were at their height. Every county became in turn a field of battle, till the whole kingdom was saturated with the blood of its inhabitants. The ties of neighbourhood, even of kindred, were dissolved. Inhabitants of the same village, members of one household, separated only to meet again in hatred and blood-thirstiness—only to reunite in the fierce onset of battle—neighbours as strangers, friends as rivals, children of one mother as sworn foes!

Though it was in consequence of these wars that the family of the de Veres became extinct—from one sorrow, and one disgrace, they were free—they neither espoused the cause of rebellion, nor were they divided amongst themselves. At the first raising of king Henry's standard the old baron braced on his armour; and if, owing to the changed fortunes of his house, many went forth to the service of that monarch with a larger train of vassals, not one, whether prince or knight, could compete with Hugh de Vere in the value of his offering. He brought six brave sons, devoted to him and to each other, the pillars of his house, the guardians of his age. Even the youngest, the fair stripling Lacy, girt with the sword which his father, when himself a youth, had wielded at Agincourt—he too was there, stately in step and bold of heart as the mailed man of a hundred battles.

That was neither a time nor a court calculated to encourage tenderness of heart; and she, the guiding spirit

of both, was little subject to its influence; yet as the baron presented his sons, each after each according to his age, an expression of sorrow passed for an instant over the countenance of queen Margaret, when Lacy stepped from the circle and kneeled down. "Nay, nay, my lord," said she, hastily, "leave the boy behind; why expose a life that can benefit neither friend nor foe? Rise, rise, poor child; what canst thou do for us?"

"I can DIE," said the noble boy, with a passionate enthusiasm, that thrilled his father's heart with mingled pride and sorrow.

"Well said!" replied the queen, fixing her cold, proud eye on Lacy's countenance, yet glowing with emotion.

He understood its meaning, and returned the searching glance with something like an expression of indignant defiance.

"I perceive he is a de Vere," said the queen, turning to the old baron, for whom the compliment and its accompanying smile were intended. "But where is poor Blanche?" continued she, again addressing Lacy: "if thou hast left her in the north, she, too, may need a knight's protection: thou art a brave spirit; but dost thou well to leave her in charge of hirelings?—for her sake—for thine own—peril not thy youth in our cause. Lord Hugh, command him back to thy castle: if Warwick keep court in the north, he may chance to see fighting even there." This was no common strain with Margaret of Anjou; but her own princely boy, the magnanimous, ill-fated Edward, stood beside her, and the woman

and the mother triumphed for an instant over the imperious and dark-minded queen.

"Craving your grace's favour," said Lacy, in a determined tone, before his father had time to reply, "were Blanche my wife, instead of my sister, I would neither live nor die like a bird in a cage: when the arrow finds me"—and the boy pointed as he spoke to his device, a falcon in full flight—"it shall be *thus*, free and fearless."

No further expostulation or entreaty was attempted. Lacy accompanied his father and brothers; and ere time had written manhood on his brow, he had borne his part in many a well-fought field. The various changes in the royal fortunes are, however, too well known to require enumeration here; indeed, except as connected with the fortunes of Lacy de Vere, they are irrelevant. On him and his they told so soon and so fatally, that, at the period to which this legend is supposed to refer, he was no longer the fair stripling who had vowed to die before he well knew the nature of death. The years that had elapsed since then were, it is true, few in number; but they had been years of strife and storm, crowded with fearful alternations of victory and defeat, flight and pursuit, alike grievous and unavailing. The great struggle was yet undecided—Lacy de Vere was still a youthful warrior; but, oh, how changed, how care-worn! The bloom had forsaken his cheek; buoyancy had left his spirit; prompt in fight, and cool in council, he played his part in the desperate game like one to whom life and death, success and failure, were alike uncertain and indifferent. And to

him all things else were changed. He no longer rode forth encouraged by the presence of his father and five brave brothers: one by one that little company was cut off; each after each, in the order of birth, fell by his side; and he, the youngest of his father's house, became its head—the sole heir of a race of heroes, the last baron de Vere!

It was the battle of Towton which invested Lacy with these melancholy honours, and rendered him at the same time a fugitive; for that battle, so sanguinary in itself, was fatal to the queen and her adherents. Stung to madness by the death of his last surviving brother, and the utter ruin of that cause, in defence of which all that was dear to him had perished, the words of Margaret, the tears of Blanche, rushed upon his memory; that tie of kindred which he had once so lightly esteemed, now, that it was the only one remaining, assumed its rightful sway over his wounded spirit. He found that the relative love which God hath planted in the human heart, however it may be outraged for a time by stoicism, by worldly wisdom, or worldly glory, will return to the proudest bosom in the dark day of adversity. Lacy de Vere, who once, in the delirium of martial pride, scorned his home, and deserted her who, as the offspring of the *same* birth, was bound to him by a more than common sisterhood, now flung down the insignia of his rank and bearing, and fled from the field of battle. True to that instinct which governs all men in their misfortunes, he fled towards his long deserted home, and he found it, as his fears had well predicted, desolate and in ruins. One horrible peculiarity

in the present contest was the licence assumed by both parties to devastate whatever part of the country they passed through, whether hostile or friendly to their interests. Even those engaged in the same cause were not always safe from each other; many an old feud was avenged; many a rival removed, or his property destroyed, apparently by some excess on the part of the troops, but frequently at the command of their more interested leaders. The devastation which had been wrought in the present instance seemed more than the result of destroyers animated by merely *general* motives; there appeared to have been a guiding spirit at work. There did not remain sufficient building to shelter a beggar from the storm; not a tree, not a shrub, but was either cut down or mutilated; the grass and corn had been consumed with fire as they stood; even the paltry hovels which had sheltered the domestic labourers were levelled with the earth: all was destroyed without distinction or remorse—destroyed in the spirit of *hatred*.

Lacy de Vere walked round the remains of this, the last hold of his race; and in the anguish of a noble spirit brought low by self-reproach, he rejoiced that his father and brothers were in the grave. But when he reached a spot which had once been a little herb-garden carefully walled round, now open on all sides, and choked with the drifted sea sand, rage and grief overcame him—he could no longer refrain from the expression of his inward emotions. "Yes," said he, with a bitter smile: "yes, an enemy hath done this; but no enemy of king Henry and

his cause: it was no Robin of Redsdale with his marauders; no vindictive Warwick; no savage borderers: it was *my* enemy, the enemy of my house, Lionel Wethamstede, *thou* didst this evil! Assassin serpent, *twice* I spared thee in battle, and *twice* didst thou ride off bidding me seek my flourishing home and fair sister!—blind, blind fool, to cherish a tiger till it longed for its keeper's blood! Lionel, Lionel Wethamstede," continued the speaker more vehemently, while his whole frame was tremulous with passion, "didst thou slaughter the lamb in the fold? was the bird crushed with the nest? Oh, Lionel, if thou *didst* spare Blanche in the day of destruction, all, all, were thy sins thousand-fold, shall be forgiven!—if Blanche lives—if thou hast spared her—I, even I, thine enemy will bless thee!"

Lacy was too much engrossed by his own emotions to be aware that he was watched, or even observed, by a boy couched amongst the rubbish. At the first glance the intruder appeared nothing more than a young peasant, worn with fright and famine; but upon a second view, his attire, coarse as it was, could not disguise the natural grace of the wearer; nor even the dark cloth bonnet, though of the kind only worn by menials, give a sordid expression to the noble countenance which it shaded. Hitherto he had remained perfectly quiet, eyeing Lacy with mingled anxiety and interest; but when the last words of the young knight's passionate invocation died upon the air, he rose from his hiding-place with a slow and stately step, and addressed him in a tone that struck

like the east wind to the listener's heart—a tone of reproach, if aught so sweet could be said to convey reproach, of affection and deep sorrow. "And where wert *thou*, Lacy de Vere, when the spoiler stole upon thy heritage? Where was *thy* care when she for whom thou mournest prayed thee by that mystery of love which unites those born in the same hour, to stay and shield her from treachery and violence? And didst thou spare Lionel Wethamstede?—Look to it; for, of a truth, in the day of his power not so will he spare *thee*:—look to it, for he hath vowed vengeance against all who bear thy name and all who call thee master; but few, few are those. He hath begun his work well; think ye not he will finish? When thou wert young thou hatedst him; for the lying lip and craven spirit are hateful to the brave and true. But he saw it—he withered in the scornful glances of thy dark eye—and he swore to have vengeance—slow, secret, but sure vengeance, on thee and thine!"

"He hath it, he hath it!" groaned Lacy; "he hath it, to the last drop of bitterness."

"He hath it *not*," resumed the boy, solemnly. "Dost not thou, the offender, live? and she who spurned him as a reptile when he proffered her safety—and his hand?—Look to it, last of a lordly race; spare him not the *third* time. He hath laid thy dwelling in the dust; those who were hirelings he corrupted; those who were faithful he slew; and she who was born to mate with princes fled for her life to the dark and noisome cavern of the rock. *Yet* is the work of vengeance incomplete.—Weep on,

Lacy de Vere," continued the mysterious speaker, after a pause, only interrupted by the baron's convulsive sobs; "though thou art a warrior, weep on—what knowest thou of *Grief*?—It hath come to thee in its royal robes, amid sounding trumpets, and gorgeous banners, and the shout of victory, and the presence of mighty warriors:—but grief hath come to me in lowlier guise—in darkness, and cold, and neglect, and hunger, and sickness of heart, and loneliness as of the grave; and I shall weep no more, unless perchance for thee!"

"Curse, curse me, Blanche!" said Lacy, vehemently; for his heart told him that she herself was by his side. "I can bear all things now I have found thee;" and saying this he drew her to his bosom, and wept over her like a child.

Further details of the conversation which ensued on the reunion of those who had so long been lost to each other are needless.

Love is a child that speaks in broken words. It is easy to conceive of the self-reproaches uttered by Lacy, and the sweet forgiveness and consolation spoken by Blanche; of the anxious question and fond reply; their mutual mourning over the past, and mutual cares for the future; both softened by the reflection that, come weal come woe, the bond of affection would never more be divided. There needed neither vow nor witness; yet there, amid the ruins of that home which had sheltered them throughout a happy childhood, on the hearth-stone round which for centuries their ancestors had gathered, the twins, the last

of their race, knelt down, and vowed to separate no more, but to have, living or dying, one fate, one home, one grave; and they called upon the spirits of their father and brethren, whose bones lay bleaching on many a field of battle, to witness and sanctify the vow. They arose, homeless and friendless—nevertheless they arose comforted; for that love, which neither change nor sorrow can lastingly embitter or absorb, again triumphed in the soul of each.

The refuge which Blanche had found for herself, on the destruction of her home and the death or flight of those left to guard it, was too fearful a spot to have been selected by one less courageous, or under circumstances less appalling. A line of rock extended along the sea-shore for about the space of half a mile, gradually rising from one extremity, and as gradually declining to the other. It appeared one vast parapet, a continued range of stone battlements, erected by Nature—at once to overlook and brave the ocean beneath. The front was as completely perpendicular as if hewn by the hammer and the chisel, while lichens, mosses, ivy—every variety of graceful creeping shrub—overspread its surface, as though trained there by the hand of man. It was wonderful to view what seemed a gigantic *wall* of cold hard stone, thus magnificently embroidered with the foliage of earth, while here and there masses of the hoary and weather-stained rock showed like ruined castles amid the clinging "greenery." Nearly at the summit of the highest point, inaccessible as it would seem except to the sea-bird and the goat, was a

natural arch, scooped out of the rock, and opening into a cavern. The ivy spread around that arch with peculiar beauty; adjacent parts of the rock brightened in the beams of morning, or in the moonlight; but that cavern always retained the same aspect—dark, noisome, unearthly. This was Blanche's refuge—the dwelling-place of her who had been delicately reared, as befitted the only daughter of a noble house. Lacy was mute with surprise and terror when he first saw her ascend what appeared to him as inaccessible to the foot as any castle wall. There were, however, though he perceived them not, inequalities on the surface; and now clinging to a bush—now grasping a root of ivy, her nailed peasant's shoes tinkling at every step against the stony path—her slight figure alternately hidden and revealed amongst the shrubs—Blanche, to whom habit had familiarized the perilous ascent, reached the cavern: but as she stood in the dark entrance, the moonlight glimmering on her countenance, and her voice coming down from that vast height a mere "filament of sound," Lacy could have believed her a creature of another world and species.

She was not, however, companionless in this her aërial home: the goats often repaired thither to rest; the sea-bird there deposited her eggs; and to them had she frequently been indebted for sustenance when the rock and the shore failed to afford their natural tribute of berries and shell-fish.

Necessity, that teacher sterner and more efficient even than duty, soon accustomed Lacy to that difficult ascent

and rude hiding-place. He had been too familiar with hardship and sorrow to mourn over outward privations; and, ere long, he loved that "dim retreat," hallowed as it was by repose and safety, and cheered by the presence of her who was not only his sister, but his best and only friend.

> His garb was humble; ne'er was seen
> Such garb with such a noble mien:
> Among the shepherd-grooms no mate
> Had he, a child of strength and state!
> Yet lack'd not friends for solemn glee,
> And a cheerful company,
> That learn'd of him submissive ways,
> And comforted his private days.
> To his side the fallow-deer
> Came, and rested without fear;
> The eagle, lord of land and sea,
> Stoop'd down to pay him fealty.
>
> WORDSWORTH.

The desires which once consumed his spirit were extinguished; the vain strife and the yet vainer joys and ambitions of the world no longer occupied his mind. "Revenge and all ferocious thoughts were dead:" he could remember his enemies, ay, even Lionel Wethamstede, in peace; and when he walked among the neighbouring herdsmen, lowlier in lot than themselves, or stood in the opening of his mountain-hold, and looked on the ocean roaring beneath, or the host of heaven shining quietly above, Lacy de Vere forgot the past, and, calling his sister to his side, pronounced himself a happy man.

But this retreat, this respite from misfortune, was not destined to remain long unmolested. The battle of Towton had, it is true, placed Edward Duke of York on the throne, and wholly destroyed or scattered the adherents of Queen Margaret; but that remorseless prince, deeming his power only to be secured by continued bloodshed, still allowed his followers to ravage the north, as having been the strong-hold of the Lancastrian cause. Among the most active in this murderous employment was Lionel Wethamstede. He knew that Lacy de Vere yet lived, concealed, as he had reason to suspect, in the neighbourhood of his former dwelling. Except as affording means of gaining fortune and distinction, the cause of king Edward or queen Margaret were alike indifferent to him; it was personal hatred which induced him to hunt out the Lancastrians with such relentless zeal—the desire to discover and exterminate the last of that family, whose protection he had so long enjoyed and cruelly requited. During childhood and youth, he had been a favourite with the old Baron de Vere, and as such allowed to be an inmate of the castle; before him he had masked, under the show of humility and devoted zeal, the designing, treacherous spirit, which crouches that it may the more securely spring upon its prey, and lays in servile submission the foundation of despotic power. The young Lacy, bold and open as became his birth, instinctively scorned the minion, even before he discovered how well that scorn was merited. Many a proud glance and bitter taunt were bestowed by the fearless youth, little dreaming, that of

all such, however unnoticed at the time, Lionel kept a too faithful record, and would one day claim for them a deadly recompense. And now that day was near at hand. Hatred, once formed in the heart, turns neither to the right hand nor to the left till its work is done. Love, even the love of a mother for her babe, may be diverted—grief, though of a father for his dead first-born, be forgotten—gratitude may pass like the morning dew, and pity as a noon-day cloud—HATRED alone can survive all change, all time, all circumstance, all other emotions, nay, it can survive the accomplishment of revenge, and, like the vampyre, prey on its dead victim!

"I know not," said Lacy, as he and Blanche stood together one evening in the archway of their cavern, "I know not why, when all around me is so fair, sadness and forebodings of coming evil should hang so heavily on my heart."

"Nay, nay, dear Lacy," replied Blanche; "look at our castle, which will resist both fire and violence; our faithful rock, with all its luxuriant garniture flashing in the light of that departing sun: what should we fear? Art thou weary of repose, Lacy, or dost thou mistrust thy warder?" continued she with affectionate playfulness, at the same instant placing her arm within his.

But the cloud passed not from her brother's brow, and he replied in the low broken voice men use when troubled in spirit: "I tell thee, Blanche—nay, count not my words idle, for an influence is on me which I can neither gainsay nor resist—I tell thee, evil hangs over us—my

end is near. *Twice* I spared Lionel Wethamstede; and *twice*, since the last going down of yonder sun, have I beheld myself in his power. Oh! it was a dark vision, a dream more fearful than a field of battle!"

"Dreams, Lacy, visions!—what of them? When I dwelt here alone, oh, how often did I see thee prisoner—wounded—dying—dead! I, too, had dreams and visions, and yet they came not true; why, then, should thine?"

Lacy made no reply to this inquiry, for he heard it not: and when he again spoke, his words were but the expression of the melancholy reverie into which he had fallen. "Yes—it was down there—stealing along the foot of the rock, half hidden by the trees and underwood, Lionel and his black band—six—black in spirit as in outward guise—not one ever known to strike twice or to spare—I knew them all—and why they came."

"Lacy!—Baron de Vere!" exclaimed Blanche, shaking his arm, which she held, with her utmost strength, "rouse from this unmanly mood; let the babe and the peasant start at shadows, but thou, I pray thee—let me not have to blush for him whom I ought to honour!"

"And whom thou wilt ere long weep," replied Lacy, in an unaltered voice. "Blanche de Vere, misjudge me not! I spoke neither of flight, nor fear, nor supplication for life, nor of aught that may disgrace a warrior—I did but speak of DEATH—death that were welcome if it came only to myself; but my sister, dearer than all the kindred I have lost, were all now living—my last, last friend, death is on its way to *thee* too!"

"It will *not* be death if shared with thee," replied Blanche fervently; "death would be to live when thou wert gone. I did thee wrong, noble, generous brother! forgive it." And she sat down at his feet, and covered her face with her hands.

"Glorious orb!" said Lacy, after having for some minutes earnestly regarded the sun, which was now slowly descending into the ocean with more than meridian pomp, "unchanged, unchangeable—bright at thy setting as on thy first rising—most glorious orb, farewell! And thou too, earth, steeped in the tears and blood of thy children, polluted with crime, groaning with sorrow, yet withal so beauteously apparelled, many graves hast thou afforded my father's house—spare it yet another—the last—and now," said he—the steady solemn tone in which he had hitherto spoken changing to one of indignant defiance, while a change as complete overspread his countenance—"now, even now, that grave is needed—the appointed hour is arrived—yonder the murderers come, black and silent as in the vision; but the last de Vere dies not like a reptile, driven into its hold and crushed in darkness: the doom that is decreed shall be met. Rise, Blanche! sister by birth, companion in sorrow, daughter of heroes, arise, and let us descend! let not Lionel have to glory in our shame!—haste!—haste! I see his black plume waving to and fro—his spear glitters through the trees—nearer—brighter every instant."

"I am ready, ready to endure all," said Blanche, firmly; "but oh, let not Lionel see our parting anguish:

bless me for the last time here!"—and she laid her head upon her brother's bosom. They stood regarding each other, speechless and in tears; to part was harder than to die.

Lacy's vision and forebodings were indeed on the point of being realized. The implacable Lionel had learned but too surely their place of retreat, and but too truly was he, with his ruffians, winding along the foot of the rock; even now they were within view of the cavern, in the opening of which stood that devoted pair, whose doom was sealed before they knew it. A shout of brutal triumph suddenly burst from Lionel and his band, as they halted when sufficiently near the spot: at the same instant, two picked archers obeyed their leader's command with murderous precision, and ere the defenceless victims could look round or utter a cry, the arrows pierced them, clasped as they were in each other's arms! One of the shafts had entered Lacy's heart, and in the twinkling of an eye, without word or groan, he was numbered with the dead. For an instant, a single instant, his dying eyes were turned upon his fellow-victim; and that glance, though transient as the flash of lightning, revealed love stronger than death, love that would exist beyond the grave. The wound received by Blanche, though mortal, was not calculated to occasion instant death, and nobly did she employ the precious respite.

"My brother shall not become a prey to the birds of the air," were her first words on perceiving that he was indeed dead; and, with an energy scarcely human, she prepared

for her labour of love. Habit had, it is true, rendered the ascent and descent of that rock so easy, that in the darkest night she would scarcely have missed her footing; but wounded as she was at present, her intention to descend, and convey with her Lacy's yet warm and bleeding body, appeared impracticable. Love, however, enabled her to execute what love had induced her to determine. Carefully wrapping the corse in every garment she could afford from herself, to defend it in some measure from the sharp points of the rock, she partly drew and partly bore the precious burden down a pathway, which to any but herself would, under such circumstances, have assuredly been fatal. She felt neither fatigue nor pain; she heeded not that every shrub and stone in the descent was sprinkled with her own blood; her sole care was to shield the senseless body in her arms from wounds and injury. Heaven, in pity, strengthened her for the task, and she reached the ground in safety—her labour accomplished, her reward obtained. Those who had come out against the noble pair gathered round them in silence; some, in truth, touched by this last exhibition of love, passing even the love of women.

She unfolded the coverings from the body, which was now becoming cold and stiff; then looking upon the armed circle, she fixed her eye on him, the evil spirit, whose ministers they were, and addressed him like one gifted with unearthly authority. "Lionel, thy work is finished! thou wert the nursling of our house, and hast become its destroyer! thou hast rendered bitter for sweet, and evil

for good, and injuries for benefits! thou hast brought low the old, the honourable, the young, the brave, the virtuous, and hitherto none hath stayed thy hand: but come near, Lionel Wethamstede, and I will advise thee of things that shall befall thee *yet*. By day thou shalt dread treachery, and by night dream visions of horror; thou shalt flee when none pursue, and be afraid where no fear is: thou hast built thy fortunes in thy master's blood; some around thee shall build theirs in thine: as thou hast hated, so shall others hate thee: scorn, and sorrow, and affliction, and want—every evil thou hast wrought on us shall cleave fourfold and for ever to thee and thine—yea, cleave as the flesh cleaveth to the bone. Ay, go thy way, man of blood! brace thy helmet, and mount thy steed—thou mayest escape me *now;* but I shall see thee again, where neither horse nor armour will avail thee—before God, who will condemn the murderer in the face of heaven, in the day of judgment—Lionel Wethamstede, thou shalt meet me *there!*"

She ceased. The livid paleness and the damps of death had gradually gathered on her countenance; every sentence had been uttered in mortal anguish: nevertheless she had maintained throughout the cold, calm bearing of one already separated from the body. The wretch to whom her words had been addressed shivered under their influence, as though exposed to an ice-blast; superstitious horror mastered the ferocious spirit till then scarcely satisfied with its revenge; and setting spurs to his horse, he departed from the spot like one pursued by an evil spirit.

"Let those who shot the arrows complete their work!" said the dying maiden to the men, who remained fixed to the spot, subdued as by some supernatural agency, and scarcely conscious of their leader's departure—"let them wrap us in one shroud, and bury us in the same grave!"

One of the archers stepped forward; he was rude, even savage, in his exterior, but nature was not utterly extinct: he kneeled down beside the dying and the dead, and swore to observe the request.

"Thy victim blesses thee," replied Blanche; "farewell!" She spoke no more, for death claimed his conquest. She stretched herself on the ground beside him whom in life she had loved so well, whom dying she could not forget; placing one arm beneath his head and the other across his bosom, so that her cheek rested against his, she meekly closed her eyes, like a wearied child that sleeps on its mother's lap.

Thus died Lacy and Blanche de Vere, twins in birth, and twins also in the manner of their death. They slept not as their fathers before them, in marble monuments adorned with stately devices; they were laid in the peasant's grave, beneath the green and trodden turf, with no record more lasting than its bright but perishable flowers. There was none to mourn over them, none to have them in remembrance, none to perpetuate their name; when they died, they died altogether, and with them the memory of a noble race passed for ever from the earth.

> So fails, so languishes, grows dim, and dies,
> All that this world is proud of!

THE ENCHANTED CASTLE.

FROM A CELEBRATED PICTURE BY CLAUDE LORRAINE.

BY THE REV. GEORGE CROLY.

THE sun is on his western throne;
The heaven is like a crimson zone;
The crimson cloud lies deep and still,
A crown upon the mighty hill;
The ancient forest, down its side,
Gleams like a rolling crimson tide,
Till fade its fires in misty gray
Where the deep vale winds far away.

But, from the centre of the lake
Back shoots the splendour, flake for flake;
There, girt with tower and crested wall,
Stands in its pomp a palace-hall.
But all is proud, pale, desolate,
As smitten by the hand of fate—
As if some potent voice had said,
"Be thou the palace of the dead!"

Before its portal sits alone
A woman, pale, and fix'd as stone!
You would have said, some mighty hand,
Some vex'd enchanter's sudden wand
Had, when, the highest of the high,
Her heart beat full with sovereignty,
Laid the dark curse upon her brow
At once, and that wild moment now.

She sits, high, haughty, unsubdued,
In majesty of solitude;
Yet, breathing, beautiful, and young,
As when the princes round her hung.
Still from her eyelash, deep and dark,
Flashes the light—a diamond spark;
Her cheek—the ruby of the morn;
Her lip—like loveliness in scorn:
All, all the beautiful disdain,
That makes us hate, yet bless, the chain.
She sits, the very witchery
That bade her lovers gaze and die.
On the wild weed she sits alone,
Yet looks a sovereign on her throne.

Deserted now, her brave and fair
Long slumber with the things that were:
The deer beside her crops the bloom;
The bird beside her shuts the plume;
The wild duck, from the waveless flood,
Leads round her feet the unscared brood.
A hundred years have sun and storm
Past o'er this monumental form—
For wrath and power were in the spell
Which on that haughty lady fell;
And till has struck the fated hour
Shall cling the spell of wrath and power.

No barge shall stem the azure lake;
No minstrel bid the bowers awake;
No eye do homage to the rose
That on her cheek of beauty glows;
No banner glitter from the wall;
No princely footstep tread the hall:
But all be silent, strange, and lone,
Till the deep vengeance is undone—
Till, past the punishment of pride,
She smiles a sovereign and a bride!

TO A LADY,

ON HER SAYING SHE DID NOT BELIEVE ME.

BY FRANCIS HINGSTON, ESQ.

BELIEVE me, or believe me not;
But if to me the power were given,
My ev'ry idle word to blot
From that bright record kept in Heav'n;

If all my lips have ever said,
If all my eyes, my heart would say;
If ev'ry secret thought were read,
And what I wish'd were swept away;

I would not from th' eternal book
(If such indeed were Heaven's decree)
Erase a word, a thought, a look,
I ever gave, sweet maid, to thee.

STANZAS TO SORROW.

BY MISS S. E. HATFIELD.

YES, yes, tears are sweet; and the dark lonely hour,
When Sorrow and Solitude visit my bower,
I greet with a feeling more holy and pure
Than that in which Pleasure is spreading its lure.
No, no; let its smile and its sunlight depart—
Loved Sorrow, I welcome thee still to my heart.
Thou hast been my companion from infancy's bloom;
In childhood, in youth, thou hast clung to my breast:
Then how can we part?—No, on this side the tomb
We cannot—I would not here find from thee rest.

Thou soft-bosom'd cloud to the sunbeams of hope,
Thou shade to the splendour of youth's fervent dreams,
Though the flowers of joy 'neath thy influence droop,
And those visions of life lose their meteor-gleams,
Yet still in thy shadow I fain would recline,
Yet still I would spread thy soft veil o'er that view,
And thro' it Hope's sweet beams more purely would shine,
And youth's prospects of life be undazzled and true.

Thou meek'ner of passion, of pleasure and pride,
Still retain o'er this bosom thy hallowing sway;
Still draw from these dim eyes the slow silent tide,
And teach this warm heart in deep sighs to obey:
Be on earth the full measure of suffering given,
That shall fit the freed spirit for raptures in heaven!

MY FATHER'S GRAVE.

BY MR. JAMES BIRD.

THE mound is green, the grass is growing
O'er the newly platted grave;
Fast the tide of time is flowing,
Whelming all beneath its wave.

I joy to think that wave may bear
Me onward to a world of bliss,
That I may see and love him there
Whom I so fondly prized in this!

My Father!—Oh! thy name is yet
A treasured thought, and long will be;
E'en till with parting life shall set
The pole-star of my memory!

For thou to me hast been below
A guide to warn, a light to guide;
To thy unceasing love I owe
More than to all the world beside!

Thy kindness now seems doubly dear,
Since thou art gone, and gone for ever!
How bright Affection's hues appear,
Which nought can dim, though death may sever!

So, when the summer sun departs,
And wintry darkness reigns alone,
Then o'er the memory of our hearts
Beams brighter still his brightness gone!

Parent spirit! gone before me!
Look'st thou from thy starry throne?
Haply now thou watchest o'er me,
Sorrowing at thy grave alone!

Here the world, its truth, its error,
Wealth, and glory, all are vain;
Joy and sorrow, hope and terror,
Cease, where death alone can reign!

The grave! that frail and silent dwelling,
What is all its gloom to me?
Is not e'en its silence telling
What my own sure fate must be!

Yes! but here awhile I gather
Flowers of memory, springing fast:
Cherish'd thus for thee, my Father!
Long their grateful bloom will last!

And oh! when time and death shall sever
Me from every earthly tie,
Then, to dwell with thee for ever!
That hope will make it bliss to die!

S. Prout del.

H. Le Keux. sculp.

DUNGEONS OF THE CASTLE OF CHILLON.

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VISIT TO CHILLON,

ON THE LAKE OF GENEVA.

(EXTRACTED FROM AN UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT.)

BY THE REV. W. B. CLARKE.

LEAVING the beautiful village of Montreux, a sudden turn in the road, which is bordered next the lake by chesnut and walnut-trees, and, on the other hand, by the verdant walls of the Dent de Jaman, brought us in sight of the Castle of Chillon, standing, as Rousseau says, "sur un rocher qui forme une presq' îsle, et autour duquel j'ai vu sonder à plus de cent cinquante brasses, qui font près de huit cens pieds, sans trouver le fond. C'est là que fut detenu six ans prisonnier François Bonnivard, prieur de St. Victor, homme d'un mérite rare, d'une droiture et d'une fermeté à toute épreuve, ami de la liberté quoique Savoyard, et tolerant quoique prêtre."—(*Nouvelle Heloise*, vi. 9.)

The appearance of the castle from the Vevay side is particularly neat. Towards the lake it presents a high wall, rising from the water, and surmounted with two sloping gable-roofs: on the land-side you see four pyramidal towers; and over all rises a rectangular turret, with a sharply-pointed roof, tipped with conductors, to preserve the stores from lightning, as the castle is now used as a powder-magazine for the Pays de Vaud. To the left, rise very rich woods, which climb even to the summits of the steep limestone rocks, that form the walls of the great basin of the lake. Beyond, a little to the right, are seen the tapering spire of Villeneuve, the mouths

of the Rhone, and the entrance to the fertile though narrow country of the Vallais,—between which and the castle are many pretty buildings scattered here and there along the edge of the lake, like so many nests of love in the beautiful groves that surround them. These have much the appearance of those sweet little retreats which the sinuous shores of Winandermere afford, and remind one, when due allowance is made for the change of climate, the style of the architecture, and the greater proportions of the scenery, of those delicious nooks where Brathay, Clappersgate, Dove's-nest, and Low-wood, have claimed dominion over the fancy of the stranger. The entrance to the Castle of Chillon is by a strong drawbridge, upon which are erected guard-rooms for the soldiers of the canton, who keep constant guard, in their neat uniforms of blue and grey. Passing this bridge, you enter, through a lofty gateway, a small court; on the right of which is a covered space, used for fuel, where there is a spring of sweet clear water, flowing through a brass gun-barrel, as is common in various parts of Switzerland (the barrel being sometimes passed through a tree). Opposite to the entrance you see the inhabited part of this massy pile, the inmates of which seem to have a great antipathy to the use of gardening tools, as the grass grows to a tolerable height on the *two* stone steps which lead to the huge black door of this incarcerating mansion. Close to this door, to the left of it as you advance, *down three* steps, rather more free from weeds (*owing to the constant wear of English feet*), you enter a doorway, which seems to offer access to an old potatoe-house, or cellar.

The janitor is an ancient dame, short as to one leg, and long as to the rest of her body; with a face furrowed like the hills about her, and as stormy in appearance as the passes of the Gemmi. One may easily imagine, without any great stretch of the inventive faculties, that, if the tenderer part of the domestics of this hospitable place, in the nineteenth century, bears such a prepossessing appearance, poor Bonnivard had no very pleasant sojourn here. This dear Dulcinea jingling her keys, and trotting along beside you with all the airs of an experienced gaoler, you enter the secret chambers of Chillon. First proceeding through a narrow passage, the doors of which are well ironed, you enter a room which now contains cheeses, but which once was inhabited. Afterwards, through a double doorway, you pass along a short corridor, to the right and left of which are dark, dirty dungeons, guarded by massy doors of oak and iron, behind which are many memorials of the ages which were as dark as these gloomy recesses. On one side you see a great black beam, time-worn and crumbling, over which many hundreds of miserable beings have been suspended in the miseries of death: in a vault on the other side you may recognise the remains of a huge wheel, whose strength and construction carry back the mind to the times when, by such wheels as these, the martyrs were carried to heaven. Groping your way past the accumulated heaps of dust and rubbish, a doubly-guarded entrance (for, like our university hermits, the inmates of these dens had a "sporting-door") introduces you at once to the be-praised

and be-sung abode of Bonnivard, whose quarters seem to have been the most stately in this side of the dungeons, although as little likely to afford permanent satisfaction to the lodger as any state apartments ever visited.

> " There are seven pillars of gothic mould
> In Chillon's dungeons deep and old;
> There are seven columns, massy and gray,
> Dim with a dull impassioned ray,
> A sun-beam which hath lost its way,
> And through the crevice and the cleft
> Of the thick wall is fallen and left,
> Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
> Like a marsh's meteor-lamp;
> And in each pillar there is a ring,
> And in each ring there is a chain."

This is an excellent and complete catalogue of the household furniture of poor Bonnivard, only overcharged according to the licence of poets and appraisers: for "*in each pillar*" there is *not* a *ring;* nor "*in each ring*" is there a *chain.* Only in one is there a ring—and only *near one* is a chain—and that is evidently a boat-chain, which has been fished up from the lost anchor of some pleasure-vessel beneath the castle walls. It is quite right in Walter Scott to put the Græmes into chains of linked gold, but for my Lord Byron, the free in thought, and the strong in fancy, to have supposed the leg of a martyr to be held by such a rusty thread of iron, is almost as absurd as the grave relation of the lady-in-waiting, touching the durance of "*Monsieur Bonnivard.*" Bad enough, however, was the lot of the poor prior. Poetry passing for

nothing—in plain prose, he was not to be envied. One long narrow chamber was all the space he had, chained or unchained; one side and one end of his cell being the native rock, a damp, cold, desolate limestone; the other wall of rough blocks of unhewn stone, pierced by two or three narrow loopholes, above the ordinary chin-measurement of man, where a chance moon-beam comes in by night, and a stray sun-beam by day: where the spiders weave their silken nets, and the noise of the "massy waters" that "meet and flow" a "thousand feet in depth below," and the winter's spray, and the winds of December, come in to cheer the "sea of stagnant idleness," which bears onward to his slow delivery from thraldom, or from life, the miserable captive who lingers in solitude and sorrow.

That in ancient times state prisoners were actually immured here there can be no doubt; for though there be no records on the walls, such as startle the stranger in the chambers of the public prisons at Venice, yet there are marks upon the floor of solitary pacings to and fro, which no one can for an instant misbelieve; so that there is no fable in these sweet lines:—

——————"my broken chain
With links unfastened did remain;
And it was liberty to stride
Along my cell, from side to side,
And up and down, and then athwart,
And tread it over every part;
And round the pillars one by one,
Returning where my walk begun."

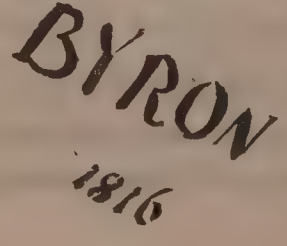
Nor is the following emphatic apostrophe untrue—

> "Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
> And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas trod
> Until his very steps have left a trace
> Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
> By Bonnivard! May none those marks efface,
> For they appeal from tyranny to God!"

But however this may be, there is a memorial in this place which cannot fail of proving a source of interest to an Englishman, even if it is not, as many imagine it not to be, genuine.

Cut deeply into the soft stone of one of the seven pillars, is the name of that extraordinary being whose mighty genius might have immortalized him, had not the halo of its brightness been obscured by clouds of doubt and depravity; who, nevertheless, has found a home in the memories of all who have heart and head enough to feel and understand the magic of his melody, and who, in spite of the veil which he has thrown across the freedom of his better nature, must yet shine forth noble amongst the noble.

The great poet has left a memorial of his visit to the dungeon in an inscription, or rather incision, on one of the pillars; a fac-simile of which epigraph, as accurately as it could be copied, here followeth—



Since this date the pillar has been literally covered with pencil-marks, the autographs of ten thousand strangers; many of them known to Fame, and some obscure as the illegible marks which now remain of their enthusiasm. By the pillar stands a board, on which is pasted a written history in French of the dungeon and its inmates; and on this a Mr. Wheelwright has stated, for the benefit of half the world, and the surprise of the remainder, that he read "*The Prisoner of Chillon*" *all through*, within the prison walls: the recommendation of which practice is less objectionable than the defacing of the neat French narrative by his unseemly scrawl. It is absurd, perhaps, to laugh at the tolerable enthusiasm of Mr. W. when we followed his advice; added another name or two to this dungeon tripos; smuggled away a slice of the wall; paced "up and down" and "round the pillars," in reverence of the hero and the bard: copied the five letters above named; marked down the more prominent of the organs on the frontispiece and occiput of our attendant Naiad; and passed from gloom to daylight, without feeling the scene "a second home," examining and noting in a sketch-book the outward masonry and surrounding scenery of "*Chillon's snow-white battlement.*"

M. Simond, in his very interesting and agreeable *Voyage en Suisse* (vol. i. p. 286), has stated that in a corner there is another dungeon of about ten feet square, whence a prisoner once attempted to escape by a breach in the wall, but having been taken, he was, after a long confinement, put to death. He had covered the walls of his nar-

row cell with historical designs in the manner of Perugino, from which one may learn the epoch of his imprisonment.

The words "Liberté et Patrie," the motto of the canton de Vaud, with the date 1815, are in large letters on the façade of the prison next the lake. "Je ne saurais m'empêcher," says M. Simond, "lorsque je rencontre ces mots là ainsi affichés, de soupçonner qu'il y a fort peu de l'une, et que l'autre court quelque danger. C'est dommage que le canton de Vaud, qui certainement fait exception à la regle, ait ainsi repris, en 1815, le style de 1793."

The Chateau de Chillon was, till the year 1733, the residence of the bailiffs of Vevay; since that time it has only been inhabited by a steward. It contains some good rooms, three courts, besides galleries, balconies, &c. Formerly it must have been a place of some note, and before the invention of fire-arms impregnable—the mountains descending to the lake very abruptly, and the castle completely guarding the narrow passway with its unscaleable walls. When the Bernois conquered the Pays de Vaud, this place and Yverdun alone offered any considerable resistance. Lord Byron, in his notes to "The Prisoner of Chillon," has given some interesting particulars of Bonnivard, to which the reader may be referred for further information on the subject.

Vevay, June 27, 1825.

GILDELUEC HA GUILLADUN,

AN ARMORICAN LEGEND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE LEGEND OF GENEVIEVE," &c.

FITTE FIRST.

THE stately knight, young Eliduc,
As alone in hall he sate,
Beheld the page of Guilladun
At even beside his gate.

"Come hither—hither, thou page of court,
What would the king with me?"—
The boy held the love-gifts on his arm,
As he lowly bent on knee.

"I bear this gay gold ring, sir knight,
And robe furr'd with miniver:
Greets thee by these my ladye bright,
And bids thee think of her."

To and fro strode young Eliduc,
To and fro he paced the floor;
Then put the gift-ring on his hand,
And the robe his shoulders o'er.

Then standing he bit his nether lip,
Breathed deep, with downcast head;
For a moment paused in torturing doubt,
To the boy then sighing said:

" Go back—haste back, my little foot-page—
To the palace straight repair,
And tell the princess Guilladun,
That I will think of her !"

Young Eliduc is woe-begone,
A cloud o'erhangs his eyes ;
And, although in fame breathes his equal none,
By the lone sea-shore he sighs.

But the king hath sent—the knight hath gone
Where he sate at chess in hall :
At the table-board play'd a stranger lord ;
Behind stood his daughter tall.

" My daughter dear, dove Guilladun,
Greet ye not this noble knight ?
'Tis the same that hath our kingdom saved,
And quell'd our foes in fight."

Guilladun stretch'd forth her soft white hand,
And with Eliduc down she stray'd
By the tapestried wall of that long arch'd hall,
While at board her father play'd.

In a window'd niche at length they stood,
The fair one and the brave ;
Both sorrowful, and in pensive mood,
Both silent as the grave.

At length the ladye spoke—" Sir knight,
Words are ill befitting me ;
But, were the world at my behest,
I would wed no mate but thee."

" Fair Guilladun," said Eliduc,
As he dropp'd her proffer'd hand,
" I am pledged, by the oath of a leal true knight,
To return to my native land.

" And thou know'st, sweet flower, that not with me
Canst thou leave this court to roam ;
For thou art the sole child of this realm,
And must wear its crown at home."

" 'Tis nay—'tis nay, Sir Eliduc ;
This heart is thine—this hand is free ;
And if thou spurn'st me not away,
I will cross the waves with thee !"

She stood before him beautiful,
Like a lily pure by a lake,
With her deep-drawn sighs, and her dovelike eyes—
Oh, his heart was like to break !

" My bird of beauty," said Eliduc,
" I am summon'd to recross the sea ;
But blithely sing in thy father's halls
Till I come back for thee.

"Oh yes—oh yes—my fair princess,
In hopeful peace and pleasure rest!"
Then the little heart of Guilladun
Leapt with joy within its nest.

And returning to her sire, the king,
Sir Eliduc 'gan say,
"To the shores of my native Britanie
I am summon'd hence away.

"Thy realm, great king, is now at rest—
Thy foes are all o'ercome;
While the jars and the wars of my native land
Call all her children home.

"At the throne where my banishment was sign'd,
All the knaves who cross'd my way
Have confess'd the shame of their perjured words,
And for my presence pray.

"Well, well I knew the carpet knights
For their gentle selves would fear,
When before them gleam'd the Flanders' axe,
And Brabant's threatening spear."

"Sir Eliduc," replied the king,
"Thy worth may none gainsay;
In the gloom of war didst thou come to us,
And thou leavest us peace to-day."

Then the king bade the royal galleys wait
At Totness, by the shore,
To the plains of France, with sword and lance,
To escort the brave knight o'er.

With golden gleam the pennons stream;
In foam the billows curl:
On deck stand the bearded halberdiers,
And the snow-white sails unfurl.

From the echoing streets of Exeter
March'd a thousand men and more,
With banner'd scrolls, and unbeaver'd heads,
Following Eliduc to the shore.

There is never a knight in Loegria
Can match with this strange knight
At feat of courtly tournament,
Or on blood-red field of fight.

Guilladun gazed from the turret high,
And she saw him on the plain,
Departing 'mid bright clumps of spears,
While pages held his rein.

And toll the bells went, tant-a-roll;
And she heard the trampling crowd,
And the trumpets' bray, and the loud huzza,
And the neigh of a war-horse proud.

Then she turn'd, and fell down on her couch,
And wrung her hands, and sigh'd—
" O would that Sir Eliduc were but back,
To woo me for his bride!

" Like the rainbow to the clearing air,
Like the bud to the leafless tree,
Like spring's first flowers, 'mid woodland bowers,
To the honey-thirsting bee;

" Like Salem to the pilgrim's sight,
When his feet are travel-sore,
Come the thoughts of thy return, dear love,
My longing spirit o'er!"

FITTE SECOND.

Oh sad was the song of Gildeluec
As she sate within her bower,
Beguiling with her dulcimer
The solitary hour.

" Was it a voice?" she rose and cried,
" Or what step comes here in quest?"—
She undid the door—'twas Sir Eliduc!
And she fell upon his breast.

" Welcome—welcome, my husband dear!"
Aye she clasp'd his neck and cried,
" All heavy and slow have lagg'd mine hours,
Since thou sailedst o'er the tide.

" Bring wine and bread, let the board be spread;
Bid the silence of our halls rejoice!"
" Heaven bless thee, fair Gildeluec!"
Said the knight, with a low sad voice.

" And comest thou hither with voice of grief,
My lord, my loved!" the ladye said.
" Thou know'st that our land is o'errun with foes,"
Quod the knight with downcast head.

" Thou art weary, and here wilt rest to-night,
And at morning to the king——"
" Nay," answer'd he, " I must leave thy sight
Ere the bells of twilight ring.

" When life was young, my Gildeluec,
To me thou gavest thy hand;
There was no flower like thee, dear love,
In all this blooming land:

" And dost thou call me cruel now?
Then surely am I changed:
Deemest thou that broken is my vow,
Or my heart to thine estranged?"

" As the snow," cried noble Gildeluec,
" On the Alps, I know thee pure;
Like the roots o' the everlasting hills,
Thy faith is firm and sure!

"Then go—go—go, to the battle-field;
'Tis thy country calls for thee!
When our foes have before thee fallen or fled,
Return to peace and me."

His steed at the portal neighing paw'd;
Sir Eliduc donn'd his mail,
His figured casque, with its morion black,
And steel-barr'd aventayle.

He gave her a kiss—a parting kiss,
By their threshold cypress tree;
Bade all the saints his dame to bless,
Then off through the woods rode he.

The nights they pass'd, and the days they pass'd,
Heavy and lone they fell;
As Gildeluec pined for the bugle blast
Which her lord's return should tell.

Yet she heard how over his vanquish'd foes
Had his banner victorious flown,
While the fame of his name, like a sweet west wind,
O'er his native land was blown.

Did the trumpet of battle arouse his heart,
As it aroused of yore?
Did he think of his mate lone watching late,
For his coming, at her bower door?

No more—no more the battle toils
Did Sir Eliduc's bosom cheer;
And if he thought of Gildeluec,
'Twas with grief, and shame, and fear:

For over his spirit, like an April gale
To awaken the sweet flowers driven,
Came the thoughts of Guilladun, sad and pale,
Like a seraph that pined for heaven.

He knew her lovely as May morning,
Pure, chaste, as the new-fall'n snow;
And could he leave, uncheer'd, to break,
A heart that loved him so?

To have told her of his wedded state,
When her heart and hopes were high;
To have told her of his Bretagne mate,
Were to have bidden her die.

He mused on her glorious loveliness,
On her bright, bold, artless mind;
But alas! his heart was like Noah's dove,
That no haven of rest could find.

FITTE THIRD.

The barque is launch'd—before her prow
The hissing billows of foam divide;
And Sir Eliduc sails for Guilladun,
Whatever fate betide.

Fresh blew the breeze—soon the waste, wide seas
By his bounding barque were cross'd;
And at Totness, with the purple dawn,
He lay beside the coast.

Beneath the sheltering rocks they moor'd,
In a wild, lone, woodland cove—
"Now, haste thy message, fleet page," he cried,
"To the ladye of my love;

"And tell her that for her we wait,
'Mid this forest by the sea:
Till even linger thou by the palace gate,
And hurry her hence with thee."

Without stop or stay, the fleet page away
O'er moor and o'er meadow ran,
Till he saw young Guilladun mid the shrubs
And flowers of the palace lawn.

And he hath knelt and whisper'd there;
And she hath heard and sigh'd;—
Lo! he waits in the copse by the palace gate,
Till the fall of eventide.

When but one star shone, like a torch,
On departed daylight's tomb,
To the page's glad eye she comes—she came,
Like an angel through the gloom.

With light, quick step, like a startled fawn,
She hasten'd her through the grove—
A short, warm mantle, with ermined fringe,
Thrown her splendid dress above.

With harness bright, for the path bedight,
The ready palfrey stood:
The page seized hold of the silken rein,
And away they hied from the wood.

'Neath a linden tree watch'd Eliduc;
Behind him moor'd his barque:
But he leapt to his feet, when Guilladun
Came riding up through the dark.

"Welcome, welcome, my love, my life!"
In a moment, within his arms,
On his heaving breast lay the young princess,
In the bloom of her virgin charms.

"To sea, to sea, my mariners!"
The white sails are unfurl'd:
Behind the barque lay the lessening land—
Before her the billows curl'd.

Oh! bliss of bliss—a lovely night!—
The winds breathed gently free;
The stars, a galaxy of light,
Shower'd fire upon the sea.

And on, and on, they bore, and bore,
The beautiful and the brave,
Till green Bretagne show'd its shadowy shore,
Like a cloud above the wave.

Sudden changed the sky—a tempest fierce
Dark brooded; and, lo! the gale,
Like an evil spirit on earth let loose,
Split the mast, and rent the sail!

And the mountain waves rear'd their crested heads,
And the lightnings scorch'd the sky;
And the mariners on their patron saints
In supplication cry.

But up from the helm rose, with lifted arm,
A hoary old man, and said—
"On St. Clement and St. Nicholas, sirs,
In vain ye call for aid:

"On Mary Mother in vain ye call—
All, Sir Eliduc, for thee
Hath the tempest of heaven o'ertaken us:—
Throw thy paramour in the sea,

"And return, return to thy wedded wife!"
"Wedded wife!" pale Guilladun cried;
With a shriek gave up her startled life,
And fell dead by his side.

He held her wrist—her lips he kiss'd—
No word his fate deplored;
But Sir Eliduc grasp'd the old man's foot,
And toss'd him overboard.

'Twas silence all—the wild winds fell,
And the clouds dispersed away;
All the stars grew pale, save the morning star,
That heralded the day.

With a bubbling groan the old man sank:
The mariners sate with indrawn breath—
To Totness shore the vessel bore—
'Twas like a ship of death.

And sad and silent they glide along,
Till the beetling cliffs they reach;
Then, with dead Guilladun in his arms,
Strides Eliduc from the beach.

FITTE FOURTH.

"Why mourn'st thou thus, Sir Eliduc?
What is thy cause of woe?
Why that stifled sigh, and that heavy eye?
Sure of yore it wont not so.

"And why so often, Sir Eliduc,
Dost thou thread the woods alone?"
The knight look'd up on Gildeluec,
But answering word spake none.

The knight was a gallant knight, the first
In battle-field, or festive hall:
The knight is an alter'd man—he hangs
His cuirass on the wall.

Within its kennel yells the hound;
The prison'd falcon pines away;
The steed neighs from its stall, as if
To chide its lord's delay.

At peep of morn, 'mid thick green woods,
To stray Sir Eliduc hath gone:
There is no music in human voice;
He loves to be alone.

At fall of eve, 'neath the rising moon,
Through the forest walks he strays—
The heart of Gildeluec almost broke,
To behold his alter'd ways.

"Betide me weal, betide me woe,"
To her page the ladye said;
"Thou must after thy sorrowing master go,
And track him through the glade."

The page he went; the page he came:
By her bower the ladye stood—
"What news, what news, my faithful lad,
Bring'st thou me from dark green wood?"

"From turn to turn," replied the page,
"I lurk'd Sir Eliduc's path to see;
And at length he enter'd the hermit's cell,
Beneath the chesnut tree.

"And while he mourn'd that cell within,
I listen'd the door beside,
And heard him say—'Oh, murder'd love,
Would for thee that I had died!

"'To me thou gav'st thy love; for me
Thou left'st thy father-land;
And I have given thee but a grave
Upon this foreign strand.

"'And, oh! and, oh! hadst thou but seen,
And loved some worthier mate!
And, oh! for thy hapless death! and, oh!
My miserable fate!'"

Sir Eliduc came home—he sate
With his elbow leant on knee:
He spoke not a word of wail, nor sigh'd,
Though bow'd to the dust was he.

"Oh, tell me why, Sir Eliduc,
Thou peak'st and pinest, and roam'st astray?"
"Ask the tree, by the forky lightnings scathed,
Why wither its boughs away?

" Ask the forest oak, why down it falls
Beneath the woodman's stroke?
Ask life, when death the tyrant calls,
Why it yields to such a yoke?"

Through the wood, in the morning solitude,
Hath the ladye roam'd alone,
And knock'd at the door of the hermitage;
But answer back came none.

With a beating heart and trembling hand,
The wicket latch she rais'd;
And in as she went, with timid eyes
Through the twilight gloom she gazed.

Why starts she back? she sees a couch
With a coverlet of snow:
She lifted it up in her wonderment,
And a lady slept below.

She slept—she slept; 'twas the sleep of death—
Ah! nothing could compare
With the sparkling of her jewell'd robes,
And the pearls in her raven hair,

Save her form—and that was quite divine!
She look'd as of heaven she dream'd;
The lustre of her loveliness,
Like a halo round her stream'd.

But waned from her lip was the cherry red;
And her silk robe was her shroud;
And her eyes were closed in dim eclipse,
Like stars behind a cloud.

Was nought on earth so beautiful!
Gildeluec sigh'd—"Ah, me!
No wonder, seeing what thou wast,
My lord's heart turn'd to thee!

"Then, farewell love, and farewell ye,
The vanities of life:
Oh, would, fair light, that thou hadst lived
To shine his sinless wife!

"As it is——I 'll love the sun no more;
Let to others his beams be given:
I 'll seal mine ears to the sounds of earth,
And give my heart to heaven!"

The cloister hath another nun,
The gentlest, purest, holiest there;
Before the crucifix, morn and eve,
She kneels in fervent prayer.

Sir Eliduc sits in a lonely home—
He hath built a marble tomb;
And within it laid Guilladun,
In the central forest gloom.

With railings of gold he hath rail'd it round,
Beside the hermit's cell;
He hath lock'd it with a silver key,
And bidden a last farewell.

'Twas a wild sequester'd place; through boughs
The azure sky was seen;
And wild vines ran the stems about,
And festooning ivy green.

'Twas a fav'rite haunt for nightingales,
The starry hours singing through;
And by day the living, emerald gloom
Echoed the stockdove's coo.

'Twas one of Nature's shrines—the birds
And beasts came flocking there;
The golden pheasant, and vocal lark,
And squirrel, and hart, and hare.

But scarce a footstep breaks the gloom,
The long still season lone:
Rains, winds, and sunbeams kiss the tomb;
But Sir Eliduc is gone.

The war-steed neighs—but not from stall—
Caparison'd by the gate;
His cuirass hangs not on the wall,
As it hath hung of late.

'Twas a glorious, glowing September eve,
As the knight rode down the dale;
The broad, low sun shone along the land,
And kiss'd his burnish'd mail.

Hawk, hound, and horse roam masterless;
His serving-men grow gray;
His roofs are moss'd—'tis twenty years
Since the warrior went away.

A thousand friends had Sir Eliduc,
The brave, the noble, and the wise;
And each asks each, but of his fate
No answering tongue replies.

Arm'd cap-à-pie went Eliduc,
From his proud ancestral halls alone;
But whither he went, or where he died,
By man was never known.

It is scarcely necessary to inform the curious reader that this ballad is engrafted on a beautiful, ancient legend of the same name, composed from the relics of oral tradition by Marie, and forming one of the twelve lays, dedicated to the then sovereign of England, supposed to have been Henry the Third.

The work, it appears, was never printed; and the only copy is in the Harleian Library MSS. No. 978. For my acquaintance with these "Lays" I am entirely indebted to the exquisitely written analysis of Mr. Ellis, in Vol. I. of Specimens of Early English Romances.

With the story I have used many liberties, the necessity of which may to some appear questionable; and have ventured on substituting a different catastrophe, as more congenial to the spirit of our own times, and, indeed, to the supposed characters of the "Personæ" of the ballad. Δ.

CONSCIENCE.

BY THE REV. GEORGE CROLY.

WHERE is the king, with all his purple pomp—
Where is the warrior plumed, the ermined judge,
With all his insolent pleaders—where the sage—
Where all wise, powerful, fearful, frowning things,
That can, for all their frowning, send an eye
An inch within my bosom?
There 's my rock,
My castle, my sealed fountain, sacred court,
That shuts man out. There holy Conscience sits,
Judging more keenly than the ermined judge,
Smiting more deeply than the warrior's sword—
More mighty than the sceptre. There my deeds,
My hopes, fears, vanities, wild follies, shames,
Are all arraign'd. So, Heaven be merciful!

The man acquitted at that fearful bar
Holds the first prize the round world has to give;
'Tis like heaven's sunshine—priceless. For all else
The praise of others is as virgin gold,
Earth's richest offering, to be sought with pain,
Yet not be pined for; worthy of all search,
But not of sorrow—as th' inferior prize;
Not as our breath of breath, our life of life,
The flowing river of our inward peace,
The noble confidence, that bids man look
His fellow-man i' the face, and be the thing,
Fearless and upward-eyed, that God has made him.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH

AT WOODSTOCK.

BY BERNARD BARTON, ESQ.

In ancient Woodstock's regal bower
A maiden sate, of lineage high,
One who might grace the festive hour
Of mirth and courtly revelry;
But pensive was her brow—her eye
Thoughtful beyond her early years—
And oft the half-unconscious sigh
Bespoke a captive's doubts and fears.

Before an antique window placed
She sate, and on the crystal pane
The quaint and simple lines she traced,
Which told she knew suspicion vain;
When, hark! upon her ear a strain
As artless, and as rude, arose—
Yet one which well might audience gain,
And make her feel a prisoner's woes.

It was the blithesome roundelay
Of one who, on her labour bent,
And doom'd to toil from day to day,
Had peace, health, freedom, and content:
'Mid fields and groves her life was spent;
And Nature's self the song awoke,

Which, caroling where'er she went,
In rustic music wildly broke.

Could SHE, though born to fill a throne,
With dull indifference coldly hear
A voice which seem'd in every tone
To Liberty and Nature dear?
She drank, with eager-listening ear,
The sounds which glad the peasant's cot,
And wish'd, perchance with starting tear,
That hers had been the milkmaid's lot.

What, then, were thrones and crowns to her,
But blossoms fenced by many a thorn?
Well might she at that hour prefer
The simplest harebell ever worn
On brow or breast of lowly born
To York's or Lancaster's proud flower,
And envy what the haughty scorn,
While prisoner in a palace-bower.

There might be anguish in the thought,
For hearts, while young, can quickly feel;
And royalty not then had taught
Her own its feelings to conceal:
If lapse of years warm hearts may steel
In humble life's sequester'd way,
Can theirs withstand the stern appeal
Whom all around with awe obey?

And hence, Elizabeth! to me,
E'en in that hour of grief and pain,
When the dark lot appointed thee
Was bondage, though it knew no chain,
Far more I see which might obtain
The homage of a poet's lyre
Than after-policy could gain,
Or regal pride and pomp inspire.

England's best hopes then fondly look'd
To Woodstock's sternly-guarded hall;
And spirits which no thraldom brook'd
Mourn'd fearfully thy jealous thrall;
And prayers, which might not powerless fall,
For thee at morn and eve arose,
That God, who guides and governs all,
Would soon thy prison-doors unclose.

And who can tell but in the day
Of royalty's full pomp and pride,
When Sidney's, Spenser's, Shakspeare's lay,
With Burleigh's manly wisdom vied
To grace thy triumph's flowing tide
With richest fruits and deathless flowers,
At times thy weary spirit eyed,
With wistful glance, old Woodstock's bowers?

For when did Time on earth fulfil
The promise of our opening years?

Or sad experience fail to chill
The hope which early life endears?
Earth's pains and sorrows, doubts and fears,
With added years bring deeper gloom,
Till death dries up the fount of tears,
And calls the mourner to the tomb!

ADDRESS

TO A LADY WHO WAS GATHERING A CONVOLVULUS FOR AN EVENING PARTY.

TOUCH not that flower, 'tis sacred to repose—
But gather blossoms of the blushing rose;
It well may suit thee in thy witching power,
When thou and beauty gild the passing hour.

Oh! break not from that tall and slender stem
The rich etherial tint, that lovely gem;
But rather cull the modest jessamine,
Around thy marble forehead to entwine.

And, when the morning o'er yon garden glows,
Awake thee from thy stillness of repose,
And steal a glance at yonder fragile stem,
That bears the fairest bloom in Flora's diadem.

MONTAGUE SEYMOUR.

THE ATTACKED ESCORT.

A SPANISH SCENE.

In 1810 I was in the French service, and ordered with my regiment to Bayonne. Frequent convoys were sent forward into Spain, sufficiently numerous to keep off the Guerillas; and to one of those I was attached on its way to Andalusia. Our convoy was strong: a corps of infantry, dragoons, and artillery, escorting a long train of waggons with stores. Our march was through a fine part of the country, and in the finest season of the year—the close of spring. We proceeded slowly, and had full leisure to enjoy the landscape. The Spanish spring realizes all those ideas of beauty, those skies of cloudless blue and splendid sunshine, those blossomed fields, and light and delicious airs, that in other lands are scarcely more than the language of poetry.

The convoy moved with the usual military precautions, though it was too strong to be liable to a Guerilla attack. We could not, however, prevent desultory skirmishes in the defiles, by which we lost some men. Even this, in some degree, added to the interest of our march. On the first report of a musquet, the column closed; our mountain voltigeurs and light infantry were sent up the hills, to turn the flank of the Spaniards; and, apart from the loss of lives, the scene was often in the highest degree striking and picturesque.

In this mode we passed on till we reached the Sierra Morena. There the badness of the roads, which had been

neglected from the commencement of the war, broke a considerable number of our waggons; and as we had now reached a country completely in the power of our troops, the officer in command thought it better to move forward with the main body, than linger for their repair. Some hundred men were left behind to escort them, with orders to follow to a town three marches off, which was to be the head-quarters of the convoy. I had been taken ill, and remained with the waggons: the delay, however, was trifling; and in twenty-four hours we were on the road again. Unluckily the commandant of the escort, in order to make up for our lost time, took it into his head to move by a narrow forest-road, instead of that through the open country, which made a circuit of some extent. I observed to him the hazard of this route; he gave me civilly to understand, that I was not then at the head of my regiment: I said no more, and we plunged into the forest. For some time all went on well; but the forest grew thicker, the road narrower and more broken, and at last a grove of oaks brought us almost to a stop. We here found our advanced dragoons, who waited for the column, that they might not be entangled alone in the grove. We had scarcely worked ourselves a dozen yards among the trunks and copse, when an advanced sharpshooter fired, and in a moment after we saw men with musquets in their hands running round us. Their numbers increased rapidly, and we soon had them in every direction—front, flanks, and rear. Our commandant had now found out his mistake, and had nothing to do but to

get out of it as well as he could. The column had halted at once. The infantry were posted at its head and in the rear of the waggons; the sharpshooters formed line on each side from front to rear; and the dragoons were pushed into the wood, on both sides of the road, at twenty paces off, to act as skirmishers.

The fire had already begun, and the enemy had all the advantage—he might single us out as he pleased, while we might take our revenge by firing at the trees. We saw some of our dragoons tumbled from their horses, while others galloped back to us wounded. Platoons of infantry were advanced to support them, and they soon began to feel the effects of the fire. Our next experiment was to send thirty dragoons to cut down every thing before them. They charged gallantly, but they could not cut down oaks and elms of a hundred years' growth; and in a few minutes we saw about one-half of the troop gallop back again, followed by a shout and a shower of balls.

We were now situated awkwardly enough, and in fact had nothing for it but fighting. The commandant was a good officer, though he had entered the wood; and the soldiers fired desperately. We made our way, losing men continually; still we got on, until we came to an *abattis* of trees, in the very heart of the forest. Here we fought for life and death: the enemy, though only peasants, were bold and capital shots; and it was not till after an hour of despair and carnage that we broke through the barrier, wound our way through the forest, and saw the light of heaven. This cost us nearly all our waggons, two-thirds

of our escort, the commandant a severe wound in the knee, and me a ball in the shoulder.

This was an unlucky affair, and it left us all in ill humour. We moved on, determined to try no more short cuts; and about half a league further saw another grove. We all shrank at the sight; but, above the trees we saw, at a turning of the road, the chimneys of a chateau. This, of course, would afford quarters for the officers, an hospital for the wounded, and plunder for the rest. I now remonstrated on the necessity of losing no more time; but the commandant's wound had made him outrageous, and the sight of Spanish property was not easily resisted among our troops at that period. So, it was determined to try what was in the inside of the chateau.

We left the few carriages that remained to us in the road, and sent our sharpshooters up the grand avenue—a stately range of oaks. There was not a soul to be seen in the house: the windows were closed; and, but that the dogs barked fiercely, we should have thought that the whole had been visited by the plague. The soldiers hammered the great door with the butt-ends of their musquets, flung stones at the windows, and at last began to fire at the shutters. All was useless. At length, as we were beginning to lay faggots against the door, a small window was opened, and a man's voice inquired—"what we wanted?"

One of our officers, who had served in Spain, answered, that we wanted to get in and have some refreshment and rest. The voice replied, and bade us go to a farm house

in sight, where we should find provisions. "No," said the officer, "that is not enough; open the door, or we will get in in spite of you."

"You shall not get in," said the voice. "We have force enough to defend ourselves; retire at your peril."

This defiance put the troops in a rage. They looked on it as an insolent challenge; and while some of them prepared to scale the windows, others ran off to bring up our guns to burst open the door. The commandant, however, would not allow them to be used, in the fear of bringing the Guerillas upon him again. At length they broke open the door with the levers of the guns. As it fell in, a line of fifty men drawn up in the court within fired a volley, that knocked down one half of those in front. The rest fell back for a moment; but the whole corps now rushed on, and filled the court before the Spaniards had time to reload. A few of them were killed on the spot; but the greater part made good their retreat into the chateau, and from that into the grounds; where our soldiers, as soon as they saw the rich furniture of the rooms, did not think it worth their while to follow them.

I was extremely grieved at this whole affair; and indignant and pained as I was at so much unnecessary evil, I was led, partly by curiosity and partly by a wish to be of what service I could to the unfortunate people of the house, to enter the court, and see what was going forward. At this time the first attack was over, and the soldiers had gained possession of the apartments above; but there was still a scene going on that I shall never forget.

Some of the Spaniards had either been unable, or disdained, to retreat; and at the further end of the court, against the wall of a chapel, stood six or seven men who seemed determined to die. They had made a little breastwork of some loose wood, and from behind this they kept up a regular discharge. I remarked among them a very noble-looking man, in an embroidered cloak, who appeared to be their master, and beside him a boy of fifteen or sixteen, who cried out continually, "Kill, kill the French!" This lasted a few minutes, and we lost some men at every discharge, till, at last, our soldiers, infuriated at this defence by a handful of servants, rushed forward; seven or eight took aim together at the master, and fired. I saw the boy fall at the moment: the master staggered a few paces back, and then advancing, flung himself beside the body. The servants at this sight lost courage, threw away their arms, and, springing upon the pieces of wood, climbed over the wall, and made their escape through the gardens; our soldiers offering them no interruption, as the resistance was fairly at an end, and they were anxious only to share the plunder with their comrades in the chateau. My servant and I were now the only persons in the court; and I was so much shocked and disgusted with the whole scene of rapine and cruelty, that I did not know whether to advance or retire. I saw the court covered with dead, and felt the natural shudder of every man, not altogether hardened, at beholding death in such a shape, while the ear was filled with the shoutings and riot of plunder above. But as I gave a last

look to the spot where those gallant and unfortunate Spaniards had made their last stand, I thought I saw a hand waved from among the corpses. I immediately went up to them. The first face that I saw was the boy's. It was turned upwards; and pale as it was, I think I never saw one so handsome. It still retained a slight expression of disdain, which gave a kind of loftiness to its extreme beauty, and reminded me, even in that moment, of the Belvedere Apollo. But he was totally dead. It was natural to feel something at such a sight. I continued almost involuntarily gazing on the face, till I was roused by seeing the figure at his side raise itself slowly from the ground, and sitting up, look me in the face, saying in a low tone, "Barbarians, is not this enough?" I absolutely felt as if an apparition had risen before me. The hollow voice, the large eyes nearly glazed, and yet haughty and threatening, absolutely checked my breath. However, I made some steps towards the wounded man, in the idea of offering him assistance. He evidently misconceived me; and turning himself round with pain, clasped his arms over the boy, kissed his lips two or three times, and then looking up at me, seemed to await the mortal blow.

I was doubly shocked at this, and I believe a tear stole into my eye. I told him in Spanish, that he was wrong in taking me for one of his murderers; that I was deeply grieved at all I saw; and that if I could not help those round him, I might be of some service to, at least, himself.

He fixed his eyes on me, and said, "You are a Frenchman, and yet can feel!" It was no time to enter into

explanation; I merely replied, "I wished to take him from that place, and desired to know where my servant and I should carry him to shelter."

"It is too late. I am dying. If it were otherwise, I should not"—and he looked at his son's corpse—"at this moment be so calm."

I still entreated him. "Well, then," said he, "if you will do me this last kindness, have me carried into the chapel, where my place has been long prepared."

I raised him by the knees, my servant put his hands under his head; and in this way we carried him gently towards the chapel. It was then that I first saw that he was mortally wounded.

The door of the chapel was open, and there we laid down our melancholy burthen. Under all the depression of the moment, I could not help being struck with admiration as I glanced round. The altar, columns, steps, were all of the finest marble, and the most exquisite sculpture. But the most striking object was a monument of Carrara marble in the centre. It was a dome on four pillars, under which was a female figure lying on its side, with the head resting on the arm, as in deep sleep: the face and form were of exquisite loveliness. At the four corners of the monument were four large wax tapers burning; and a large black velvet pall, which appeared to have been covering the figure, lay beside it on the ground.

The wounded gentleman was evidently exhausted by his last effort. I spoke to him, but he was unable to answer. As his oval countenance gradually assumed the

calmness of death, I never saw any thing nobler. He could not be more than between forty and fifty. The large black eye, the arched brow, the cheek slightly tinged with emotion, the mouth, moved with a faint smile which seemed to say that all human efforts were hopeless, and that yet he thanked me; all made up such a face as we see in the pictures of Titian or Da Vinci. It was the Spanish countenance in all its grandeur and all its melancholy.

I gave him some wine and water from my servant's canteen, and, after an effort, he said, in a dying tone,

"Sir, I had once a wife, an admirable creature! Heaven took her from me in the most unfortunate and painful manner. She was worthy of heaven. She died five years ago; I built this tomb for us both: lay me beside her."

I could not speak. He pressed my hand, and said again, "Sir, I thank you for your feelings. If you will let me make one more request, it shall be my last. Bring the body of my boy, that I may look upon him once more and die with him beside me."

I shrank at this. The place was now entirely silent. The soldiers had either gone away or were busy in the remote parts of the chateau. There was nothing round me but graves and death. I felt an involuntary horror at going into the court, where I should see but bleeding bodies. I will own that I felt a dimness come over my eyes, and shook like a woman.

The noble Spaniard would urge me no farther; he sat up, lifted his clasped hands, and fixed his eyes on heaven,

and after a struggle obviously of inward prayer, sank back on the ground with a sigh which made me think that all was over. This awoke me; I went out, and with my servant, whom I found at the door, brought in the body of the boy, and placed it by his father's side.

While I was gazing on them as they lay together in their sad beauty, I saw the curtain of the altar rise slowly, and from under it peep an old man, who looked round him in great terror. I called to him to come forward, and promised him safety. He was an old servant of the family: and on seeing the bodies, he was in an agony of grief, flung himself on them, tore his white hair, and cursed, as well he might, their murderers. As he clasped his master's hand I saw the eyes open; they were turned upon the boy's countenance, then on me. I heard the lips whisper, "God bless the hand that brought us together!" then laying his arm round the boy's neck, and pressing his lips to his cheek, the spirit departed with a deep sigh.

The old servant and I knelt beside them, and, I believe, wept together.

After a while we heard the soldiers returning: we rose and covered the bodies with the pall from the tomb. The chapel was now nearly dark, and the soldiers came in with lighted torches. They asked what was under the pall; and on being told, turned away with looks and gestures of genuine regret. They did not even look at the servant, who stood close to me, expecting to be put to death, notwithstanding my assurances of safety.

The drums now beat, the plunder was gathered into

the court, cars and waggons from the stables were loaded with the rich moveables of the mansion; I waited until all were on the march, then giving some money to the old man, and bidding him call the fugitive domestics to do the last honours to his masters, I walked, with a melancholy heart, through the deserted court, and followed the troops.

From the first rising ground I looked back upon the chateau—the moon was touching its towers; and when I thought of what was below, I formed my fixed resolution of being a soldier no more.

IL FAUT PARTIR.

And is it so?—and must we sever?
Alas! 'twere vain our fate to shun:
The course of love ran smoothly never,
Since vows were breathed, or beauty won.
And is it so? and shall repining
O'ercloud the parting hour? Oh no!
Each breast its own fond griefs enshrining,
No sighs shall heave, no tear shall flow.

One soft farewell, one look revealing
Each silent thought, be ours alone:
No murmur'd vow, to Heaven appealing,
Shall shame the truth our bosoms own.
Apart in form, in souls uniting,
Slow-waning Time our truth shall prove;
Till gentle Hope, her beacon lighting,
Lure back the wandering bark of Love.

GARDEN RHYMES.

BY ALEXANDER BALFOUR, ESQ.

Ah me! the blooming pride of May
And that of Beauty are but one.

PRIOR.

AMIDST the Muse's tuneful throng
Some few have soar'd in epic song,
While others in Pindaric flight
Have "dazzled with excess of light;"
The laurel wreath some fondly twine,
And hail the hero as divine.
There are, for love of sordid gain,
Who fawn in venal, fulsome strain;
While some pour out the flow of soul
In orgies o'er the reveller's bowl,
Alive to love, but lost to shame,
Too warmly fan the sensual flame,
Till lost in loose voluptuous joy,
The Muse must blush at her employ;
And love-sick poets pour their lays,
In moon-struck verse, to Beauty's praise,
Ransacking ocean, earth, and sky,
For Myra's bloom, or Stella's eye.

I love to mark each nameless grace
In female Beauty's virgin face:
If aught could e'er my Muse beguile,
The surest spell were woman's smile;
But still I think the labour vain
To range through Nature's wide domain

For similes the song to grace,
Whose theme is Beauty's witching face:
The garden fair, the flowery field,
Methinks, can fitter emblems yield.
I never yet beheld the fair,
But I could find her imaged there.
Though time my blood begins to chill,
Yet Beauty's face is lovely still;
And Fancy still delights to rove
In meadow, garden, glen, and grove.
She lightly waves her magic wand,
And all around is fairy land;
She bids the Muse the path pursue
Which sets the past before her view:
Delighted, I the strain prolong,
For youthful Beauty claims my song.

The Daffodil, in gaudy dress,
That wooes the wanton wind's caress,
That never seeks her charms to hide,
Her boast to be the meadow's pride,
May well portray the buxom lass
Who brushes blithe the dewy grass,
At early morn, with milking pail,
Her love-song echoing o'er the dale;
Who in the hay-field never coy,
With rural swains delights to toy.
The flaunting Tulip, rich and fair,
May with the daffodil compare;

In humble life *this* doom'd to dwell,
That formed to shine a titled belle;
Both giddy wantons in display,
Who spread their beauties to the day.
What though their glare of glowing charms
May lure the rambler to their arms,
To keep him there they want the power,
For bees soon fly the insipid flower.

Mimosa,* in her mantle green,
Still shrinking from the touch is seen;
The gardener's hand and spoiler's arm
Alike the tender flower's alarm—
Meet emblem of the timorous maid,
Of friend and foe alike afraid;
Or rather of the mawkish prude,
Who deems each harmless freedom rude;
Who blushes, sighs, and flirts her fan,
To hide her from the monster—man;
Who trembles if you touch her glove,
And faints outright to hear of love.

With lofty head, in purple pride,
Gay Peony, expanding wide
Her bosom to the sun-bright sky,
Attracts each passing stranger's eye;
And Polyanthus, ever gay,
Still changing like an April day,

* The sensitive plant.

Are both coquettes—both proud and vain
Of lovers dangling in their train:
This tries to lure by wanton freak,
That trusts her blush and blooming cheek,
While neither is with love inspired—
Their only wish to be admired.
In different garb, alike her aim,
Behold another, yet the same—
Auricula, in velvet fine,
Amidst the throng disdains to shine:
'Tis thus Belinda cannot sit
With meaner beauties in the pit:
Aloft she blushes in the box,
Gems sparkling in her braided locks;
Despising every native grace,
With rouge and carmine lards her face;
And deems the charms of gaudy dress
More rich than Nature's loveliness.

Obsequious to the star of day,
The Sunflower smiles in rich array;
For him alone her bosom burns,
To him with fond devotion turns:
So turns the fair, whose love is sold
For potent, wonder-working gold;
Her love may smile, while fortune shines,
But cools and dies when that declines.
Nor can we with complacence see
The sweetly-scented Lady-Pea,

So fair and delicately fine,
With clasping tendrils fondly twine
Around a leafless, sapless thorn,
On which the genial dews of morn
And sunny beams are shed in vain,
As it shall never bud again;
Thus stands the stick, old, wither'd, dead,
On which she bows her blooming head:
Ill-match'd and uncongenial pair,
So ugly *that*, and *this* so fair!
And such, in life, 'tis sometimes seen,
The virgin beauty of nineteen,
That she may lift her head on high,
And taste the bliss that wealth can buy,
Will meanly prostitute her charms,
By folding sixty in her arms!

With modest blush, in rocky dells,
The Foxglove hangs her dewy bells,
So softly nodding in the breeze,
The blossoms seldom fail to please;
But woe to him who rashly sips—
There 's poison on their glowing lips.
Twin-sister Poppy rears her head,
Her swelling bosom sunward spread;
Her robe is rich in varied dye,
As twilight in the evening sky;
But shun her soporific breath,
The drowsy lullaby of death!

Who would not heave soft Pity's sigh,
And wipe the tear-drop from his eye,
That aught so lovely, sweet, and fair
As Woman, should with these compare?
Yet there is one, with syren smile,
Who fondly glances to beguile,
Displays her meretricious charms,
Till Folly sink in Ruin's arms;
For like the flower, though fair the bloom,
Hers is the darkness of the tomb.

The Muse delighted turns to trace
The emblems of a lovelier race,
Whose worth and sweetness might inspire
A nobler song, a brighter fire;
But though I touch a tuneless string,
Warm glows my bosom while I sing.

The Primrose pale, beneath the thorn
That smiles to meet the vernal morn,
Is Nature's meek and modest child,
Unseen that blossoms in the wild;
Perhaps at morn with softness prest
Beneath the woodlark's dewy breast.
The Violet under covert green,
Content to breathe and bloom unseen,
Diffusing sweetness on the breeze,
When vesper twinkles through the trees;

And curtain'd in its grassy bed,
In bashful beauty hides its head.
But chief, sweet Lily of the Vale,
With drooping head and bosom pale,
Though deeply veil'd thy snowy vest,
Pure as the dew that bathes thy breast;
Within thy tiny, trembling bells
What treasured store of fragrance dwells!
Thy breath, so delicately sweet,
Soon leads us to thy loved retreat.

Time out of mind have these portray'd
The modest, artless, village maid,
Still sweetest, loveliest, in the shade:
The Snow-drop smiling to the storm,
Meet emblem of her infant form;
Unshrinking in the wintry wind,
Or blighting vernal frosts unkind;
She blossoms like the flowers of spring,
That meet the zephyr's viewless wing.

Alone, the Woodbine droops and pines;
But round the elm with fondness twines,
With clasping tendrils seeks to rise,
And soon the stormy blast defies;
Till buds and spicy flowers are seen
Amidst the broad elm's branches green.
How emblematic of the fair,
Consign'd to man's protecting care!

He finds her heart his hope and stay,
His refuge in the evil day:
Condemn'd to bloom and blush alone,
She pines unnoticed, or unknown;
But placed within his sheltering arms,
She there unfolds far lovelier charms;
And thus, caressing and caress'd,
The pair are in their union bless'd.

The Eglantine breathes odours round,
With "blushing honours" richly crown'd;
But 'gainst the spoiler stands prepared
Its green and flowery sweets to guard:
And such the cheerful, happy fair,
Whose guileless bosom knows no care;
Who, light of heart, still seeks to please
By Nature's unaffected ease;
In social life who loves to dwell,
But can each rudeness still repel.

Since first it bloom'd in Eden's bowers
The Rose is term'd the Queen of Flowers;
Nor east, nor west, have this denied,
That it should bloom the garden's pride:
We find its rich resplendent glow
In azure heaven's ethereal bow;
It gilds the western twilight's gleam;
And blushes in Aurora's beam,

When forth she comes, with dewy feet,
The sun her bridegroom gay to meet;
But sweeter still, its blush is seen
On beauty's cheek, creation's queen!
It, by some secret sympathy,
Lends lustre to her laughing eye;
With deep suffusion, richer wakes,
When Love his rustling quiver shakes;
And is in most perfection seen,
Amidst his fragrant myrtles green.
On beauty's lip its nectar glows,
Like dew upon the half-blown rose;
Ambrosia mingling in the bliss,
Soft breathing in the virgin's kiss:
It ratifies her hallow'd vows,
When she at Hymen's altar bows;
And when the couch of love is spread,
It glows in blushing crimson red—
Unfolds its sweetest, loveliest bloom,
And breathes around its rich perfume.

Yet, by its side, in beauty's grace,
The Lily claims an equal place:
Methinks, within its snow-white bell,
Simplicity delights to dwell;
The mansion is so sweet and fair,
That innocence inhabits there.
Such was its spotless, virgin hue,
When paradise and love were new—

It surely was the sweetest flower
That breathed its balm in Eden's bower;
No wonder that it flourish'd fair—
No cause was known for blushing there.

On beauty's cheek if roses glow,
Her bosom boasts the lily's snow,
That emblem of a guileless heart,
Unstain'd by guilt, unskill'd in art.
Then let the pair together twine,
And form a wreath for virtue's shrine,
Where woman lifts her lofty brow,
Fair as Ben-Nevis' winter snow;
While on her dimpled cheek, there glows
The richness of the summer rose;
And man beholds, with these combined,
The feeling heart, and guileless mind;
The charms of intellectual grace
Express'd in beauty's virgin face:
This is the being form'd for love—
A seraph sent from heaven above!

But see the Mountain Daisy rise,
Too fond to wait for summer skies:
Though Eurus waves his chilling wing,
It smiles to hail the infant spring.
While richer flowers of gaudy hue
Blossom and vanish from the view,

Or proudly bloom in flaunting dress,
It smiles in simple loveliness.
Beside the sky-lark's nest it springs,
And safe beneath her sheltering wings,
When April clouds portentous lower,
Finds refuge from the rattling shower.
In parching heat and pinching cold
Its bosom, rich in yellow gold,
Is still expanded to the sky—
Still raised to heaven its starry eye.
When rose trees, of their blossoms shorn,
Display the sharp and naked thorn—
When birch has lost its balmy breath,
And lilies long have slept in death—
Enlivening still the rural scene,
The daisy decks the meadow green;
And smiles, with still unchanging form,
Amidst the nipping, wintry storm.

Such is the fair, whose charm in youth
Was chaste simplicity and truth;
Whose modest features still express'd
The guileless feelings of her breast;
Whose heart, to nature ever true,
Nor envy nor ambition knew;
Who faithful love with love return'd,
A steady flame which brightly burn'd;
Whose cheek had ne'er so sweetly glow'd
As when her hand her heart bestow'd,

And still, amidst domestic life,
Secures the lover to the wife;
Whose tender glance and cheerful smile
Can wedded life of care beguile;
Her constant wish and only art
To reign within her husband's heart,
To make to him the matron's kiss
As dear as first he deem'd the bliss.
Though Time (whom none can e'er withstand),
With stealing step and ruthless hand,
May blanch the roses on her cheek,
He cannot sour a temper meek;
Nor from her lip, by force or guile,
Remove contentment's cheerful smile;
And when the lowering, stormy sky
Foretells the freezing winter nigh,
Love, like the daisy, still shall bloom,
Till she lie lifeless in the tomb.

ALICE GRAY.

SWEET Alice Gray is dead;
That bright blue eye is closed; those lips are mute,
That once enchantment shed,
Soft as the breathings of a lover's lute.
Sweet Alice Gray is dead;
And dark and lonely is her unwept grave,
In a far country spread,
Where yew-tree branches sad and sullen wave!

Her father hears the tale
With tearless eye and rigid brow compress;—
Her mother, cold and pale,
Listens with trembling lip and heaving breast:
Alas! she dares not speak
The mortal agony, the strife within;—
For, oh! that pallid cheek
Was once like crimson for a daughter's sin.

Her lover—oh, can love
Profane the shrine to which its vows are given?
No; by yon stars above,
True love is stainless as its native heaven.
His was the treacherous guise
That wins fond, trusting woman to a fate
O'er which repentant sighs
And bitter tears are shed, alas! too late!

Oh, weep for Alice Gray!
Weep for that lovely one who wept for all:
Not after summer-day
The blessed dews of heaven more sweetly fall.
Too late her crime she saw,
And pale and trembling pray'd to be forgiven!
Alas! men's rigid law
Denies the boon—bright Mercy dwells in heaven.

J. Prout del.

Fr. Engleheart sculp.

PART OF ST. MARK'S CHURCH,
VENICE.

ST. MARK'S, AND THE DOGE'S PALACE, AT VENICE.*

FROM THE JOURNAL OF A RECENT TRAVELLER.

HERE I am then in the Piazzetta of St. Mark, before the palace formerly inhabited by the Doges of Venice! Imagination pictures all the heroes who for a thousand years made the East tremble, and struck terror into the West, moving in succession past the lofty arched windows. Among them I fancy I discover that high-spirited *nobile* who, when tidings of the expedition of Vasco di Gama reached Venice, proposed to equip a fleet with all possible despatch to annihilate the Portuguese. Had his suggestion been adopted, Europe would probably wear at this day a different form from what it does.

My eye wanders, if not with pleasure at least with lively curiosity, over the singular edifice in which all the three styles of architecture prevailing at the period of its erection (1350), the Greek, the Moorish, and the Gothic, are incoherently blended. The prodigiously lofty wall of the building, which forms its *façade* as well towards the Molo as the Piazzetta of St. Mark, and composes perhaps three-fourths of the whole height, unbroken by any object (for the three windows, gigantic as they are, tell for nothing in this vast surface), denote the chief aim of oriental architecture, namely, protection from the sun. In

* For a cursory notice of the Place of St. Mark, see the opening of the article entitled *The Bridge of Sighs*, in the last volume of the Forget Me Not.—EDITOR.

the pointed arches of the first story, and of the *merlatura*, or balustrade of the roof, appears the Gothic style. The columns of the basement exhibit some of the traces of Grecian architecture, which were still discoverable at this period.

The principal entrance to the building, known by the name of *Porta della Carta*—a name which it is said to have derived from the public letter-writers, who followed their profession beneath it—though a curious compound of the three styles, and as curiously thrust into the extreme corner on the left towards the Piazzetta of St. Mark, or, more properly speaking, into the church dedicated to the same saint, is much too small for the immense mass, and would have produced no effect had it even been placed in the centre. But why should it have been made larger, as neither horses nor carriages ever passed under it? The court into which it leads is now the Exchange.

In surveying the columns of the basement, the eye rests involuntarily upon their capitals. I ask myself with astonishment at what period these could have been erected. The history of Venice tells us, about the middle of the fourteenth century; but the workmanship itself might be supposed to belong to the most brilliant era of the arts of Greece or Rome, and probably to the same which produced Trajan's pillar. Whoever contemplates these arabesques, these historical subjects, these allegorical and symbolical representations, with any fancy, would be ready to imagine that the whole had life and motion. The foliage and flowers in particular are as delicately

chiseled as though they were cut out of paper. And who was the artist that produced such admirable works at so early a period? One who was not less unfortunate as a man than great as a sculptor; but who, to judge at least from the specimen he has furnished in the Doge's palace, did not come up to himself as an architect. Philip Calendario, born about the beginning of the fourteenth century, was appointed by Marino Falieri (or more probably one of his predecessors) to be the architect of the new ducal palace, which it was resolved to erect. By the constant attendance in the palace, imposed on him by his office, the unfortunate artist gave the Doge occasion to inveigle him into a participation in the well-known conspiracy against the aristocracy of Venice. The plot was discovered; Calendario, with many other accomplices, hanged; and the Doge, after being publicly deposed from his dignity, and deprived of the ducal horn (*corno ducale*), beheaded on the great staircase, in the court of the palace. Thus did Calendario, one of the greatest artists that ever existed, terminate, by a wretched end, in the flower of his age, a life which seemed destined to produce many more master-pieces of sculpture. This event occurred in 1350.

Seated on one of the marble benches before the *Porta della Carta*, and surveying the row of columns distinguished by these beautiful capitals of Calendario, I was struck by a circumstance which has often been discussed by Venetian connoisseurs, but never satisfactorily explained. These columns, namely, are not only too short

in proportion to their other dimensions, but have neither socle nor any kind of base. It has therefore been conjectured that they were from the first sunk below the surface of the earth. But what rational ground could the architect have had for such an absurd proceeding, which would not only have deprived the columns of one of their ornaments, but destroyed their general symmetry? An examination made in the year 1810, by competent persons, has indeed demonstrated that the lower part of these pillars is beneath the surface of the earth, but not that it was originally designed to be so buried. The results were these: Wrought and polished for about three inches below the ground, and then more or less rough and unshapen for three inches more, these pillars rest on an unhewn base. To judge, then, from their present state, it may be inferred, that only three inches more, that is to say, so far as the polish extends, was formerly above ground. On the other hand, it has been found that there is another pavement, of Altine bricks, fifteen inches below the present pavement. If we consider that the state of the water at the Molo, in 1732, rendered it necessary to raise the pavement a foot, and that, as experience teaches, the water about Venice rises three inches every century, it follows, that in the five centuries since the erection of this palace the ground has been raised fifteen inches, that is, precisely the depth at which the first pavement is situated. Hence it is probable that the pillars, up to the height at which the polish begins, had either a socle or a base, with one or two steps, but that these were taken

away when the ground was raised, and used for the new pavement. If the sea at Venice, which in particular states of the wind at flood-tides frequently overflows the lower quarters of the city, continues till 1832 to rise in the same proportion as it has hitherto done, it will be requisite to raise the ground again three inches, to protect at least the Place of St. Mark, its most important part, from the encroachment of the water.

The engraving at the head of this article shows, on the left, part of the Place of St. Mark, with one of the flag-staves fixed in bronze basements; the church of St. Mark in the centre; and, on the right, the Porta della Carta—the principal entrance to the Doge's palace, with one of the two columns which support it, the other being hidden by the foreground pillar. These columns were brought to Venice from the East, but it is not known when or by whom. This view is taken from the piazza of the palace, two of the pillars of which, with capitals of Calendario's workmanship, occupy the foreground.

SONG.

BY HENRY BRANDRETH, JUN. ESQ.

And wouldst thou music? listen to the watchdog's honest bay,
Or where, 'mid summer's leafy groves, the moon-lit fountains play;

For there is music in them both, e'en Beauty's tones above—
The watchdog tells of home—the moon-lit fountains tell of love.

All Nature sweetest music breathes—each element gives birth
At times to melting minstrelsy—who hath not own'd its worth?
From the green vale and billowy wave to where athwart the sky
The meteoric lightnings flash—all, all is melody.

There's music in the bursting bud, ay, of the meanest weed;
There's music in the streamlet's flow, the sighing of the reed;
And oh! how sweet to sit by night and list old Ocean's roar,
As billow chasing billow, breaks and sparkles on the shore!

There's music, like the organ's swell, grand, solemn, deep, and loud,
When first is heard the thunder peal from some far-distant cloud;
While each fair planet, as it rolls amid revolving years,
Tells of celestial music—'tis the music of the spheres.

THE BRIDAL EVE.

A DRAMATIC SCENE.

BY MISS MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

Characters.

LORD FITZ-ALWYN, HUBERT, HELEN, ISABEL, MARGARET.

Scene—a Lady's Chamber in a Baronial Castle.

HELEN, ISABEL, *and* MARGARET.

Isa. THIS is the bridal eve, and yet thy lady—
Look how she sits on yonder couch, her head
Bent like a snow-drop, her white clasped hands
Listlessly hanging on her knee, as though
No pulse beat in them. All the livelong day
She hath not moved. Why, Helen! Helen Clifford!
What, not a word to thy poor Isabel—
Thy cousin Isabel? not one kind word,
When we shall part to-morrow?—not one word?
Can this be the dear maid whom once I knew
The merriest heart of merry Cumberland,
Carolling her blithe songs, from morn to eve,
As gaily as the gladsome birds that flew
Around her summer bower?

Mar. Didst thou ne'er see
A caged linnet?

Isa. Oh! how pale she is,
How changed, since o'er those northern hills she swept
On her white Barbary steed, swift as the wind
That waved her glossy tresses, crisp and curl'd
Like the vine's tendrils, o'er that dimpled cheek

Of roses, and those eyes of smiling light,
And that clear brow! All in her huntress green,
She might have seem'd the youngest, fairest nymph
Of crescented Diana, such a glow
Of beauty was about her.

Mar. Hast thou ne'er
Seen a transplanted flower—seen how it droops,
And fades, and dies? Your southern gardens ill
Suit the wild heathbell. She hath never known
Sorrow till now. Now, lady, she hath lost
Her home, her father.

Isa. Is not my home hers?
And my kind father?

Mar. Ay, but she must leave
Even this adopted home, and wed——

Isa. The pride
Of English chivalry! her long betrothed——
And oh, so worthy! bravest in the field,
Gayest at revel, kindest every where,
Is Lord Fitz-Alwyn.

Mar. Grant that it be so,
Unless she loved him——

Isa. She must love him.

Mar. Look!
The very casket, that last night he laid
At Helen's feet, still at her feet it lies,
Neglected, overthrown. The oaken floor
Is bright with jewelry—string'd amethysts,
Rubies, and sapphires, link'd with massy gold——

Helen. Chains! chains! all chains!

Isa. Nay, sweetest coz, see here
This diadem of orient pearl—how well
Thy raven curls become it! how it sits
Amid the ringlets, with a queenly pride,
A maiden modesty! Oh, fling it not
Aside!

Helen. Give me the wild wood coronal
Of living pearls, fresh from the fragrant thorn,
And diamonded with dew! Dost thou remember,
Margaret, the garland of the Queen of May,
When poor——What 's that?

Isa. 'Tis but the distant sound
Of music at the banquet. They feast high.

Helen. Hark! hark! This comes not from the hall.
'Tis here,
Beneath the casement. Margaret, hark! a harp!
A northern harp!

Mar. Beshrew these narrow bars!
I cannot see the minstrel.

Helen. Hush! he sings—

SONG (*without*).

High o'er the baron's castle tall
Rich banners float, with heavy fall,
And light and song, in mingling tide,
Pour forth to hail the lovely bride.
Yet, lady, still the birchen tree
Waves o'er the cottage on the lea;
The babbling stream was bright and fair—
The love-star of the west shines there.

Isa. How breathlessly she listens! See, she flings
Backward her ringleted and glossy hair,
Lest a loose curl might intercept the sound
Of that sweet music. Margaret, hast thou heard
The strain before?

Mar. The air, but not the words.

SONG (*without*).

Mail'd warders pace o'er keep and tower,
Gay maidens deck the lady's bower;
Page, squire, and knight, a princely train,
Wait duteous at her bridle rein.
Yet in that cot the milk-white hound,
The favourite falcon, still are found;
And one more fond, more true, than they,
Born to adore and to obey.

Isa. 'Tis a strange bridal song; but it hath waked
The statue into life. Look, how the blood
Mounts in her cheek!

Mar. Hush! it begins again.

SONG (*without*).

The coronet of jewels rare
Shines proudly o'er a face so fair;
And titles high and higher name
Fitz-Alwyn's lovely bride may claim.
And yet the wreath of hawthorn bough
Once lightlier press'd that snowy brow;
And hearts that wither now were gay
When she was but the Queen of May.

Isa. 'Tis over now. That was the final close.
Why, Helen, wherefore dost thou wave thy hand

From the barr'd casement? wherefore turn away
With thy fine form so raised, so firm a step,
So high a brow, and eyes that in their light
Bear such command?

Helen. Margaret, tell Lord Fitz-Alwyn
That I entreat his presence.

Mar. Dearest lady——

Helen. Question me not, but go.

[*Exit* MARGARET.

So! will Fitz-Alwyn,
Think'st thou, obey the call?

Isa. Doubt not of that.
Thou hast been coyer than the fresh-caged bird,
To which poor Margaret liken'd thee; he scarce
Hath seen thee, Helen—scarce hath heard thy voice.

Re-enter MARGARET *with Lord* FITZ-ALWYN.

What, here already!—come upon a wish!

Fitz-Alwyn. I was not far to seek. Hast thou ne'er heard
How wakeful misers haunt the secret spot
Where their heart lies, their gold? Even so lurk'd I
Around my treasure, waiting but to hear
A distant footfall, or a clapping door,
Or pleasant rustling of a silken robe,
Or aught that told of her. What would fair Helen
Of her true knight?

Isa. Sit down beside us here—
She best can speak her will.

Helen. I would but ask him
To listen to a simple tale of one
More simple, a poor northern maid. 'Tis short;
'Twill not detain thee long.

Fitz-Alwyn. Oh, make it long,
That I may listen! Couldst thou know the joy
To sit and hear thee! Oh, prolong the tale!
Speak but till I be weary!

Isa. Now, dear Helen!

Helen. There dwelt a knight among the Cumbrian hills
With one young daughter—an old wealthy knight,
Who had no joy but in the chase, small joy
Even in the chase without her. So she grew
The hardiest mountain-nymph that ever braved
The summer sun, the winter wind. Poor child!
She had no mother, none to teach the craft
Of female mysteries—the lute, the loom,
The needle—them she knew not. All her lore
Was of the beauty of the earth and sky,
The green hills and the bosky vales, the clear
And gushing waters, and the shifting forms
Of clouds. All her companions were the dear
Mute partners of her sports—how speaking they
Amidst their speechlessness! Her Barbary steed,
With his bright arching neck, curved up to meet
Her fondling hand; her greyhound, playfullest
Of happy creatures, of a richer white,
Like marble touched by the sun, leaping and bounding
If he but heard her voice; her falcon, proud

To sit upon her wrist. She loved them all.—
I dally with my tale, and weary thee.

Fitz-Alwyn. Speak on! Thy voice hath in it such a charm
As the clear warblings of the bird of song,
The nightingale. Her varied notes we hear
All in themselves alike, yet most unlike
All other melody, till every gush
Of liquid sound seems to our ravish'd souls
Too brief. Speak on.

Isa. Had she no comrade?

Helen. One—
Her own dear father—and——

Fitz-Alwyn. Speak on.

Helen. Hard by
Dwelt a lone widow, poor, but gently born,
And she too had one child.

Fitz-Alwyn. A daughter?

Helen. No.
He was some two years older than the maid,
And loved like her the chase, or rather loved
Nature and beauty—the green wood, the show
Of hound and huntsman 'midst the forest glades,
The bright and moving picture. For the chase
He was too gentle. I have seen——'twas said
He had been seen to weep when the poor stag,
Panting and quivering, already dead
Almost with fear and toil, hath fallen. Yet still
He loved the Barbary steed, the milk-white hound,

The bright-eyed falcon. Ever at their side
Was Hubert Grey.

Fitz-Alwyn. And the young maid? Loved she
One of so soft a mould?

Helen. From earliest youth,
From earliest childhood, they were playmates, friends.
All that she knew of book or song was learnt
Of Hubert, in that low-roof'd cot, where dwelt
His smiling mother. There, beneath the shade
Of the light, fragrant birch, and to the sound
Of running waters, they—I speak of them,
The mountain maid and the fond mother—oft
Would sit for hours, listening his minstrel lay
And marking how the poet's fire lit up
That mild blue eye, and kindled that pale cheek,
Embrown'd with a sweet sunniness, and raised
The veins on his white brow, and seem'd to swell
His slender form into a nobleness
Of beauty; till, at length, with head flung back,
And chest dilating, the forgotten harp
Dropt silent from his hands, and song was lost
In the wild crowd of images that press'd
On his awaken'd fancy.

Fitz-Alwyn. Did the maid
Wed the young minstrel?

Helen. No: she was betroth'd.

Fitz-Alwyn. Alas! I thought so;—was betroth'd to one
Unworthy?

Helen. Oh, no, no; to one too good,
Too great, too noble!
Fitz-Alwyn. One whom she loved not?
Helen. One whom she knew not, therefore loved not.
Love
Is born of love.
Fitz-Alwyn. And Hubert?
Helen. He spake not;
No, not a word! She had broad lands, and he
Was poor——
Fitz-Alwyn. Why dost thou pause?
Helen. Scarcely she knew,
Till they were parted, what her own heart meant
When it so throbb'd.
Fitz-Alwyn. Pr'ythee say on.
Helen. Oh, look not
So searchingly upon me! Her dear father
Died, and her noble wooer from the wars
Came crown'd with honour; and her guardian sought
The lonely orphan in her northern hall,
And brought her to his castle.
Fitz-Alwyn. Well!
Helen. She met
Him, her betroth'd; and she would fain have told—
But fear, and awe, and maiden shame, and doubt,
If Hubert loved, for never till——
Mar. Hark! hark!
Again the sweet harp of the north.

SONG *(without)*.

Bless thee! I may no longer stay,
No longer bid thee think on me;
I cannot 'bide thy bridal day—
But, Helen, I go blessing thee.

Bless thee! no vow of thine is broke;
I ask'd not thy dear love for me,
Though tears, and sighs, and blushes spoke—
Yet, Helen, I go blessing thee.

Bless thee! yet do not quite forget—
Oh, sometimes, sometimes pity me!
My sun of life is early set—
But, Helen, I die blessing thee!

Helen. Alas! alas! Dost hear him?

Fitz-Alwyn. Margaret, seek
This harper; bring him hither. We must check
His boldness. [*Exit* MARGARET.
Tremble not, my loveliest bride,
But listen. I have heard thy simple tale
Of a fair maiden; now do thou hear mine
Of a rough soldier. A young warrior once
Rescued an aged knight, brave to a fault,
From out the enemy's ranks. Too grateful he
For common service; he had one bright gem,
Fit for an emperor's crown—but only one—
Yet that he offer'd, and the warrior took.

Isa. What was the gem?

Fitz-Alwyn. A girl! a cherub girl!

She was a child—but such a child!—so full
Of life and beauty! sun, and wind, and dew,
Had form'd her like gay flowers, or gayer birds,
Or the light, brilliant butterfly, that lives
In the air. She was all smiles. And he went forth
To battle with that vision, as a dream
Of gladness round him. Often on the watch,
Or in the trench before a leaguer'd town,
Or in the pause which weighs upon the soul
After the day of battle, would that form,
In all its witchery, float around his steps,
Around his heart. Years pass'd, and as he saw
The laughing girls of France, he 'd pause and say,
So tall must she be now.—This tale of mine
Troubles thee, sweet one.

Helen. Oh, go on, my lord!
Pr'ythee go on! How little she deserved—
How little deem'd——Go on.

Fitz-Alwyn. At length came peace,
And our rude warrior turn'd him to his home,
And his betrothed bride. His first kind friend,
The good old knight, was dead; but he found friends
In all around her. She alone—how fair,
How beautiful she was! Her charms outran
Memory and fancy;—but so pale, so sad,
With head averted, and with downcast eyes,
And shivering hands that shrank from his, and speech,
Short and unfrequent, and more chilling cold
Than silence———Helen, from the hour we met,

Thy thoughts have injured me. I was thy friend—
Why treat me as thy tyrant? why delay
The story of thy love? why tremble thus?
Why hide thy beauteous face?

Helen. Oh, spare me now,
Fitz-Alwyn! spare me! I have told thee all.

Fitz-Alwyn. Ay; but too late. The bridal hour is fix'd;
The guests are bidden; the huge tables groan
Already with the banquet; harp and song
Already fill the halls; already flowers
Bestrew the path where thou and thy fair maids
Shall tread; already those fair maids have donn'd
Their smiles and blushes. Lady Isabel,
Say, is it not too late? Must she not wed
To-morrow?

Helen. Oh, no! no! In mercy, no!

Re-enter MARGARET *with* HUBERT.

Fitz-Alwyn. This is thy bridal eve. Approach, young sir!
Helen—my Helen—for the first, last time,
I dare to call thee so.—Look up, dear maid!
Thou hast done rightly, wisely, kindly, Helen,
By me, by all. Nay, draw not back thy hand;
I will but seal it with one parting kiss.—
Now, take it, Hubert Grey! thou hast her heart;
They shall not be divided. She is thine.

THE PIXEY.

A TALE.

BY A. NORMAN.

In Devon's vales and lawns so gay,
Where Superstition holds her sway,
'Tis said that ev'ry farm and dairy
Is govern'd by its tiny fairy.
I've heard a story told—how true,
My Muse knows just as much as you.

A thrasher, who ne'er raised his arm
To do a living creature harm,
Toil'd hard to gain the daily bread
On which his wife and children fed,
Yet found, alas! his arm unable
To decorate their frugal table.
His honest heart oppress'd with care,
He offer'd up this simple prayer:

"Oh! may the objects of my love,
Though in an humble sphere they move,
Ne'er seek by fraud to mend their state,
But patient bear the ills of fate!
Though poverty with iron hand
Should tempt my little hungry band,
Let honesty their actions rule,
And through adversity's hard school

Guide them, nor let the breath of blame
Disgrace their parent's honest name,
Ne'er cause their father's cheek to glow,
Or their fond mother's tears to flow;
And may, each night, some fairy spread
Its wings around their lowly bed!"

A pixey, who had flown all day
Around the fields in search of May,
Within a rose-bud lay reclined,
To screen him from a passing wind.
The fairy I would here describe
Was not of that malicious tribe
Who slily creep into a churn,
And spoil the cream—not let it turn.
But should a mortal wav'ring stand,
With good and ill at his command,
This pixey led him to reflect,
To choose the right, the wrong reject:
And if a child, its parent's pride,
Should wander to the river's side,
He 'd spread his fluttering wings with joy,
And guard from harm the precious boy.
E'en now, intent on doing good,
Within the bursting rose he stood—
A moment paused, then wing'd his way
To where the slumb'ring thrasher lay,
Fatigued with labour and with care,
Stretch'd on the ground with bosom bare.

'Twas midday—and the hour of rest,
Which to a lab'rer gives new zest,
He dared not wholly waste in sleep,
Lest his poor starving wife should weep;
Resolved for one half hour to bask,
Then finish off his double task.
The pixey watch'd his eyelids close,
And flew to where the poppy grows;
Distill'd the juice, and instant spread
Its influence around his head.
Swift to the barn then pixey flew,
And seiz'd a flail, so small, so true,
That in an hour he finish'd well
What for one hundred pounds would sell;
Then spread his little glossy wing,
And vanish'd in a fairy ring.

Sudden the thrasher wakes, and starts
To find the sun's receding darts
Reproach him with his idle waste;
Then to the barn he hies in haste,
Resolved, whatever ills may come,
To carry home the daily sum.
Wond'ring he stands—but does he dream?
The beaten corn has reach'd the beam;
And by some fairy, magic spell,
The grain is pack'd so smooth, so well,
'Tis ready to export to Spain,
Or voyage further o'er the main.

In vain he thinks, in vain he tries
To close his wond'ring, staring eyes;
Till thoughts of home rush on his soul,
He tries his feelings to control;
Resolved he will no further scan
What must be past the art of man.
Not so his wife: she, honest dame,
Had heard of woman's ancient fame,
How that it is our sex's glory
To fish out ev'ry idle story.
For man, vain man, alas! is weak,
And 'tis his pride, his joy, to seek
Our failings to bring forth to view,
Yet profit by those virtues few
Which make his home a place of rest,
Beyond all other circles blest.
His wife tried ev'ry winning way,
And, as is proper, gain'd the day.
He promised she should watch one hour,
And try to find the secret power
Which thus presided o'er his fate,
And brought such riches to their gate.
Unhappy wight! your doom is seal'd—
Why to a woman did you yield?

Within a little shelter'd nook,
Behind the barn, her post she took,
Then at a chink she fix'd her eye,
And saw—what did she see? oh, fie!

A beauteous pixey, small and slim,
Without a rag to cover him;
She scream'd aloud with sore dismay—
The pixey starts, and flies away.
The worthy dame soon tells the tale
To every neighbour in the vale,
And then amongst her hoarded traps
She rummages for bits and scraps:
Her search is crown'd with full success;
She found enough to make a dress.
Anon, beneath her fingers grew
A coat French white, and breeches blue;
A little hat of soft black silk,
With curling plumes as white as milk.

Next morn, as soon as daylight peeps,
She hastens, while her good man sleeps,
And paces o'er the clean barn floor,
To hang the suit behind the door,
And takes once more her watchful stand
Where best the view she may command.
Not long she paused ere pixey flew
From off a bank where roses grew,
Nor waiting in the sun to bask,
Flew to perform his cheerful task;
But, as he raised the fairy flail,
He saw, suspended by a nail,
The tiny suit of blue and white—
He stood transported at the sight,

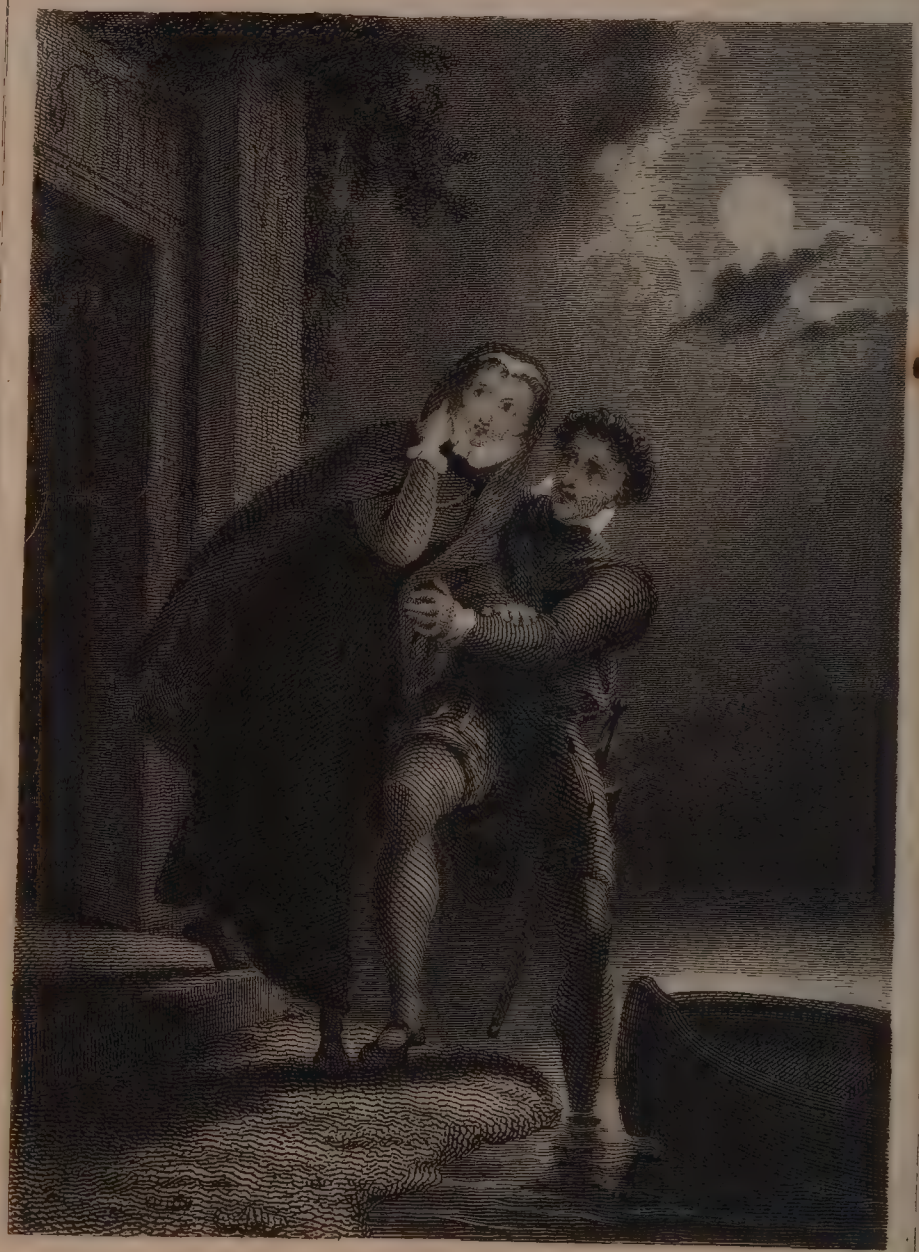
Then dress'd himself from top to toe,
Dandily as a Bond-street beau.
Amazed, he view'd himself with pride,
And turning round from side to side,
With gratitude he bow'd his head,
And ere he took his flight he said:
"Mortals! I've found you kind and true,
With joy I will remember you;
But pixey fine, and pixey gay,
Pixey now must fly away."

TO AN ITINERANT MUSICIAN.

A SONNET.

BY ALEXANDER BALFOUR, ESQ.

Ah! minstrel, hush that soul-subduing strain!
I feel it thrilling to my bosom's core;
It calls to mind my dear loved native plain,
Hills, woods, and streams, I shall behold no more:
It tells of guileless pleasures, ever o'er,
Of youthful joys and Love's enraptured reign,
Of sun-bright hours that Time can ne'er restore,
When health and hope beat high in every vein,
And fairy Fancy o'er the landscape spread
Illusions bright, in long continuous train.
That strain reminds me they are ever fled,
And turns remembrance of the past to pain;
Hope's summer flowers have all their blossoms shed,
And winter's howling storms rave wild around my head.



R. Westall R.A. del.t

W. Finden sculp.t

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

ESCAPE OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS FROM LOCHLEVEN CASTLE.

BY MISS BENGER,

AUTHOR OF "MEMOIRS OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS," &c.

THE castle of Lochleven has been long mouldering in decay; the strength of those compact round towers, which so often repelled the English invader, has yielded to time; the steep stone stairs leading to the state apartments have been transported, for the purpose of constructing dykes, to the opposite shore: even the chamber once occupied by Mary Stuart is with difficulty to be distinguished in the surrounding mass of ruins. The lake alone, with the exception of the few scattered habitations erected on its banks, which disturb not the faith of historical associations, presents the same aspect that it wore in other days; and we may spare a glance to the modest roof where the too early lamented poet, Michael Bruce, first saw the light, without losing the pleasurable consciousness of reality with which we linger on the spot where Mary landed after her memorable escape from Lochleven—that critical moment, the most agitated, perhaps the happiest, of her calamitous existence.

It is natural that the lovers of Scottish history should approach these desolated walls with the expectation of discovering some local illustrations of the mournful scenes which, in 1566, were here exhibited, and which form in

a manner the prelude to Mary's tragedy. But although tradition directs our attention to the turret in which the queen was lodged with Catharine Kennedy, the only female attendant who had been permitted to accompany her, the filling-up of the outline must be left to the erudition or the fancy of the spectator. We look in vain for some vestige of the place in which the outraged queen was despoiled of the ensigns of sovereignty; when, struggling with Lindsay's ruffian grasp, she subscribed unread the fatal deed of abdication, and became as a cipher in Scotland. It is for the poet only to describe the embowed window, under which Murray stood—the last time that he exchanged with her an affectionate farewell—when weeping on his neck, and melting with parental tenderness, she earnestly implored him to protect and cherish that child, who had been made the innocent instrument of his mother's degradation. No vestige remains of the royal canopy which, with mock respect, was suspended from the bed in which Mary lay, surrounded by female spies and sometimes ruder centinels, whom the rigour of her unkind, ungrateful brother had authorized to watch and control her movements.

But, if the relics of Mary's captivity have perished, memorials of her escape are not wanting; and, after the lapse of more than two hundred and fifty years, we are enabled to trace her steps, to observe, and in a manner almost to witness, the progress of her deliverance. The fortress of Lochleven, situated, as is well known, in Kin-

ross-shire, was a place of considerable strength, and at an early period had resisted many attacks of English invaders. The adventurous enterprise of the brave de Vipont, who, with four gallant knights, by a masterly manœuvre had compelled Sir John de Harling to raise the siege and return to England, had been celebrated more than two centuries, when the castle came into the possession of Sir Robert Douglas, who had espoused the repudiated mistress of James the Fifth, the haughty lady Margaret Erskine, mother of the regent Murray, and, according to her own testimony, the lawful though unacknowledged wife of the king of Scotland. Absurd as were these pretensions, they were not without abettors and defenders among Murray's professed partisans; but the arrogance of the lady's manners rendered her generally unpopular; nor was it without reason that Mary conceived for her an aversion, which she never betrayed to any other individual in Scotland. After the defection of the royal army on Carberry hill, and the frightful indignities to which she had been subjected at Edinburgh, the delinquences of Lady Margaret ceased to be regarded; and it is probable that Mary, with her wonted facility in believing all she wished, allowed herself to calculate on receiving friendly offices from the mother of Lord Murray: she soon perceived, however, that nothing prevailed with this imperious dame like gold; and that by chinking a full purse, or displaying jewels which were indirectly offered to her acceptance, she should best enforce attention from her venal hostess. Her next step was to win her

nominal guardian, Sir William Douglas; but his pusillanimity baffled her persuasions, and though not less mercenary than his mother, and more humane, he was too wary to hazard the displeasure of the regent, whom he rather feared than loved, for the doubtful chance of establishing the supremacy and earning the gratitude of the queen of Scotland.

His younger brother George was of a nature more susceptible of generous sympathies—from him Mary won pity by her tears: she obtained his friendship by her confidence, and he engaged in her cause with impassioned zeal; but his first attempt for her relief miscarried, and served but to furnish pretexts for treating the queen with greater rigour. "Help me," she wrote to Catharine de Medicis, "help me speedily, or I shall perish in this place." At this moment Mary saw herself bereaved of her only friend. George had been expelled the castle; but he left in it another youth, equally devoted to the queen's cause and more able to sustain it. This new champion was a stripling of seventeen, an orphan kinsman of the house of Douglas, and entirely dependent on the bounty of his powerful clansman. No latent ambition kindled the zeal that glowed within his breast—he was humble and obscure: no juvenile vanity had suggested such dreams of passion as George Douglas was believed to cherish. His efforts were prompted by pity and patriotism: if he failed in the enterprise, he might expect to forfeit his life; and if he succeeded, he was sure to lose the friendship of the house of Douglas.

Never was courage more strikingly exemplified, never was intrepidity more happily blended with prudence, than in this modest youth. Convinced that the boldest course is the safest, he resolved, at supper-time, in the face of the assembled household, to steal from the niche in which they were deposited the keys of the castle, and to avail himself of the succeeding prayers to effect the liberation of the queen of Scots. Apprized of his plan through the medium of Catharine Kennedy, Mary, on the plea of indisposition, refused the next Sunday morning to rise from her bed; and by this manœuvre she was at length relieved from the presence of her odious spies, who gladly quitted her for the supper-table. No sooner was she freed from their vigilance, than, without even waiting to change her night-clothes, she precipitately left the apartment, supported by Catharine, who had, however, taken the precaution to suspend a shawl from the window as the signal of the enterprise. Softly and cautiously the queen descended, equally alarmed by imaginary sounds and real silence. At the foot of the stairs she paused in an agony of suspense—all was still. Without venturing to articulate a single word, she counted the minutes that must have elapsed since the critical moment when Douglas was to secrete the keys. Even then he had to achieve another task almost equally difficult, in withdrawing unnoticed from the assembled congregation. The chances of success were few, the risk most imminent. Another minute passed, and suddenly, like the phantom of a dream, appeared the active though diminutive form of William

Douglas, at once beckoning the fugitives to approach and significantly motioning to them to observe silence. The queen and Catharine pursued his steps, each gliding like a nocturnal spectre, till they reached the first and most important gate, to which Douglas presented one of the four large massive keys concealed under his cloak. At that sound the queen shuddered, so overwhelming was the dread of discovery; but her conductor, with perfect coolness, quickly opened and then cautiously relocked the portal. In like manner he cleared the second gate, and again, in spite of the queen's impatience, observed the same precaution. At the third portal no obstacle occurred; at the fourth, the baying of a dog excited in the queen such alarm, that she no sooner found herself without the walls, than she darted towards the boat, regardless of the stones which bruised her feet, from which, for safety, she had put off her shoes: and springing into the boat, which had been drawn to the shore, she conjured Douglas not to lose a single moment. Having reached the middle of the lake, Douglas threw from the boat the four heavy keys, which impeded its course; meanwhile, Catharine seized an oar, and rowed with all her strength. But, instead of making for the nearest land, Douglas steered towards a more distant point, contiguous to the wood, in which the fugitives might be sheltered from pursuit. With what exultation did he now discover, on the margin of the lake, a horse evidently prepared to assist their course, and, as was now apparent, attended by George Douglas, who, in conjunction with Lord Seaton and John Beaton, both

included in the number of Mary's confidential friends, had, in different stations, reconnoitred the coast. It were superfluous to speak of joy in such a moment: but faint were the transports with which Mary was hailed by Lord Seaton to the rapturous emotions with which the two Douglases reciprocated congratulations. With what pride did they convey her to Niddry!—with what triumph did they see her lodged in the palace of Hamilton!

Thus happily terminated an enterprise of which it was the peculiar feature that none suffered by it either in person or fortune. Even George Douglas, after a temporary exile in France, returned to Scotland, and was rewarded with the hand and fortune of a noble heiress. John Beaton, one of his auxiliaries, attached himself to Mary's service; and little William Douglas, as he was called, continued in her household, and was one of the individuals mentioned in that last testament which was written a few hours before her death, with expressions of gratitude and regret. In like manner, Catharine Kennedy retained the intimacy with her queen to which she had been admitted by participating in her sorrows: and during all her subsequent trials and misfortunes, Mary was soothed by the presence, or sustained by the counsels, of those whose fidelity and attachment had been approved at Lochleven.

THE FIGHT OF NIDWALDEN.

The battle of Nidwalden, in Switzerland, to which the following verses refer, is, perhaps, the most singular instance of patriotic bravery in the records of modern history. The inhabitants of the villages, men, matrons, brides, and children, poured forth into the field of slaughter, and presenting themselves in the front of the fight, maintained a terrific, but unequal, conflict for their common liberties. The carnage was shocking. The next morning there was not a single individual living who had, on the side of the Swiss and freedom, mixed in that fearful scene.

THE hearts were bold, but the hands were few,
  Which arose in that morning's light;
And the cause was old, but the energies new,
  That carried the Swiss to the fight.
Oh! could you have seen the peasant-son,
  With his aged and infirm sire,
Buckle the helmet and mail-coat on,
  'Midst showers of shot and fire!
Oh! could you have seen the amazon daughter
  Of a nation's early pride
Rush, like a soldier, into the slaughter—
  The battle's beautiful bride!
Oh! could you have seen the infant come
  Amidst the armed numbers,
As if the sound of the martial drum
  Had awoke him from his slumbers!
Oh! could you have seen the various groups
  That collected at Liberty's call,

The old and the young, in scatter'd troops,
Unmarshall'd—but patriots all!
Oh! could you have heard the mournful song
That gather'd them on the plain,
While the pulses beat high of the daring throng
That never met there again!
And the foe came down on that land of the brave—
But the foe came there in vain;
For the noble people he came to enslave
Were in that day's massacre slain.
Oh! 'twould break the heart to see that sight—
Eighteen women, 'midst smoke and guns,
Guarding a pass in the thick of the fight,
For their husbands and their sons! *
Where was affection's shield to save
Their delicate forms that day?
The heart of the lover?—the arm of the brave?
Ah! ye were as busy as they!
In broken crowds ye fought like men
Who had nothing but freedom to lose;
Hopes, altars, and homes, were at issue then,
And the chances were fearful to choose.
Who will remember the bitter lot
That awaited your daughters and brides,
Without feeling that history's page has not
A story so strange besides!

* * * *

* This was one of the affecting incidents that are recorded of the battle.

The red sun sank, and the slain were cold,
And the country a desert became.
Let Nidwalden's fight to all nations be told,
To teach them the way to fame!

THE MONUMENT.

BY THE REV. GEORGE CROLY.

THE place was thick with many a stately tree
In dim autumnal beauty arching o'er,
Shedding its painted leaves, as you might see
The marbles on some rich cathedral floor;
The sunbeams feebly pierced the branches hoar,
Touching with trembling gold the leafy gloom:
All silent there, as if the world were o'er;
Not even the redbreast waved his little plume;—
It was a place of calm—a palace of the tomb!

And in the deeper covert was a shrine,
On which seem'd sleeping laid a beauty rare;
Oh, why for this world's grandeur shall we pine,
When fadeth thus all that it hath most fair!
And with pale, marble hands uplift in prayer,
Beside her knelt, in lovely sorrow drown'd,
A sister-form, with deep-dishevelled hair,
Gazing, as if she heard the solemn sound
Of watching angels' hymns above that holy ground.

THE PRAISE OF LOVE.

FROM ARIOSTO'S CAPITOLI AMOROSI, XV.

Let others praise it, if they please,
And call that life a life of ease,
  Free from the bonds of Cupid:
I hold that heart most surely dead,
Or buried in a breast of lead,
  Which is so cold and stupid.

And let those grieve, who think they ought,
That love expels all nobler thought;
  I list not to their lecture:
What need have I of other draught,
If I have that the gods have quaff'd—
  A draught of heavenly nectar?

Let those complain, who like complaint,
That, after all, our beauteous saint
  Is constantly denied us:
I know the road to perfect bliss
Is hard to find:—we 're sure to miss,
  If Hope were not to guide us.

Let others think it is a crime
To waste on love our toil and time,
  Defeated sooner, later:

I know, that of the worst offence
A smile can be the recompense,
And show me where is greater.

Let some contend that many a gift
Of wit or fortune 's turn'd adrift,
When love the mind bewitches:
I deem my lady's love alone
Can raise me far above a throne:—
I want no other riches!

Let some recall the injuries
That lovers feel from scornful eyes,
And call this an objection:
I never dwell on griefs and woes,
Hate, scorn, contempt, and things like those;—
I dream but of affection.

Let others deem Time must unloose
Love's firmest bonds, decay'd by use,
Or when those bonds we cherish:
For me, whatever be my lot,
I still will love;—when I do not,
Why let me die and perish!

I. P. C.

THE BRIDAL ORNAMENTS.

A LEGEND OF THURINGIA.

BY DAVID LYNDSAY, ESQ.

THE traveller, who some centuries ago had occasion to pass through the country of Thuringia, took care to choose his route by the Castle of Aarburg, unless disappointed love, or some other miserable heart-ache, caused him to seek a more solitary road. The warder stood night and day upon the watch-tower, gazing about for knights, pilgrims, or other strangers; and when lucky enough to discover one approaching, upon sounding a flourish on his cheerful horn, by way of welcome, the gates creaked, the drawbridges rattled, the horses stamped, and the men-at-arms rode out to meet the traveller, and courteously invite him to refreshment and a night's comfortable rest. The knight of the castle had a kind word for every new comer, and, according to his rank, he either conducted him into the hall, or left him to the care of his retainers until he should think proper to depart.

The last knight of the family, Sir Thimo von der Aarburg, did not derogate from the fame acquired by his ancestors for hospitality. He had succeeded to the inheritances of his brothers, uncles, and cousins, and knew no care unless when strangers and guests were wanting to partake of the good things of his castle: in such cases it even sometimes happened that he sallied forth himself to meet travellers, and invite them to share his hospitality.

The greatest treasure in the Castle of Aarburg was

the knight's only daughter, celebrated throughout all Germany by the name of "the Beautiful Bertha."—Princes, counts, and knights, came from the four quarters of the earth to admire her and humbly solicit her love—but she was not to be pleased so easily: *this* knight she found too dull, *that* too presuming, and a third was splenetic—Frenchmen, Britons, and Italians, all shared the same fate. "He who shall gain this bride," quoth gossip Rumour, "will be fortune's greatest favourite; for besides the enchanting beauty with which nature has endowed her, and the immense wealth with which fortune has loaded her father, there is an invaluable casket of jewels—an ancient property of the house of Aarburg—which she, as the last of her family, will receive at her nuptials for her bridal ornaments."

At the distance of a few arrow-flights from the Castle of Aarburg stood an ancient ruin, which the late owner, Sir Heerwart, had left as the sole inheritance of his only son Baldwin. Before the period when the emperor Maximilian introduced the spreading plant of Roman law into the German soil, and whilst every knight could protect his property with spear and sword, the good Sir Heerwart was not the poorest among those of his own rank; for he was brave in battle, and made great profit by booty and ransom: but now, when the knightly spear was obliged to bend before the goose-quill, and the emperor, during public peace, laid heavy fines upon all private feuds against the property of others, he could not get on quite so well as usual. Year after year he was obliged to cede

apartments and towers of his ruinous castle to the bats and the owls, whose profession abroad was not prohibited like that of its luckless lord.

The young knight, Sir Baldwin, beheld with great pain the natural decay of the home of his ancestors. Little space as the whole of his personal property required, it appeared very much as if his castle would only grant him that little for the few warm days of summer, by no means promising him protection against the frost and snow of the ensuing winter. He held a private council with himself, as to what was to be done under such circumstances; but his thoughts always swerved from the task which he had given to his understanding, and amused his imagination with dreams and wishes, which had no sort of connexion with the case in question.

Sir Baldwin's heart was unfortunately as near to ruin as his paternal castle, with this only difference, that the cause was not from the attacks of age and pitiless enemies, but rather from the repeated assaults of youth and beauty, and against which his means of defence were still more slender. He had seen the daughter of the knight of Aarburg at a tournament, where she had been proclaimed the Queen of Beauty, and presented the prize to the victor. Sir Baldwin's arm was strengthened tenfold by the sight of her loveliness: he lifted the knights out of their saddles as if they had been men of straw; and his blows fell as if spirits of the air conducted his arm. The fair Bertha was not more shortsighted than the rest of her lovely sex in these particular cases; she saw plainly enough that her

eyes were the sunbeams, and her soft words the breath of that spring, which produced such vigorous plants of valour in the bosom of the young knight: she therefore rewarded the judges of the combat with her sweetest smiles, when they with one accord decreed the prize to her hero; and she delivered it to him with a blush, that to an experienced eye would have betrayed what was passing in her bosom.

After the tournament, Sir Baldwin did not fail to pay frequent visits to the knight of Aarburg in his own castle; and as he was a lively companion, and assisted the baron not only to project, but also to execute many an excellent practical joke, he soon became a daily guest at Aarburg, and always found a seat ready for him at the table, with a chamber and a bed besides, when he did not like to ride home through fog and darkness. The Lady Bertha sent many an inquiring glance towards the active, slender knight; even challenged him sometimes to the dance, when awkward guests threatened her with a round or a saraband; and solicited his advice when she purposed to add something new to her ornaments or her attire. These little condescensions gave courage and strength to the hopes of the young knight; and one lovely summer's evening, when the Lady Bertha was seated in a bower, accompanying her harp with her sweet voice, he suddenly found his heart become too warm and too large for his bosom: so he sprang up from the bank of turf, sank at Bertha's feet, and swore roundly, that, like the sound of her song, he only lived by her breath, and fondly and

earnestly wooed for her sweet love in return. The lady was surprised, but not so much at the knight's glowing passion, which she had for a long time observed with secret satisfaction, as at its hasty and violent effect. In her consternation the harp slipped from her fair hands, and, as she bent forward to recover the instrument, her lips encountered those of Sir Baldwin; while her arms, which were accidentally extended, intertwining themselves with his, the lovers were guilty of a kiss and an embrace, before they were aware how much the demon Chance had played into the hands of the divinity Cupid. After the first few moments, they were somewhat startled upon considering how Sir Thimo, the rich lord of Aarburg, would regard his daughter's love for the poor knight of the ruins. They conned the subject over and over again many nights after this; and sat many an hour together without coming to any conclusion, except that Baldwin was to fix himself more firmly in the favour of the knight of Aarburg, and to take an early opportunity of disclosing his hopes and plans respecting Bertha. This opportunity soon offered itself. Notwithstanding all the magnificence and expense of the Castle of Aarburg, father Thimo's money-chests became fuller and fuller every day, so that there was really no end to his riches and purchases. On one occasion (the acquisition of a rich lordship), when his friends and guests wished him joy in full bumpers, he placed his cup gloomily upon the table before him, and would not accept their congratulations. "Of what use is it all to me?" said he; "you know I have no heir, to whom

to leave my property and possessions." "No," replied one of the guests; "but have you not a lovely daughter, who can give you just such a son-in-law as your heart would desire?" "True," replied the knight of Aarburg, sighing; "but I would rather have had a son: a son-in-law carries off his wife to his own castle, and the old father sits deserted and solitary in his empty hall. If I had a son now—a son, for instance, like Baldwin there—I should look out for a proper wife, and place him over this new lordship, or let him dwell in the castle of my ancestors, where there is room enough for a whole generation."

Sir Baldwin's courage rose at these words—it had already been considerably elevated by the quantity of wine which he had drunk; he did not hesitate as to how he should begin his speech, but commenced the attack straight-forward: "Father Thimo," said he, "what hinders you from making me your son?—Give me your daughter, the beautiful Bertha, to wife, and let us dwell in one of your castles, or, if it please you better, here at Aarburg: you shall have children and grandchildren to your heart's content."

But instead of accepting this friendly offer in a friendly manner, the knight of Aarburg turned coolly round, and showed a very long face to the speaker; and "Do you think so, knight of Heerwart?" was the only answer he deigned to give the petitioner, who beheld him quietly resume, without further remark, an indifferent conversation with one of his guests. Baldwin's anger rose at the coolness with which the knight of Aarburg received his courtship. In

the zeal of his heart he rose from his seat, repeated his words, and declared his love for the beautiful Bertha in terms of the most impassioned eloquence. Thimo allowed him quietly to go through with his oratory, and when he had finished, "Knight," said he, "how am I to know whether you really love my daughter, or only woo her for your own temporal advantage? Hear me quietly—I listened patiently to you. You appeal to your knightly word; that is certainly sufficient for me in all affairs of honour: but my Bertha is not only the pride of my house, but also the darling of my heart. Besides, I have, like all rich people, my whims, which all your eloquence will not make me resign: he who wins the hand of my Bertha must be rich in castles and lands, in order that she may not live in less splendour as a wife than she did as a maiden. I can add nothing as a fortune, for all I possess will be spent in the purchase of bridal ornaments, magnificent as those which a spirit once bestowed upon our family, and which, since that period, have unfortunately been lost. For this reason my son-in-law must be a rich man. Those bridal ornaments I will have, and their purchase will swallow up my fortune; but they are, notwithstanding, an acquisition too important to be neglected."

To Sir Baldwin this speech appeared extremely ridiculous, though he took care not to declare this as his particular opinion; on the contrary, he affected to treat the thing in a very different manner. "Sir Thimo," he began gravely, throwing a most sentimental expression into his face, and placing his right hand pathetically upon his

heart, "surely you cannot imagine that *I* have any wish for these vanities and superfluous treasures; keep them all, I beseech you, for ever: it is Bertha herself alone I covet; is not her beauty a richer jewel than—" "Pshaw!" thundered the old man, now become exceedingly impatient, "don't I know beforehand all that you are going to say? Have I not sworn the same thing myself a thousand times, and could you do otherwise, professing love for my Bertha, than swear by all the saints that you preferred one lock of her hair to all the chains of gold that emperors and princes could bestow? There, now, you look rather foolish; but no matter. Bertha must have the ornaments, and I will have my whim; for the rest we may still be good friends if you choose; but you must first pass your knightly word, that there shall be no private tampering with Bertha's duty, neither inside nor outside the castle: I 'll have no love-making, Baldwin, or we part company at once."

Sir Baldwin made a wry face or two at this bitter pill, which nevertheless he was obliged to swallow; and therefore, much against his will, gave his knightly word to Sir Thimo, lest he should be altogether deprived of the sight of his lovely mistress. The knights and gentlemen, friends of Sir Thimo, who were present at this scene, forgot to sympathise with the unsuccessful wooer, in the ardour of their curiosity respecting those valuable bridal ornaments, on the possession of which the lord of Aarburg seemed to have placed all his happiness. They anxiously inquired whence they came, whither they had gone, and

what were the particular virtues they possessed; swearing most manfully (for Sir Thimo's wine had inflamed their valour) to get them back for their good host, even from under the Grand Turk's beard. "Whither they are gone," replied Sir Thimo, "is more than I can tell you, since the loss was before my father's time. The last person who wore them was the Lady Urilda, the sole child and heiress of the then Baron von der Aarburg, and hers is a fearful history. She loved a knight, who was as poor, though not so honest, as Baldwin there; and upon her father's refusal to permit the match, she, on the suggestion of her admirer, murdered the poor old man, and, dressing herself in the bridal ornaments, waited at midnight for her lover to carry her off. He came, as the legend goes—but what he said or did, or whither they went, has never been known to this day; only during that dreary night frightful shrieks and loud wailings were heard, as of one in mortal agony beseeching for mercy; and in the morning it was known that the Lady Urilda and the bridal ornaments had strangely disappeared together. It is an ugly history, and the less is said upon the subject the better; but as to the 'how they came into the family,' the story being of a more pleasing character, I shall not hesitate to repeat it as it has been often related to me by our old confessor.

"The Countess Ursula von der Aarburg, who lived many centuries ago, and was a perfect pattern both as a wife and a mother, was sleeping quietly one night among her seven children (it was the Eve of St. John), when she

suddenly awoke from hearing herself called by a shrill clear voice. Opening her heavy eyelids, she was surprised to observe a singularly-dressed female figure, of great beauty but diminutive stature, standing by the side of her couch, and who said, in a sweet small voice, 'Arise, noble lady, and lend a sufferer your assistance; the Queen of the Mountain will die without your aid.' The countess rose, though utterly unable to understand the speaker, who waited upon her toilette, and officiated as her waiting-maid, and with as much readiness and zeal as if it had been the habit of years; and the countess herself, who was no very keen observer, could not help remarking, that the several articles of her dress seemed to be instinct with life, or to possess some very extraordinary deference to her attendant, the motion of whose little finger they instantaneously obeyed, placing themselves upon their owner's person at the first signal given by the stranger. The Countess Ursula had never been so well attended before, and in pure gratitude for the honour done her (howbeit not loving moonlight walks, having seven children), quietly followed wherever her singular visitor thought fit to lead her. Away they went (not flying, but soberly walking) from the castle, unseen of the guards, through whom, however, they passed, over ramparts and drawbridges, through doors and gates, over fields and water, without even wetting their feet, till they arrived at a high mountain, at the foot of which her guide knocked upon a square tablet for admission. The stony doors gave way, and immediately a magnificent glittering arch

was formed in the mountain, under which the travellers passed to the splendid hall of a subterranean regal palace. Here many beautiful forms of men and women, but all proportionably small, met the countess and her companion, and respectfully saluting them, conducted them through many royal saloons, glittering with gold and silver, to one more superb than any of the rest, in which were a pair of golden folding-doors communicating with another chamber. These suddenly flew open, and another female advancing, took the countess by the hand, and saying that the Mountain-Queen longed for her impatiently, conducted her into the apartment. The little men fell back respectfully, but the waiting-maids accompanied the countess into the chamber of the sovereign. Here walls of pure marble were surmounted by a cupola of soft green emerald, under which stood a bed of beaten gold, and upon that reclined a lovely female, mild and gracious as the Italian representations of the Madonna. 'Noble lady,' said she, in a gentle tone, to dame Ursula, 'be not alarmed; you are even safer here than in the home of your fathers: approach me without hesitation, and assist me in this hour of mortal terror, which has fallen upon me in the Eve of St. John, when the spirits of the earth are powerless until morning. I bear beneath my heart a pledge of our sovereign-husband's love, which, without your aid, cannot see the light; assist me, then, in this my hour of need, as you would hope for help in yours.'

"Ursula was moved by this gentle address and the high confidence reposed in her: she spoke some words

of comfort to the royal patient, and then blessed her with the sacred sign of the cross, in order to make quite sure that the devil had no hand in the affair. In fact, every thing remained unchanged except the beautiful face of the queen, which smiled still more sweetly than before; and the soft mountain-air, which met the nerves of the stranger, was loaded with fragrance, and breathed harmony around her; for wonderful music floated above them, while Ursula presented to the queen a lovely infant boy. As the mother folded him to her heart, a loud shout was heard, and the deep majestic tones of many trumpets, pouring forth sounds of triumph, rang through this subterraneous paradise. The folding-doors again opened; the king himself entered, took the child in his arms, kissed it, and then showed it to a great number of little men, who had fallen upon their knees before the doors: they bowed their heads to the earth, and then shouted loudly as before.

"The Countess Ursula was an astonished spectator of this strange yet happy scene, till the silver voice of the queen recalled her attention. 'Take, noble lady,' it said, 'with the grateful acknowledgments of Saffira, the Mountain-Queen, this little casket, which will serve as a rich and perpetual monument of the gratitude she owes for your service. Be careful to preserve in your family the jewels which it contains. As long as they make part of your possessions, your house shall be the first in its country, and the branches of your genealogical tree shall even overshadow the empire itself; but if you lose it,

prosperity will vanish and your name be extinguished for ever. You may, nevertheless, bestow a few of these jewels upon a beloved daughter, for they have the power of communicating happiness to their possessor; but in that case be careful to replace them with gems of the same kind and value, that the whole set may be preserved entire, and each bride of the house of Aarburg may adorn herself with them on her bridal day.' She then signed to the lady who had brought Ursula thither, and placing in her hand the casket of exquisite workmanship, requested her to conduct the countess home. This was performed immediately: the attendant waited to undress the lady with all duteous attention, placed the casket upon the table, and retired, making a most profoundly respectful courtesy.

"When my good ancestress awoke in the morning, she was very well disposed to consider the whole as a dream, till the sight of the casket staring her in the face convinced her there was no delusion. Her husband was delighted with the present, for the blessing promised by the Mountain-Queen was fulfilled to the letter; the family grew immensely rich and prosperous, and there was not a town in Germany where an Aarburg had not a castle. But since the jewels have been lost, we have gone rapidly to decay. One Aarburg has died childless after another, and I, the last, have no offspring save Bertha. She, however, shall retrieve the fortunes of our family: one jewel I have in my possession which came to me by inheritance, and if the Mountain-Queen is to be believed,

will communicate its virtues to all the other articles made to match it. This is my purpose; I will have the set made entire; and you now understand why I can give Bertha no other fortune, since mine will be all consumed by the purchase of the jewels with which I am resolved to adorn her on her wedding-day."

At the close of this wonderful story, the knight's hearers began to discuss the Countess Ursula and her midnight adventure with no little merriment and freedom. Some declared that the ancestress must have had a lively imagination—that she dreamed the thing, and then invented the jewels afterwards. Others asserted that her ladyship must have been fond of a frolic, more especially as the Mountain-King himself figured upon the scene: but these were the freethinking reprobates. The true believers were shocked by their impiety, and gravely produced many instances of similar facts in support of their opinion. Sir Baldwin took no part at all in the discussion; he sat, in very ill humour, looking extremely grim, in the corner, and wishing, from his inmost soul, the bridal ornaments, which had thus robbed him of a bride, at the devil.

The autumn days now began to shorten, and the period of the equinox approached. The wind whistled frostily over the stubbles, and the rain and hail beat (without much difficulty, it must be confessed) through the windows of Sir Baldwin's castle. The coldness of his home determined him to quit it; and having formed his resolution, he hastened to the knight of Aarburg, to entreat his

assistance and approbation of the measure. "Good Sir Thimo," said he, "I can no longer sit idly down in my dismantled castle; the storms are playing as cruel a game with that as love is doing with my heart. I intend to set out for the emperor's army, and endeavour to gain fame and fortune by valour. Buy my castle of me: you may give me for it what you think proper." The Baron of Aarburg did so (for between honest men bargains are soon struck), though he was sincerely grieved at the prospect of Baldwin's departure. He gave, however, a noble feast in his honour; allowed him to sit, for the last time, next to the beautiful Bertha: furnished him with letters to all his castellans in the different parts of Germany, commanding them to treat the knight as himself during the time he should stay there; and then, bestowing upon him a few kind words and a hearty shake of the hand, seized him by the shoulder, and thrust him out of the castle.

Baldwin, as he mounted his horse, cast many a sigh towards the chamber of his beloved Bertha; yet, remembering his knightly word, he would not allow himself the indulgence of a farewell, but darted gallantly forward on his travels. He found his introductory letters of no small use in procuring him good cheer and lodging. Those castellans nearest to their lord were exceedingly civil; while the more distant being, of course, in less fear of his authority, were insolent and refractory. He had almost made up his mind to trouble no more of them, when a violent storm, which overtook him near Leipzic, drove him

for shelter to Sir Thimo's castle of Frankenberg. Sir Baldwin, who was at heart a cheerful fellow, perceived the windows all gaily lighted up, and heard sounds of music and dancing with infinite delight; for he hoped to join the revellers, and shortly to be as merry as themselves. Three times he blew stoutly upon the horn before any one noticed his application; and at last a gruff old warder stumped towards him, and surlily demanded his business. The knight could read on the warder's brow that he had disturbed their merriment, and was by no means a welcome guest; yet nothing daunted, he sent in his letter to the castellan, and was instantly admitted. "Sir knight," said the castellan, trying to look, and, what was infinitely more difficult, to speak soberly, "you see how we are doing—a marriage in my family is the occasion of this little festivity. Partake of our cheer, noble sir; eat, drink, and be merry. I can, according to my lord's directions, entertain you to your heart's content; only to-night, the castle being so crowded with company, I cannot find you a bed."

"Make yourself easy, I beseech you, Mr. Castellan," replied Sir Baldwin, quite coolly, notwithstanding this difficulty—"I do not intend to quit this roof to-night; and if you will not spare me the trouble, I will undertake the search myself, and depend upon it I will find a bed, even if I am obliged to share the bride's." The castellan looked angry, but said little, conscious that it was not to his interest to offend his master's guest; he therefore suddenly recollected that two chambers in the castle

were vacant—one a wretched hole, through which the wind whistled so loudly as to remind Sir Baldwin of his own desolate castle at Aarburg—the other a magnificent apartment, called "the Baron's," but in a most dreary state of neglect, owing to its being entirely appropriated to the use of some fantastical goblins who kept their revels there, and had had the good taste to select this, the noblest apartment in the castle, for their exclusive accommodation.

The poor castellan strongly persuaded the knight to sleep in the storm-visited attic, in preference to that tenanted by the ghosts; but to this Sir Baldwin would by no means consent after he had viewed the apartment. He had not the fear of ghosts before his eyes, and, at any rate, esteemed them better company than hail, rain, and sleet. "Gramercy! Sir Seneschal," said he, "for your kind advice, which I do not intend to follow: I had rather sleep with the goblins, more especially as you say there are females among them, than under the chilling influence of all the winds of heaven; so, in spite of the knights adventurers, who, on their return from this chamber, have found that their hands and feet had changed places, I will pass the night in it, and dare the worst that may befall me." The seneschal said nothing in reply, but sent food, wine, and lights, to the baron's chamber. In a few hours the ball broke up, and the party of revellers dispersed: the castellan's family retired to rest, and Sir Baldwin, after disposing of the contents of a small flagon of choice Rhenish, threw himself heavily upon his magnificent bed to dream of his beloved Bertha. But his

sleep this night was not destined to be blessed with so fair a vision; his thoughts incessantly ran upon the unpromising state of his affairs, and the little prospect there was of a union with his beloved. Tired of these vexatious and unprofitable reflections, he tried hard to lose himself in sleep, but found it impossible to succeed: he turned fidgetily from side to side—pulled his pillow, now up, now down—shut his eyes, opened them—said his prayers over and over again; and finding this last remedy inefficacious, made up his mind, though in extreme ill-humour, to lie awake all night. No sooner had he come to this conclusion, than he was startled by a noise which seemed to issue from the chimney of this deserted apartment in which he was so unsuccessfully courting repose.

He now banished as anxiously all thoughts of sleep as he had before endeavoured to encourage them, and, suddenly facing round towards the seat of the odd noise which had disturbed him, beheld, to his utter astonishment, a human hand fall down the chimney; to this succeeded a foot, then another hand, and then again another foot, and so quietly, by degrees, all the requisites for making up a human body, each attired according to its own proper mode of dressing: and these rolling together, and kindly uniting, there arose from the fragments a gigantic figure, who, with belt and partizan, huge mustaches and grim looks, mounted guard on one side of the fire-place.

This organizing process was suspended for a few seconds, and then began again, and a second halberdier deliberately stalked forward, and placed himself opposite to

his elder brother, on the other side of this wondrous laboratory; but things did not long go on so quietly. The gentle rain of limbs, which had hitherto descended so modestly, was changed into a loud and rattling shower; and the delicate feet of women, fists of men, heads of children, a whole assortment of human limbs, rolled pell-mell down the chimney. Amongst these were materials for tables, chairs, and footstools—kettles, covers, dishes, and goblets, followed in grand confusion, with every thing necessary for a great entertainment, so that one half of the chamber was filled with this lumber. The two first-born of this ghastly creation then stepped gravely forward, laid aside their partizans, and began their operations by reducing to order this chaos of materials for the creation of the latest of worlds. From this mass of human fragments they stuck folks together so cleverly, and with so much dexterity, despatch, silence, and taste, that it was impossible to doubt the extent of their practice in this their most extraordinary vocation. From their Promethean fingers, which beat the maker of poor Frankenstein all to nothing, there arose a whole train of stately-looking domestics, who bestirred themselves to prepare a splendid banquet, which soon sparkled upon the table. Guests only were wanting. These, however, were soon produced from the alchymical chimney. It really hailed men and women, who, in the most magnificent festival dresses, took their seats upon the chairs, or walked gaily about the apartment. The last comer was a young and lovely lady, beautiful as moonlight, and as pale: her countenance was like the sigh of

an angel, full of grief, but of unspeakable sweetness. By her side walked a gigantic knight, black and terrible to look upon: there was a laughing fury curling round his lips, and his eyes were dark thunder-clouds, emitting flashes of lurid lightning. He rudely dragged the lovely lady to a mirror, which reflected back to her eyes, not her own fair image, but a hideous phantom, to which, when she shrank from it in horror and disgust, he again compelled her to return and contemplate the figure, while the attendants brought her magnificent ornaments and a bridal crown. In these the monster-knight obliged her to array her beautiful person before the deceptious mirror; and these articles, to the horror of Sir Baldwin, he discovered to be red-hot, as well by their glowing light, as by the hissing of the beautiful lady's flesh, when the contents of this infernal jewel-box were displayed upon her person.

Until this moment, Sir Baldwin had, from his bed, been only a silent spectator of this curious adventure; but an involuntary burst of indignation at the conduct of the black knight, which escaped him, directed the stony looks of the whole assembly of spectres towards his bed. One of them solemnly rose, took a golden goblet from the table, presented it to the human guest, and by signs invited him to rise and partake of their midnight festivity. Sir Baldwin trembled; for brave as were the ancient knights when they had a human enemy to encounter, they did not deem it at all disgraceful to be sensible of fear when opposed to the spiritual world; and Sir Baldwin, like all the rest of his brethren, would rather have seen the glitter of a hun-

dred Saracen sword-blades than that golden goblet which the strange drinking-companion pressed upon him so pertinaciously with his fleshless bony hand. Notwithstanding his confusion, however, he saw that there was no escaping, as his delay began to put in motion the other guests, who now commenced a slow and regular march towards his bed. To a strong mind, in such moments, the transition from terrified hesitation to the most dauntless heroism is as easy and as rapid as the change from idle boasting to pusillanimous despondency in the heart of a coward. Sir Baldwin instantly recollected himself, leaped up lightly from his bed, seized his sword in his right hand, and with his left deposited the goblet with the infernal punch upon the table. "Whoever you may be," he then exclaimed in a firm and powerful tone of voice, "how dare you challenge an honourable knight to partake of your cheer, whilst you thus oppress weak maidens, like midnight murderers and robbers? If you are human, then meet me fairly, and let us fight it out, firmly and gallantly; if you are not, then begone from this castle, and do not disturb with your presence the dwellings of human beings."

A dismal silence of some seconds which followed this speech was suddenly broken by a ghastly laugh from the black knight, which shook the very walls of the castle. "This maiden," cried he, "is mine; she gave herself to me; she won me by a crime—a midnight crime—for which each midnight she must suffer. She is my bride; and my bride she must remain, and nightly be decked in these burning ornaments, till the jewels shall return to

their rightful owner: meddle not then with the matter, Sir Knight, but deign to partake of our cheer."

Sir Baldwin evinced not the smallest inclination to follow this impertinent advice, but advanced in a hostile manner towards the ugly goblin who had uttered it. The latter also drew his enormous sword, and stood on his defence, but could not prevent the descent of Sir Baldwin's blow, which, falling with all its strength on the black knight's head, divided him completely in two from the crown to the chine. The two halves of the cloven knight stood quietly apart for some few seconds, and then collapsing, the black knight again stood before him, whole, upright, and ugly as before.

The bridal guests, encouraged by the failure of Sir Baldwin, pressed upon him more eagerly than before, holding in their withered hands goblets filled with red, smoking froth. The men invited him to drink, the women to dance, but neither of these invitations would he deign to accept; and finding that his sword-blade no longer terrified them, he presented to their eyes the crosletted hilt, from which they shrank back in horror, and made way to the right and left for him to pass. Perceiving this, and knowing the hapless maiden to be that Urilda who had last worn the bridal ornaments, and of whose disappearance the ugly company present gave a tolerably sufficient explanation, he made up his mind in an instant, and advancing boldly towards the bride, took from her brow and slender person the burning jewels, which, however, contained no fire for him. Then facing

the black knight, "I will do you justice, arch-fiend," said he, "but only such as you deserve. This maiden is Urilda, of the family of Aarburg, and you have henceforth no further part in her, since I claim the jewels for their rightful owner, and seize them, in Our Lady's name, for Sir Thimo von der Aarburg."

This bold proclamation by word of mouth had an effect which the speaker himself scarcely anticipated. It fairly dislodged the enemy, who, apparently too lucky in getting safely away and securing their prisoner, left behind them all the treasure which Sir Baldwin contended for, even to the utensils of gold and silver produced for the banquet. One loud, ghastly, simultaneous shriek was the signal of their discomfiture; after which they all rushed to the chimney, and darted up *en masse*, and in much quicker time than they had descended from it.

I need not detail Sir Baldwin's uncontrollable delight on beholding the treasure of which his firmness had made him possessor. He could not sleep for gazing, and hoping, and speculating. Break of day brought to his apartment the seneschal, who, if he was astonished at finding the knight alive, was still more so by the glitter with which he was surrounded. His greedy fingers longed to clutch some part of the booty, but Sir Baldwin scared him away, by declaring the legacy to be the devil's own, which he had destined for Sir Thimo, and which, if any other dared to touch, would bring instant death to the sacrilegious offender. Carriages were then procured, and he hastened to depart for Aarburg, for he remembered that Urilda

would still be the demon's captive till the treasure should be in the hands of its rightful owner: this was soon effected. The baron, who had had a "heavy miss" of his friend, welcomed him back with all his heart and soul; and Bertha——but all the lovers who read my legend—and all my readers either are, have been, or will be so—will understand her feelings better than I can describe them. Sir Baldwin was instantly acknowledged the knight's accepted son; and Bertha, without the sacrifice of Sir Thimo's fortune, wore the bridal ornaments on her wedding day. But before that period, on the first night Sir Baldwin passed in her father's castle, a gentle voice stole on his ear as he was endeavouring to compose himself to sleep—"Thanks, noble knight," it breathed, "thanks for your dauntless courage! I am the spirit of the redeemed Urilda: seek my body in the cavern under the castle of Frankenberg, and give it a tomb in the vaults of my ancestors. Farewell, noble knight! all happiness henceforth be the portion of you and yours!" Sir Baldwin awoke, obeyed the spirit, married Bertha, and, of course, lived very happily ever after.